UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
AA 000 238 354 5

nia
l

Ye
OLD CITY.
DOMINE DIRIGE NOS

1868

LIBRARY

THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
SANTA BARBARA

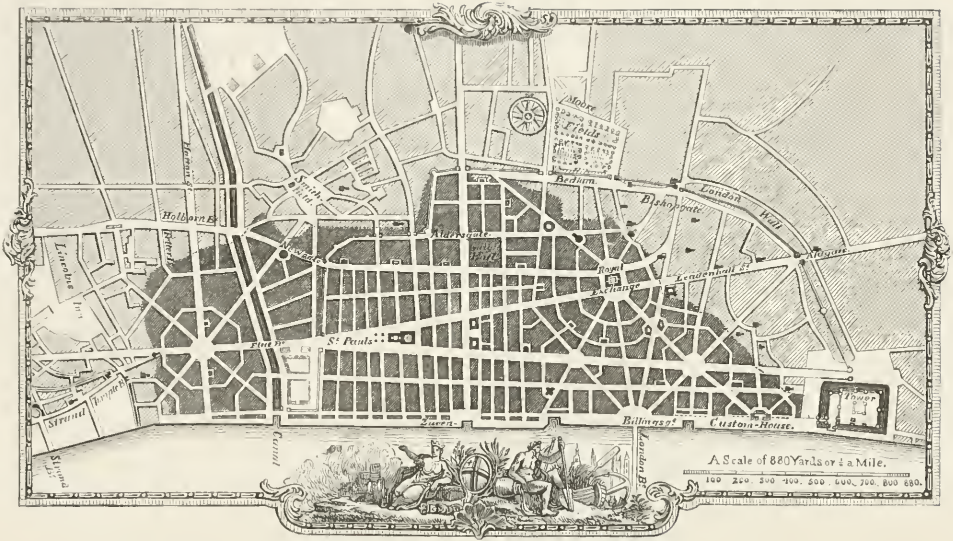
PRESENTED BY

JOHN & ANNA GILLESPIE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/oldcityitshighwa00harv

THE OLD CITY.


Moore Fields
Bedlam.
London Wall
Bishopsgate.
Aldgate.
Leadenhall St.
Royal Exchange
Aldersgate.
Guild Hall
Smith field.
Hatton St.
Holborn Br.
Fetter La.
Newgate
Lincolns Inn
St. Pauls
Flete Br.
Temple Br.
Strand
Strand Br.
Canal
Queen-
Billingsgt.
Custom-House.
London Br.
Tower
A Scale of 880 Yards or ½ a Mile.
100 200 300 400 500 600 700 800 880.

PLAN OF LONDON IN THE TIME OF WREN.

THE OLD CITY,

AND ITS

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

SKETCHES OF CURIOUS CUSTOMS, CHARACTERS, INCIDENTS, SCENES, AND EVENTS,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF LONDON LIFE IN OLDEN TIMES.

BY "ALEPH,"

Author of "London Scenes and London People."

WILLIAM [illegible]

LONDON:
W. H. COLLINGRIDGE, CITY PRESS,
Aldersgate Street, E.C.

M.DCCC.LXV.

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

The remark made in the preface to "London Scenes and London People," as to the supposed inexhaustibility of Aleph's budget, may have been considered by many as in part a promise that in due time a companion volume to that work would be produced. Whether the reader has any care about the origin of this work or not, the publisher feels it to be no less than his duty to state that the whole of the papers now presented have appeared in the columns of the *City Press* weekly newspaper, and that the object of reproducing them is simply to preserve in an elegant and permanent form a series of sketches which, for their literary and antiquarian excellence, merit some more lasting home than the columns of a newspaper. This is in every sense a companion volume to "London Scenes and London People," and might have been published under that title, with the distinction only of being designated a second series: but it was thought best to publish the present collection under an altogether different title; because, in the first place, the distinction of first and second series might not always suffice to indicate their separateness; and, on the other hand, because the publication of a second series of "London Scenes" might be considered to imply that the former volume was incomplete, and must necessarily be accompanied by the present. The adoption of a distinct title relieves the subscribers to the previous volume from any supposed obligation to purchase the present work; but, as that has met with an unexampled success, and has been received with every demonstration of favour, it is not doubted that "The Old City," being from the same hand, and equally well stored with the results of personal observation and reminiscence, will meet with a similar generous welcome.

THE PUBLISHER.

Christmas, 1864.

CONTENTS.

Page
A BARGAIN AT THE AUCTION MART . . . 1
MAIL-COACH DAYS 7
INVASION AND VOLUNTEERING 13
WARWICK LANE 21
THE YOUNG ROSCIUS 30
PATIENCE FLINT, THE OLD WOMAN OF HANWAY YARD 38
THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE 44
ANCIENT CONDUITS 56
OLD ST. PAUL'S 64
ST. PAUL'S CROSS 74
CHEAPSIDE CROSS 80
THE MONUMENT 89
WILLIAM LAMBE, HIS CHAPEL AND ALMSHOUSES . 102
MILTON A LONDONER 110
THE STANLEYS 121
THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE 128
THE GREAT LONDON SURGEON 141
A DREAM ABOUT QUEEN ELIZABETH . . 150
JOHN WILKES, PATRIOT AND LORD MAYOR . . 158
ALDERSGATE 169
JAMES LACKINGTON 177
BAYNARD'S CASTLE 188
BILLINGSGATE MARKET 197
THE PRISON LIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH . 205

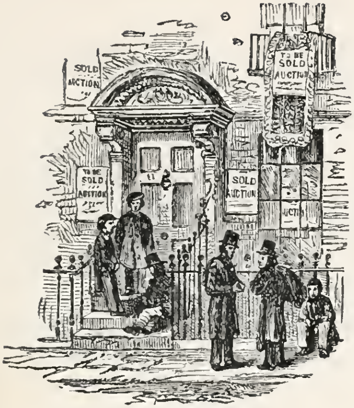
Page
THE SMALL TRADES OF LONDON . . . 217
EXHIBITION AT IRONMONGERS' HALL . . 227
SPECIAL SERVICES AT ST. PAUL'S . . . 231
THE BOAR'S HEAD, EASTCHEAP . . . 241
RAHERE, THE MINSTREL, AND HIS GOOD WORKS . 250
THREE LONDON 'PRENTICES . . . 256
SION COLLEGE 265
LONDON IN A NOVEMBER FOG . . . 276
LONDON LIONS AT FEEDING TIME . . . 284
STREET ARCHITECTURE—NEW CANNON STREET . 293
A PUBLIC SUPPING AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL . . 302
COLONEL BLOOD 311
LONDON AFTER DARK 321
SMITHFIELD 330
THE PHYSICIAN'S DAUGHTERS 340
LONDON WATCHMEN 349
TOKENHOUSE YARD 358
NELSON'S BURIAL 367
TWELFTH DAY 377

ILLUSTRATIONS.

(ENGRAVED BY C. W. SHEERES).

	Page
CITY AUCTIONS	1
WRECK OF THE DOVER MAIL	7
SWAN WITH TWO NECKS	12
OLD LONDON LAMP	21
GATEWAY OF THE OLD COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS	26
MASTER HENRY WEST BETTY	30
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE	44
ANCIENT CONDUIT—ST. JAMES'S	56
OLD ST. PAUL'S	64
CHEAPSIDE CROSS	80
MONUMENT OF LAMBE	102
MILTON'S LONDON	110
MILTON'S SIGNET	120
SIR ASTLEY COOPER	141
JOHN WILKES	158
ALDERSGATE	169
BAYNARD'S CASTLE	188
BILLINGSGATE	197
PLACE OF EXECUTION WITHIN THE TOWER	205
FLOWER GIRL	217
ARMS OF THE IRONMONGERS' COMPANY	227
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL	233

Page
SIGN OF THE BOAR'S HEAD INN . . . 241
RELICS OF SHAKSPEARE 249
ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT, SMITHFIELD . . 250
THE THREE 'PRENTICES 256
OLD STAGE WAGGON 259
A LONDON FOG 276
THE FIVE SWANS, BISHOPSGATE . . . 293
OLD LONDON SHOP 299
TRAITOR'S GATE—TOWER 311
VICTORIA CROWN 317
ANTIQUE RING—ROYAL REGALIA . . . 320
OLD WHITE CONDUIT TEA-HOUSE . . . 357
THE FUNERAL OF LORD NELSON . . . 367
CITY GREENERY 387



CITY AUCTIONS.

A BARGAIN AT THE AUCTION MART.

You never saw my silver candlesticks, and if you did you would probably not admire them; for they are small, plain, and light. Were they broken up for old silver, they would be worth little; and, as candlesticks, I question whether they would now find any purchaser. Recollections and associations, however, make even inanimate things objects of affection, and I regard this antiquated pair of time-worn light-bearers as of far higher value than the heaviest and most elegant candelabra the silversmith could provide. There is a story connected with them which makes them precious, and as the garrulity of old men is proverbial, you will, perhaps, bear with me while I give its outline.

In my thirtieth year my profession was far from occupying the whole of my time, and having some literary pretensions, I bethought me of turning vacant hours to account in such pursuits, and was entrusted with the compilation of a work of reference, likely to require the labour of a day or two weekly for several years. It was a laborious undertaking, but the anticipated reward sweetened the long task; and probably no portion of my life has been more agreeable. Pioneering among worm-eaten book stores, and sharpening by exertion the bluntness of intellect, would be attended with pleasure if it brought no money compensation; and even now, when I can generally fill up the day with profitable work, it is a delightful recreation to me to break it off, and indulge in a chat like this. I did not labour for myself only then. There was a dear companion who soothed every toilsome moment, and made every joyous season doubly cheering. What was exertion, if it gave happiness to such a friend? To rise early and to rest late were positive privileges—if I might be so enabled to add to her comfort. It was a favourite indulgence with us to discuss how the money I was earning with my pen, probably over £200, might be used to the greatest advantage. It was such a fortune—how many luxuries and elegancies it would procure! Our candlesticks were brass (very bright though); our teapot was of Britannia metal (but well polished); and our cups and saucers of vastly common ware. All this must be reformed. A plated teapot and candlesticks would look so much better; and china, too—what would a modest set cost? There was no doubt that silver, if one could bear the first price, was far the cheapest; it never wore out, and it looked so genteel; but then tea-sets in the precious metal were so expensive. I had to stay at home, and write; but my other self, in her necessary walks, looked inquiringly at the shop-windows, and made daily reports as to what she had seen. Such beautiful china at the pawnbroker's in the High Street (there was but one in the village then); such an elegant tea-set, and so cheap in St. John Street; and a pair of candlesticks as good as new, and at such a low price, in Holborn—"visions of glory" to us, and far more brilliant in expectation than in reality. One summer day—business obliged me to visit the City—I was passing the Auction Mart, there was a great sale of remanent china going on. I entered the sale-room; the auctioneer was dilating on the merits of some pastile burners. They were too fine for us, and besides we had no pastiles to burn! but the next lot was the very thing we were pining for, a tea and coffee service in extremely elegant yet quiet looking china; it would be so suitable, as we prided ourselves on our good taste. Almost dreading the sound of my own voice, I made a bid for them, £1 1s. Of course it was nonsense; they must be worth six times as much, so I fancied; but still advancing in my offers—till £1 15s. was reached—there was a pause; the hammer vibrated uneasily. "Your name, sir," said the auctioneer; they were ours. That was my first luxury—except a book now and then—yet the far larger sums I have expended since, never brought a tithe of the enjoyment. Hiring a boy and a basket, and securing my treasure, it was taken home in triumph. With what satisfaction we examined each piece, and using a few of the cups by way of experiment, how delicious the tea tasted; we had heard about porter from a silver tankard, but what could that be to coffee from china? Many of the pleasant draughts "that cheer, but not inebriate" did we quaff from that service. I keep it still, and treasure it as hallowed by lips, the lips of love and friendship, whose soft tones I shall hear no more; and of forty-eight pieces, after nearly forty years, only two have been broken. It is saddening to reflect that at no distant period the auction may be repeated, and the cherished china be treated as unconsidered lumber.

Close to Northampton Square, in 1832, there was a sale shop (and it is still there), where I often lingered in my walks. There were four silver candlesticks in the window, marked £5 5s. per pair. Should we be any the better for burning our moulds in silver? and the price was enormous. Yes, but we had reckoned on such an indulgence when the book-money came; and we could pinch in something else. I must think of it; perhaps they would take a little less. Of a bright June morning, the lady had gone out, and was not to return before the evening; next day, too, would be the anniversary of our wedding. What a delightful surprise for her if I could buy those coveted candlesticks, and have them ready as my annual gift to-morrow. I sallied forth; the thing must be done, and with no end of bargaining, secured them, strange to relate, for £4 10s. All next day I was burning with impatience to disclose my success, but it wouldn't grow dark, and it was barely twilight when, with two tall fours, duly ensconsed in their silver sockets, I entered our snug parlour. They burnt splendidly, and the candlesticks looked superb; how nicely the curtains stood out in the light; but, pray pardon my fancies, the light in her eyes was far the most brilliant. Never was money so well invested as that £4 10s.

Instead of spoiling with use, they seemed to grow more dignified in their appearance every day; and were they not pledges of the good times in store; earnests of approaching prosperity? In truth, they proved so; and we had, during a season of chequered years, more than

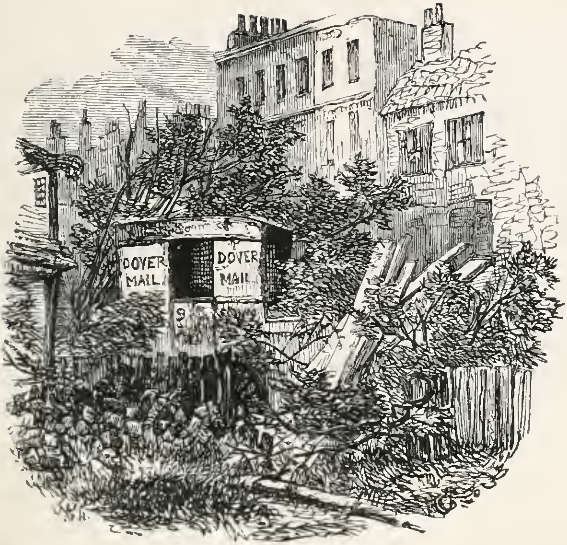
"A dram of pleasure with our pound of pain."

The teapot came in due season; and though there were many unexpected demands on the book-money when it arrived, it certainly became the nest egg of our worldly comfort; yet nothing that followed ever yielded us such genuine content as those early acquisitions. When all was in keeping, and there remained no palpably mean point in our housekeeping, we ceased to admire, because it was no longer remarkable, while those buddings of abundance, long denied, were keenly appreciated, because its absence had been so acutely felt. It would vex me, no doubt, were I now deprived of all the conveniences to which I have grown habituated; but no lively relish remains: it would grieve me to leave my warm bed for one of coir or straw, yet I am frequently restless, however soft the couch. Let not the young lament the struggles of early life, for no morsel is half so delicious as that which is won by care and labour. Well, I am sitting by the firelight in a large solitary room; there stand the silver candlesticks; the unkindled tapers have quite a spectral outline among the flickering shadows; a crowd of memories, that appeared extinct in the bustle of the world, float around me; the chairs were all vacant a few moments since; now they seem full of Longfellow's angels; a silent convocation have taken the old familiar seats. What a celestial tranquillity clothes each mild, virtue-beaming face! what seraphic smiles hang upon their lips! what a serene gladness beams from their eyes! Surely they are speaking to me; but it is not in the harsh language of man; alas! my dull ears cannot catch the subtle melody. Yet my heart beats quickly, and a warmth of spiritual joy rouses into unwonted activity the precious hopes that point to a happy re-union with the lost and loved in a nobler and more permanent existence. I said inanimate things may grow objects of affection, as the writing-desk, the gift of a fond parent; the Prayer-book, bestowed by a tender sister; or the Bible, by one dearer still. Think of the ancient tree, whose broad-spread branches shaded your trysting-place; of the faded arm-chair, in which you watched a mother's slumbers; of the narrow patch of ground in God's acre, where morning and evening dews moisten the dust of a beloved friend. I have sometimes gazed till my eyes ran over with tears on an old leathern spectacle-case—and perhaps you may be as sentimental over an empty cigar-box. It is not the things but the associations they call up. Deeply thankful though I am for the numerous comforts and the few luxuries permitted to me, I would not barter these sad and sober satisfactions for anything that mere wealth can produce—

> "There's such a charm in melancholy,
> I would not if I could be gay."

When I pass the Auction Mart, an irresistible attraction carries me into the well-known sale-room. Bargains have no charm now, but there is a pleasure in revisiting a spot so deeply graved in the chronicles of youth. Jostled by the busy crowd of buyers and sellers, a strange incongruous apparition in the noisy mart, I have no eyes but for the obsolete china sale, no ears but for the drop of the hammer which declared the coveted cups and saucers to be mine. The retina of memory is wonderfully tenacious; I can recal the pattern of that tea-set with unfailing accuracy—no leaf or flower is ever omitted. Within the last few years English porcelain has been vastly improved, in form, colour, and purity,—yet I keep the old set, and am thankful.

[Since the above was written, the Auction Mart itself has been sold, and the place which knew it will shortly know it no more!]


DOVER MAIL.
DOVER MAIL.

WRECK OF THE DOVER MAIL.

MAIL-COACH DAYS.

"In my hot youth, when George the Third was king."

It was a glorious June season—the skies were of an Italian blue, and the streets fidgetingly dusty; the ladies were absolutely radiant in their summer costume; the gents looked hot and languid, yet endeavoured to appear vastly comfortable, though almost tempted to wish it were March again—when we found ourselves at the bottom of St. James's-street, opposite to the palace, a unit of an immense crowd assembled in honour of the king's birthday (for it was the 4th of June), and on tiptoe in expectation of the annual mail-coach procession, for there were no railways in those primitive times, and folks were quite content to journey at a speed of ten miles an hour. It is the fashion at present to speak of George III. as a narrow-minded, obstinate old man, very unfortunate in his management of public affairs, and pugnacious to a most troublesome degree. Possibly he was all this, only his admirers thought him firm rather than obstinate, and resolute rather than pugnacious. Be that as it may, the national heart was with him; his manners, those of a mere country gentleman, made him easy of access; he came frequently amongst his people, and they loved him, and kept his natal day with genuine warmth.

For many years it had been the custom for the whole postal locomotive establishment, in the shape of coaches, each with four horses, the drivers and guards, all in their new scarlet liveries, the vehicles newly painted, and the magnificent stud covered with ribands and flowers, to parade along the streets from the chief office in Lombard-street to the quaint red-bricked domicile of royalty in Pall Mall, there to drink His Majesty's health in an abundant supply of Barclay's best. Pall Mall was supposed to be a fine street at that period, though in truth it had little to distinguish it from the common-place wilderness of brick around. The only portion of it comparable to the splendour of the modern club-houses was Carlton-palace, the residence of the Prince of Wales. The main building was low, and far from striking as to its architecture, but the façade, with its long range of pillars, was exceedingly noble, and London certainly lost one of its ornaments when it was removed to make an opening into the park from Regent-street. The thousands congregated on this occasion were in high good humour, and bore a continued assault on toes and heels without wincing. Those who were nearest the palace occasionally attempted to be funny, by shouting with stentorian voices, "King, king;" "Queen, queen;" while others, who were thirsty, proved what they desired most, by bellowing somewhat hoarsely, "Beer, beer."

All public sights, to be thoroughly attractive, need long waiting for, in order that the pleasures of imagination may be fully enjoyed. It was well known the mails could not arrive earlier than four o'clock, yet the people began to assemble before twelve, that they might not be too late. I was mounted on the top of a lofty flight of doorsteps, and had the advantage of frequently climbing to a friendly pair of shoulders as well, so that I commanded the whole line of the street, and could give a shrewd guess as to the expected arrival, from the agitation and pressure in the crowd. The bugle horns of the coach-guards gave the first notes of approach: and first came a rather faint echo of "The Girl I left behind me;" this gradually deepened into "The British Grenadiers;" then "Rule Britannia" warmed and stirred every heart; and finally, as the first mail-coach entered Pall Mall, and the buglers commenced the National Anthem, the vast multitude sent forth an enthusiastic "Hurrah!" It has been often said that no European public can raise such genuine shouts of welcome as Englishmen; and on this 4th of June they were even more loud and hearty than usual.

Out-of-door pageantry is for the most part a sadly dull business—a Lord Mayor's show, even with the men in armour, is very poor indeed; but an ovation of mail-coaches was quite another thing; coaches, drivers, horses, all were so absolutely national, that the spectators treated them as family flesh and blood, and the applause seemed given to their own kith and kin.

The first turn-out, quite the pet effort of Long Acre, was drawn by four noble greys, literally covered from mane to tail with favours of all the colours of the rainbow. The creatures evidently knew it was a festival day, and paced along with dainty steps, as if they were the chief objects of admiration, occasionally snorting and throwing up their heads with an air of enjoyment. Their driver, the oldest and most respected of his class, was a good specimen of Mr. John Bull. His gold-laced beaver (the lace was twice the width of any brother coachman's band) was jauntily set upon a flaxen wig of superlative size; his eyes were of a sleepy grey, overlaid with heavy, fat, thickened eyelids; his face was as red as his coat, but of a colour much nearer to crimson than scarlet; and his bottle-nose, deepening into purple, showed that the proprietor had encountered all the variations of weather on the road, under which he had consoled himself with frequent imbibitions of brandy and water. He was amazingly stout; and his swollen legs were of one size from the ancle to the knee; it was a matter of wonder how he could ever reach the box. He rejoiced in a splendid bouquet, chiefly composed of full-blown peonies, chosen, doubtless, because they harmonised so well with his complexion. His whip, which he never used, was gay with parti-coloured ribands, and he seemed to be viewed with great reverence by the lookers on. By his side sat his wife, not a whit less jolly than himself, and under the care of the guard were several promising olive branches—whips and whips' wives *in futuro*.

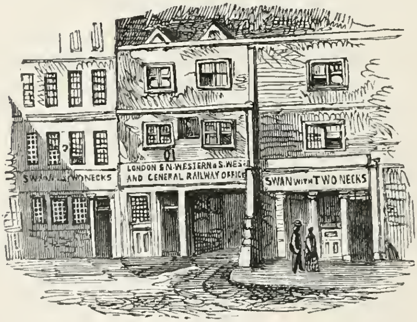
Mail two had a much younger coachman, Herculean in proportion, with muscles of iron, and a resolute sort of countenance, upon which one might read "Take no liberties with me." He wore a single white rose in his buttonhole, and the four beautiful black horses he guided had red roses attached to their head-gear. The third coachman was remarkably short and dwarfish in figure, yet his face was radiant with jollity, and, to make himself as conspicuous as possible, he wore an immense sunflower in his waistcoat; his horses were white, and contrasted finely with their dark companions Don't be alarmed, reader, I am not going to inflict a catalogue of all the charioteers, which would be neither edifying nor amusing, since in general there was a great sameness among them.

There were probably from 150 to 200 vehicles, all most carefully horsed, and forming a stud hardly to be equalled in the world. Of course, on this occasion each horse was picked, and I have heard it asserted that they were worth at least £100 a-piece.

As the coaches arrived before the palace, they drew up, and were arranged in long rows over that wide open space. Then came a pause of expectation, and the crowd appeared to subside into a deep silence. Presently two huge barrels of porter were set flowing, and whip No. 1, standing up, with a quart tumbler filled to the brim, took off his hat, and waved it as he said, "We drink to His sacred Majesty's health—God bless him!" All his brother Jehus followed his lead; a military band suddenly woke up, and at the opening strain every head was uncovered, and a loud, long shout of "God Save the King!" burst from the lips of loyal thousands. The scene at that moment, made up though it was of very ordinary materials, was exceedingly grand; I have seldom been so deeply excited; and this was certainly owing more to the realness of what was passing than to its intrinsic importance.

I was a very little fellow on the 4th of June, and was told by my friend to look at the king, who, they said, was standing at one of the palace windows. So I looked, and noticed a stout elderly gentleman, in the Windsor uniform, with a star on his breast. He had a retreating forehead, an inexpressive eye, a rather rubicund face, and, though he seemed pleased, did not impress one with any idea of intellectual superiority. I thought they joked with me. "That the king," I said, "why he has neither crown nor sceptre." Nevertheless it most probably was George the Third, for when the National Anthem commenced, and the people began to shout, the old gentleman took off his hat and bowed. It would be difficult to find a scene like this in other lands, for either foreigners are less loyal or more polite, and can never be induced to express their feelings so boisterously.

The sons of George III. were all grand-looking men. George IV., in addition to the graces of carriage and figure, had a highly intellectual expression of countenance. The Duke of York was rather remarkable for a good-humoured expression of face than of mental power; but the Dukes of Kent, Sussex, and Cambridge possessed, with fine features, an air warranting the conclusion that they were not deficient in mind. The most careless observer felt that they "were all gentlemen born."


SWAN WONECKS
01
LONDON & N.WESTERN & S.WES
AND GENERAL RAILWAY OFFICE
SWAN WITH TWO NECKS

SWAN WITH TWO NECKS.

INVASION AND VOLUNTEERING.

> "With a Row dow, dow, and a Row dow, dow,
> And Hurrah for the British volunteers!"

Such was the queer, slipshod sort of doggrel which was supposed to stimulate the patriotism of the English people less than fifty years since. The poetry of that period was of the weakest possible character—the Goldsmiths and Johnsons had died out, Darwin was an indifferent substitute, and the author of the "Pleasures of Memory" was almost unknown. It was a very unpromising morning twilight to usher in the grand epoch of national genius, to culminate at no distant day in such mighty bards as Scott and Byron; yet it would be unjust to forget the great merit of the elder Dibdin, whose sea-songs were like trumpet-calls to the hearts of his countrymen, and had no small influence in rendering the designs of the first Napoleon abortive.

The peace of Amiens was a sadly tinkered effort of diplomacy; and, on its sudden rupture, the mighty Corsican despot sought to terrify Mr. Bull by raising the terrible phantom of invasion. Many writers have tried to prove that he never seriously contemplated this threatened expedition. If he did not, it was a monstrously-expensive piece of gasconade; but knowing, as we do, his intense hatred of this nation of shopkeepers, it is not unreasonable to believe that he really meant to make the attempt. He could hardly have flattered himself that the ultimate conquest of our "tight little island" was a possibility; but he might think that the mere landing on our shores would be a great success. In his conversations at St. Helena, Napoleon frequently asserted, that if he could have landed with an army of 50,000 men, he should have forced the British Government to accede to any terms, and have crippled the greatness of England for a long course of years. Thanks to the untiring vigilance of our naval heroes, the French force was locked up in harbour, and never had an opportunity of carrying out the threats of their master. The vast camp formed at Boulogne, with the almost innumerable fleet of flat-bottomed vessels, destined to transport the invading bands across the channel, became ridiculously inactive, though often damaged seriously by the intrepidity of our sailors; and no memorial now remains of them, save the recently-inaugurated statue of their leader, whose countenance of impatient anger, as he looks over the waters, may be rightly considered rather ludicrous than heroic. Baffled as he was in his war scheme of ambition, we are entitled to laugh at such a puerile assumption of triumph.

If, however, to alarm us Britishers was the object of the plan, it fully succeeded. Our shores had been free from any hostile visit for many centuries. The Dutch admiral sailed down the Thames with a broom at his mast-head, but he never attempted to land; nor could William of Orange have made good his footing at Torbay, had he not been invited by the owners of the soil, while the visits of the Pretender were mere matters of party. War had increased our taxes, we had suffered in pocket, and bread was both dear and scarce, but we had never seen the face of an enemy. All the other countries of Europe were familiar with fire and sword; the fierce giant of battle, "with garments dyed in blood," had often in other lands found a paradise and left a wilderness, but a gracious Providence had spared us this plague, and every Englishman's house was still his castle; nevertheless, extreme excitement followed the rumour of an intended invasion; there were many persons who remembered the audacious conduct of Paul Jones in Scotland, and the landing of a French force in Jersey was not forgotten. If, so reasoned the politicians of the day, the Boulogne army could, under cover of night, embark, find the wind favourable, elude the blockading fleet, escape our cruisers, and ultimately effect a descent on Dover, it would be a frightful calamity; who could say what would be the result? It was full time for the British Lion to awake, and roar his loudest; there must be "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," and then it would appear, if the usurper would presume to violate our white cliffs; one Englishman was a match for at least three frog-eating Frenchmen, and who could have any fears on the subject.

Magnanimous resolutions, truly; but how were they to be embodied? Well, there was sufficient promptitude on the part of the Government. The whole line of coast, though watched and defended before, received additional attention. The Martello towers previously erected were strengthened at every weak point; new forts, for such they were, bristled on every height, and at night-fall beacon-fires blazed from each, so that signals to indicate the approach of any danger from the seaboard might be given in a moment. Without the wonderful aids afforded by railways and the electric telegraph, every rumour was conveyed to London with marvellous celerity, and both ministers and people assumed an attitude of defence which would have made the boldest invader pause in his purpose. Our wooden walls, too, were well-manned. It was the age of Rodney, of Horatio Nelson, and Sydney Smith; our fleets did indeed "rule the waves." The French navy slunk into harbour for security, and were not always safe even there.

Something more must be done; why should not the military be as complete as the naval service? Why should not every man above twenty and under sixty be a soldier? Now was the time to manifest our zeal "for England, love, and beauty" in something more than mere talk. A few fervid patriotic orators loudly expressed this opinion, never dreaming that they were about to take up arms themselves. It was a mere notion one day, and became an imposing reality the next. The volunteer epidemic manifested itself with irresistible energy, and a red coat was an indispensable mark of respectability. All the quiet habits and occupations of every-day life seemed forgotten. The tailor was too busy over his own regimentals to attend to the wants of his customers; the baker's loaves were blackened in the oven, while he was engaged at drill; and the butcher, instead of cutting up sheep or pigs, sharpened his weapon, a sword or bayonet, to make mincemeat of the expected invaders. The doctors, whether they "killed in chariots or on foot," were thoroughly aroused, and the lancet-case was exchanged for the cartridge-box. If Mr. Apothecary was content to shoulder a musket in the ranks, the fashionable physician rejoiced in the new title of captain or major. The Inns of Court were in strange commotion. Pale students, whose days and nights had hitherto been devoted to the statutes at large, rushed from their solitudes, and looked daggers in scarlet. Such men as Brougham, Sugden, and Copley, caught the fever and put themselves in training; while the clergy no longer preached peace, and Butler's—

> "Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic—
> Beaten with fist instead of a stick,"

was no longer a fancy. If you went into a private house you tumbled over a musket, and the landlord was sure to be a member of some loyal corps; if you joined an evening party all the male visitors were in regimentals, while in the streets every third man you met was "a soldiering," and very indifferent soldiers some of them were. Men are not born heroes, and undoubtedly a large proportion of these extempore Alexanders belonged to the awkward squad. Bad as they were, however, I think the militia men during the Crimean war were worse.

There was a volunteer demonstration in Foote's time, but it was a mere "little go" to this, yet a few extracts from his "Mayor of Garrett," first performed in 1763, will serve to exemplify the singular national light-headedness I am anxious to depict:—

Sir Jacob Jollup.—But, Major, was it not rather late in life for you to enter upon the profession of arms?

Major Sturgeon.—A little awkward in the beginning, Sir Jacob; the great difficulty they had was to get me to turn out my toes; but use—use reconciles all them kind of things; why, after my first campaign, I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite. We have had some desperate duty. Oh! such marchings and counter-marchings, from Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge; the dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating. Why, there was our last expedition to Hounslow, that day's work carried off Major Molassas. Bunhill Fields never saw a braver commander. He was an irreparable loss to the service. I advised him to pull off his spurs before he went into action, but he was resolute, and would not be ruled. We were quartered at Isleworth. The Major made a fine disposition; on we marched, the men in high spirits, to attack the gibbet where Gardel is hanging; but turning down a narrow lane, in order to possess a pig's-stye, that we might attack the gallows in flank, who should come by but a drove of fat oxen for Smithfield. The drums beat, the dogs barked, the oxen galloped: on they came, broke through our ranks, and threw the whole corps into confusion. The Major's horse took to his heels. That gallant commander stuck both his spurs into the flank, and held on by his mane, but in crossing a ditch, the horse threw up his head, and plumped the Major into a gravel-pit, just by the powder-mills; and whether from the fall or the fright, he moved off in a month. It was an unfortunate day for us all. Yet I succeeded the Major, being the only one of the corps that could ride. . . . . Let me tell you, Sir Jacob, it was lucky for Monsieur that he kept his myrmidons at home, or we should have peppered his flat-bottom boats; we should have taught him what a Briton was, who is fighting *pro aris et focis.*

Of course there must always be more than a single point of view for every picture, and while we laugh, with Foote, at the oddities and mistakes of a people suddenly transformed from peaceful citizens into military patriots, we cannot but acknowledge the absolute sublimity of the scene, when a whole nation rose up in martial array, to defend, with their own strong right hand, the land they loved, the laws they reverenced, their birth-places, and the graves of their fathers.

There were two remarkable days during this volunteer epidemic—reviews of the whole body of warlike patriots in Hyde Park and on Wimbledon Common by George the Third. On both occasions the Prince of Wales attended his Royal father; and all that were highest and noblest in the country gathered around them.

I was not on the ground at Hyde Park; but being in the immediate neighbourhood, I saw the long columns of improvised warriors passing, in seemingly endless march, through the crowded streets. The shops were all shut; it was a general holiday; men, women, and children all gazing with eager delight on their martial companions, for almost every family in the metropolis had given a pledge of loyalty in the shape of husband, brother, or son, to swell the volunteer regiment. Thus every parish and district was represented, and the people had a lively personal interest in the armed masses around them. In spite of ridicule, the exhibition of popular feeling, whether as regarded spectators or soldiers, was exceedingly impressive. A great multitude, actuated by one motive, is always grand, and often sublime. On this occasion not less than 30,000 men passed in review, and a portion of them, especially the City Light Horse and the Artillery Volunteers, would have extorted praise from the most fastidious disciplinarian.

I was present at the Review on Wimbledon Common, which seemed much farther from town than it does now, and, in the absence of railways and omnibuses, was quite in the country. Partly walking and partly riding, as I could get accommodation, I arrived at the scene of action about eleven o'clock a.m. The review was expected to commence at half-past one. Vast crowds had already assembled, and most of the regiments were in position. It was an exceedingly warm summer day. Soda-water and ginger-beer were in great request, and the itinerant vendors of oranges were doing a gainful trade. The company, many of them being ladies, were arranged in a vast semi-circle, on the verge of the space allotted to the troops. There was abundance of warlike music: drums and cymbals more than sufficient; trumpets not of the most silvery sound; whilst the flageolets seemed to have caught cold, so hoarse were their tones. Presently the multitude, which had been marvellously quiet, began to sway to and fro in evident excitement; there was a distant sound of carriage wheels—a halt: indicated by a long loud shout of welcome; then a brief pause; a roll of drums, a deafening trumpet-call, gradually mellowing into "God save the King," and the people, opening right and left, admitted the Royal *cortège* into the square kept by the volunteers. The king came first, in the costume of a field-marshal, mounted on a magnificent black charger, and bowing his bare head continually, amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of his subjects. He looked old, worn, and anxious, but his eye occasionally lit up, as he acknowledged the greeting he received. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York followed. It would have been difficult to have found two finer looking men. The prince was then about thirty. He rode a splendid white horse, managing it with infinite grace. The upper portion of his face gave the idea of superior intellect, but about the mouth and lips the lower passions had already left their impress.

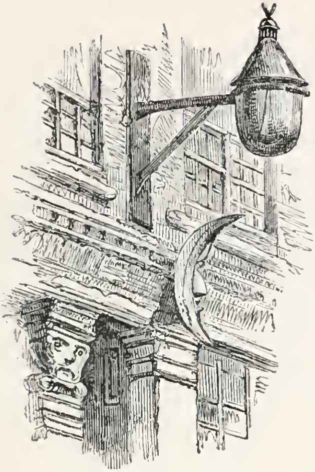
Far more noble in his bearing than the king, he wanted the air of absolute self-reliance which marked his Royal father. The Duke of York sate firmly on a beautiful grey; he was then a great favourite, and, without giving any evidence of mental power, there was a kind of magnetism in his evident kindness of temper that won the good wishes of every spectator. A noble *cortège* of general officers followed, and the whole common rang from end to end with the sustained cheering of the soldiery and the crowd.

All reviews partake of the same character—smoke, noise, artillery *fortissimo*, small arms *pianissimo*, the gleam of swords, and the rush of horse, the rattle of muskets while bayonetted, and the charge of infantry, the tread of the soldiers, "regular as rolling water," as they defile before the great man of the hour; and all is over. Yet, simple and monotonous as this appears, few things excite the imagination more than the

"Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war;"

and in this instance, at least, there was something far better than the mere display of power, for here was a patriotic nation, declaring in the language of action their scorn of a despot's threats, and their devotion to a fatherland. No country can ever be conquered that cherishes and embodies such feelings. Supported by manifestations like these, the clouds that have from time to time darkened over England have melted away like "dew-drops from the lion's mane;" and no truth is more self-evident than that expressed by Shakespeare in the well-known lines:—

"Come wrack, come storms—
Come the four corners of the world in arms,—
And we shall fright them. Nought can make us rue
If England to herself does prove but true."



OLD LONDON LAMP.

WARWICK LANE.

THERE is hardly a street or lane in old London which would not afford scope for an interesting history. The rise, decline, and fall of the various localities, as regarded their early or primitive inhabitants, their middle age, noble houses, or their modern wealthy merchants, would afford inexhaustible materials for the antiquarian. Indeed, there is scarcely a tenement boasting its two or three centuries that would not offer a mine of exciting anecdotes to any industrious Froude or Massey. What a rich subject for biography would our Lord Mayors, ancient and modern, supply! "Hallam on the Constitution" might be surpassed by "Scott on Civic Dignities," and Lord Campbell's "Chancellors" be laid aside for the "Chronicles of the Aldermen and Common Council." When I am about to select a new subject the reasons for preference are so cogent that, like the fabled ass between two bundles of hay, there is danger of making no choice, because the themes for study are so numerous. Bayle wrote his definition of words on fragments of paper as they occurred to him, and kept them in his common-place bag, not book, till the time arrived to arrange them in alphabetical order; and my method is analogous, for I string together these scraps just as the fancy of the moment decides. Thus running over the metropolis without any fixed plan, we pick up here a prettily-marked pebble, and there a mouldering fragment of antiquity; notice on one page an obsolete but suggestive custom, on the next, some grand relic of the buried city; yet honestly striving, through all, to blend instruction with amusement. No portion of London is just now more likely to be visited by the magician Change than the few acres comprising Smithfield and Newgate Street. The old slaughter-houses and market will, in a few years, become things of the past; a dead meat mart, almost as pretentious as the Islington beast emporium, will soon spring up; suitable *abattoirs* will supersede the dismal dens of Warwick Lane; and the gutters of that dangerous thoroughfare will be no longer polluted with blood. Pope describes his Homo as

> "Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;"

and most revoltingly was the poet's assertion borne out by a visit to this narrow, dark, disgusting thoroughfare. I resided in the neighbourhood for more than two years, and was quite familiar with all its ins and outs; yet habit never bred liking, though a dear friend kept house there, and his kindness, if anything could, would have made his residence pleasant. Yet there was a bright summer morning, when I roused the sleeper in Warwick Lane with a summons louder than the postman's; when, to the hopeful eye of youth, the dingy street wore a fairer aspect, and vivid anticipations of a country holiday invested it with imaginary advantages. The light and warmth of that June day, the hopes of that youthful season, cannot be restored. Yet there was hope and summer for this well-abused spot "once upon a time." Call Chronicler Stow into the box. Thus he witnesseth:—"Warwick Lane, so called of an ancient house there built by an Earl of Warwick, and since called Warwick Inn. I read that in the 36th of Henry VI., the greater estates of the realm being called up to London, Richard Nevile, Earl of Warwick (the king-maker) came with 600 men, all in red jackets, embroidered with ragged staves before and behind, and was lodged in Warwick Lane; in whose house there were often six oxen eaten at a breakfast; and every tavern was full of his meat; for he that had any acquaintance in that house might have there so much of sodden and roast meat as he could prick and carry on a long dagger."

At the entrance of the lane towards Newgate Street there is a bas-relief of Guy, Earl of Warwick, with the date 1668; and it will help the busy-minded antiquary to look much further into the past, summoning up the gorgeous chivalry of the Plantagenets, and peopling the narrow flags with knights and men-at-arms. Within the Earl's rudely-built mansion, strength rather than comeliness being chiefly prized, our gay Edward IV. often caroused, and there, too, the sweet breath of Elizabeth Woodville streamed forth in unison with the cittern; yet music belike had little companionship for such wild warriors as the

"Setter-up and putter-down of kings;"

nor will the rudest organ-grinder or noisiest brass band venture a tune in Warwick Lane. Butchers have less harmony in them than even Babbages.

The Oxford Arms Inn, on the west side, was well frequented. In the *London Gazette*, March, 1672-3, we find this notice:—"These are to notify that Edward Bartlett, Oxford carrier, has removed his inn in London from the Swan, in Holborn Bridge, to the Oxford Arms, in Warwick Lane, where he did inn before the Fire; his coaches and waggons going forth on their usual days, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. He hath also a hearse, with all things convenient to carry a corpse to the burial." There is a curious passage in Bishop Burnett's *History of His Own Times*, which must not be overlooked:—"Archbishop Leighton used often to say that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; it looking like a pilgrim going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it." He added that the officious care and tenderness of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured at such a place would give less disturbance; and he obtained what he desired, for he died (1684) at the Bell Inn, in Warwick Lane.

This suggests Shenstone's melancholy lines:—

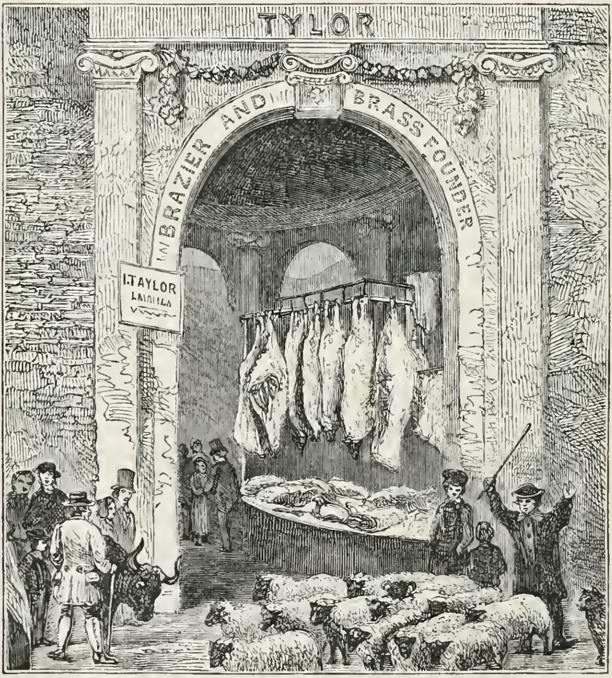
"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his wanderings may have been,
Will sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

Milton's epitaph on "Old Hobson," the Cambridge carrier, deserves a place here, for it is sadly suggestive of the experience that will force itself more and more on us all, as our mill-horse journeys, whether of business or pleasure, are repeated until they close in weariness and vexation:—

"Here lies old Hobson; Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! has laid him in the dirt.
'T was such a shifter, that, if truth was known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;

> For he had any time, these ten years full,
> Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and the Bull;
> But lately, finding him so long at home,
> And thinking that his journey's end was come,
> And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
> In the kind office of a chamberlain,
> Shew'd him the room where he must lodge that night,
> Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light.
> If any ask for him, it shall be said,
> 'Hobson has newly supp'd, and gone to bed.'"

In comparatively recent times no building in Warwick Lane was so remarkable as the College of Physicians. The college was founded in 1518, by Dr. Linacre, the physician of Henry VII. and VIII., who resided in Knightrider Street, and there frequently entertained his friends, Erasmus, Latimer, and Sir Thomas More. He was the first president of the college, and the members met at his house, which he left to them by will. They removed from thence to Amen Corner, where Dr. Harvey lectured on the circulation; and built in the college garden a museum, upon the site of the present Stationers' Hall. These being destroyed in the Great Fire, Wren built them a new college in Warwick Lane, opened in 1689. It was a fine building, having a grand entrance-porch, and being surmounted by a dome. The structure was octangular. The theatre was admirable for seeing and hearing; the anatomical demonstrations were made on a table in the centre. There was a lofty hall, with a magnificent staircase; a dining-room, with a most elaborately carved ceiling; and a carved oak chimney and gallery. In the court-yard was erected a statue of Charles II. The Fellows met here, notwithstanding the abominations perpetrated under their immediate notice, until 1825, when they removed to a new hall in Pall Mall. The old rooms were hung with some very remarkable portraits—of Dr. Hanney, Cromwell's physician; of Dr. Friend; and of Sir Edmund King, who bled Charles II., in a fit, without consulting his colleagues, and who was promised £1,000 by the Council for his service, though it was never paid. There were also portraits of Sydenham, Linacre, Sir Thomas Browne, and Andreas Vesalius, the Italian anatomist. They also preserved a curious collection of gold-headed canes, once used by famous physicians; for in those days a doctor of medicine was nothing without his cane. Wren's college is now used partly as a meat market, and partly as a brass foundry.



GATEWAY OF THE OLD COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

Garth, in his clever satire, *The Dispensary*, thus ridicules the disused college:—

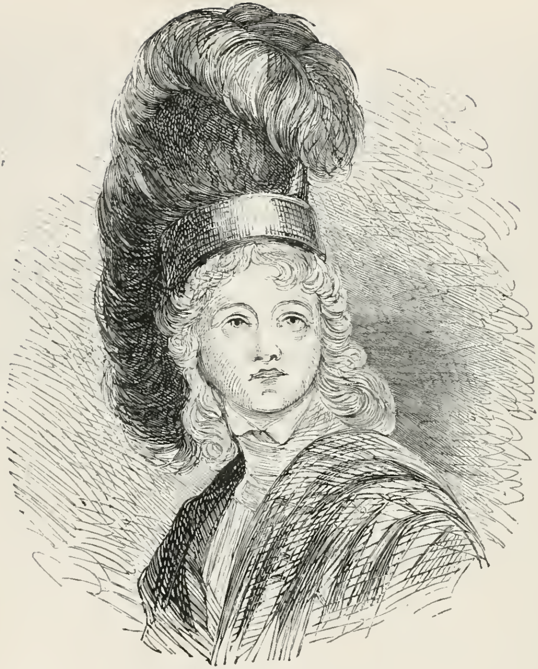
> "Not far from that most celebrated place,
> Where angry Justice shows her awful face,
> Where little villains must submit tò fate,
> That great ones may enjoy the world in state,
> There stands a dome majestic to the sight,
> And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
> A golden globe, plac'd high with artful skill,
> Seems to the distant sight a gilded pill."

The court-loving fashion of our days allured the worshippers of Esculapius west, in spite of the supposed salutary influence derived from the immediate presence of horned cattle, an ancient method of curing consumption being to locate the patients in cow-sheds. Even later than 1825 many celebrated physicians continued to live and practice in the City, and especially the justly famous Dr. Babington, whose house in Aldermanbury was continually crowded by eager seekers after health. At present the medical sage has no sooner acquired celebrity in the east than he migrates from Finsbury Square, or St. Mary Axe, or the Old Jewry, to Grosvenor Street or Belgravia, since nobility would scarcely think of a physician from the haunts of trade. Yet it sometimes happens that a practice at Hyde Park Corner is far less lucrative than that left behind in Broad Street.

The changes and improvements constantly going on in London have done much to make it more suitable as the mighty centre of traffic than it long was. These changes are only possible at the expense of removing entirely obstructive portions of the old City. Whenever a grand, wide street is laid down it must occupy the site of a densely packed puzzle of small, dark, inconvenient mansions, either spared by the Great Fire or inconsiderately built shortly after. When all that can be effected in this way shall have been carried out, the work of improvement will remain sadly incomplete; nothing short of some terrible convulsion of nature, or awfully sweeping conflagration would suffice to clear the encumbered ground to such an extent as to make London fit for the business of London. A few feet of land in Cornhill or in the Poultry are worth more than hundreds of acres elsewhere. The fortunate possessor of a tenement or two in Cheapside, or in the narrow streets that branch off from it, is too well pleased with the yearly rent they yield to think of sacrificing them on the altar of improvement. Nor when houses falling into decay are pulled down does the rebuilding greatly mend matters. The shop or warehouse remains as much straitened as ever, only the builder grows ambitious, emulates old Babel, and sets up his "sky parlour" among the clouds. A glance at the giant buildings in St. Paul's Churchyard will convince the reader that we do not exaggerate. London, even in our time, may be likened to nests of pill-boxes, box within box, *ad infinitum*. Turn into Gutter Lane, thread your way from court to alley—from the patchy, tumble-down squares, with their one tree and straggling yellow grass—to dreary-looking graveyard, from whence the church has long vanished; then dive into the underground world of crypts and cellars, and as you pull off the lid of the last tiny box, represented by the creaking door of some Lilliputian office six feet by four, one's head grows dizzy, and the far-off noise of vast metropolitan roadways sounds like the impatient surging of a vast ocean. The man who stood upon a door-step until the street crowds had gone by was no such a jackanapes after all. Claudian's old man of Verona would have been perfectly justified in doing so. Talk of the population of Rome, or Nineveh, or Babylon! They must have been but thinly peopled in comparison. Nebuchadnezzar indulged in a pleasure-garden; the men of Nineveh raised corn within their walls. In Julius

Cæsar's day there were hardly a million of inhabitants in Rome, and though a census in the reign of Claudius gives five millions, it was probably a myth to tickle imperial vanity, whereas there is nothing at all mythical about the population of London in 1864.

The long, narrow slip of ground, including Warwick Lane, one side of Paternoster Row, Newgate Street, Ivy Lane, and traversed in all directions by a strange set of courts and alleys, seems hardly capable of improvement. Nothing short of a complete and sweeping change would suffice to let in the day-light, and sweeten with thoroughly fresh air the encumbered acres.



MASTER HENRY WEST BETTY.

THE YOUNG ROSCIUS.

A raspberry tart, or a bun, were especial luxuries with little boy Aleph. Even now he keenly remembers a baker's shop in Oxford-street, where an oblong, pigeon-tail shape bun was sold, which he thought so delectable as never to be self-denying enough to pass without making a purchase when he was in pence. The shadow of the shop remains there still, after more than fifty years, and the same sort of bun may be purchased; but oh, so inferior. Is the flour or the baker in fault? or have I lost the readily enjoyable nature of youth? I was tempted to try a bun there a few months since, and found it detestable. My great emporium for buns, however, in those early times was nearer home—at the shop of Mrs. Tupp, the pastry woman, in Tottenham Court Road. It was just opposite Papworth's, the grocer's, at the corner of Tavistock Street. I do not expect you to feel any interest in the locality, but somehow it is pleasant to map out the old spot, and think of things even more attractive than pastry. I have heard that when a new apprentice enters a confectioner's he is allowed to eat of the sweets till he is cloyed, as a security against his longings in future. Either the edge of my appetite was never so blunted, or I have an inordinately sweet tooth, for I still hanker after such dainties. Mrs. Tupp was the high-priestess of gossips—all the nursemaids and children, a good sprinkling of the mammas, and a few superannuated old gentlemen frequented her shop daily. The *Advertiser* and *Chronicle* might be read there, intermixed with pleasant sips of cherry brandy; and, what was even more appetising, you might prey on your neighbours' reputation without stint, though in general the scandal was both pointless and harmless.

One day, my pocket burning with some odd pence, I crossed the threshold. How tempting those buns look! not the stale overplus of yesterday, which are tumbled together on a tin at the door, and may be had for a halfpenny each, but literally hot from the oven. Plain buns, currant buns, Bath buns—what a pity the latter are twopence a-piece! Mrs. Tupp had a larger *levée* than usual. As we entered, the good lady, warmed with her subject, was reporting in shrill tones, the wonders of the day. "Bread will be 20d. on Saturday; and flour is so dear, I must raise the price of my tarts. What a misfortune for poor children! Do you know the new comer in Percy Street, and have you seen that dear boy Betty? His hair resembles a wax doll's, only it's longer, and his eyes are the colour of stone blue. Good gracious, how fond he is of sweets! Why, here he comes." At this moment, in stepped the promising youth in question, surrounded by several smaller, flaxen-haired youngsters, some with hoops and some with skipping-ropes, but all hungry and anxious for buns. You may see a similar sight any morning at Nugent's—and I opine Mrs. Tupp never made better buns than he does. The Master Betty to whom attention was called was probably then about 13 years old, but tall for that age, and remarkably upright, with a pair of bright intelligent eyes, good features, and singularly active limbs; while his hands were so white and delicate, that it might be doubted whether he had ever played at taw in his life. He seemed in high spirits, and every few minutes spoke in a loud, shrill, alto tone, while he munched his bun, which appeared infinitely to astonish Mrs. Tupp. His first open aside was—

"My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills,
My father feeds his flock—"

Presently, out came matter far more heroic:—

"The times are out of joint. Oh, cursed spite,
That I was ever born to set them right!"

Then raising his arm like a barrister over his brief, he addressed us thus—

"My brave associates, partners of my toil,
My feelings, and my fame,"

with many other equally brave words, which so startled Mrs. Tupp's friends, that one lady spilt her cherry-brandy over a lace dress; another dropped her ice; and an elderly gentleman ejaculated, with great seriousness, "What a pity the poor lad is allowed to use such bad language." Yet it was not so terrible after all; for this was the incipient young Roscius—the world-renowned Henry West Betty—who was so soon to break the shell of private life, and start at once into an intellectual prodigy.

I saw him frequently after this, often driving a hoop, or dragging his sister's miniature chaise, or playing at horses with his brothers. In truth I was rather envious of him, for his stock of coppers seemed to be unlimited, and he consumed more pastry than any other boy in the parish. It soon became known that he was about to appear as a play actor; and when his name, in Brobdignagian letters, graced the theatrical bills, he used to draw a crowd whenever he passed through Percy Street, and his friends soon found it expedient to give him his airings in a hackney coach. For my part, except Sadler's Wells, I had never been within the walls of a playhouse. My curiosity was excessively excited. Every morning I visited the tobacco shop to read the bill of the play, and when at length, in that of Covent Garden, it was announced that the young Roscius would shortly make his *debût* as *Achmet*, in the tragedy of "Barbarossa," I hung over the large poster with a kind of eager desire, and tried to swop my pence with Mr. Drugger for the bill; unsuccessful, I hurried home to proclaim the important fact. "Ah, might I go? might I see that wonderful boy as *Achmet?*"

This childish enthusiasm meanwhile filled the whole town; Master Betty was as constant a theme of conversation as the weather. He was to have £50 per night. £100 had been refused for a box in a good situation. It was expected the pit-doors would be crowded all day. Long strings of advertisements, offering premiums for seats, filled the public prints, and even Bonaparte dwindled to a minor character. The theatre about to be graced by this peerless paragon was old Covent Garden, Manager Rich's house, where the careful *impressario* judged whether an audience paid or not by pouring the cash received into a rough deal box, duly graduated, when, if filled beyond a certain line, it was a capital house, and good, bad, or indifferent, according to the level reached. This theatre was much smaller than either the present Drury Lane or Covent Garden, but it paid far better; the scenery was less splendid, and the salaries less excessive.

The eventful evening came, "Barbarossa" received a marvellous reception, and the Roscius was at once elevated into an idol. In a few days his effigy might be purchased on a cotton handkerchief for a shilling. Neatly-painted portraits of the fascinating Betty ornamented screens and work-boxes, and to answer affirmatively to the universal question, "Have you seen the young Roscius?" became a necessity. The time-honoured favourites of the public seceded from the boards, for they ceased to attract; Siddons, Kemble, and Cooke were deserted for the crude performances of a mere child. Of course the Court caught the Roscius fever. It is honourable, however, to the good taste of George III. that he would not consent to patronize Betty, though he was a great playgoer, and, in general, fond of novelty. A nobleman said to him, "Will not your Majesty command a play with the young Roscius? he is exceedingly clever, and when he grows a man is sure to be a great actor." "I will wait till then," was the king's answer. The Drury Lane manager, feeling that he must close his doors or secure a portion of the attraction, set on foot negotiations to have "the Roscius" on alternate evenings—a plan ultimately adopted.

Betty's strange popularity continued unabated for a whole season, during which he went through a very wide circle of characters, including many wholly absurd at his age. *Achmet* was followed by *Young Norval*, *Frederick*, in "Lovers' Vows," the *Stranger*, *Richard III.*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and nearly all the great parts in Shakespeare's dramas. On the night of his first personation of *Hamlet* both Houses of Parliament were adjourned, that the Lords and Commons might have an opportunity to enjoy the treat; and at the end of the season his gains were so abundant that his friends thought it expedient to make him a ward in Chancery. His success will appear the more extraordinary when we consider that the actors who played with him were below mediocrity, for all the veterans in both companies, with proper dignity, refused to act with him. I saw three of his performances—the parts were *Young Norval*, *Frederick*, in "Lovers' Vows," and *Hamlet*. My age precluded me from forming a sound critical opinion, but I may be excused if I state my impressions, which are still quite fresh. Betty possessed an astonishing memory. He was never at fault, even for a word; his voice was powerful and sweet; he trod the stage with perfect confidence; and his gestures were easy and picturesque. No doubt he was carefully assisted in the dressing of his characters, and when they were meant to be youthful he became them wonderfully well. When for novelty's sake he attempted parts such as *Richard* or *Rolla*, the effect was simply ludicrous. In the latter he was compelled to carry the infant he was supposed to rescue under his arm instead of on his shoulder, and it was a doll. Perhaps no play was then so finely acted as "Douglas," with Charles Kemble for *Young Norval*, John Kemble as the *Stranger*, Cooke for *Glenarvon*, and Mrs. Siddons as *Lady Randolph*. Yet Betty made a great impression in *Young Norval*. He looked noble and chivalrous; and much of the acting with his mother deserved the praise it received. When wounded and ready to fall, he rushed forward, exclaiming,

> "My mother's voice! I can protect thee still,"

the hearts of the audience were touched, and the house rose at him. *Frederick*, in Kotzebue's play, was also a success. He played it unaffectedly and naturally. It was only when the sentiment of the dialogue called for power that he rose out of his level tone, and the exertion being made in the proper place, always ensured genuine applause. Though much too juvenile for *Hamlet*, he looked the Prince of Denmark remarkably well, and proved a forcible excuse for *Ophelia's* preference. The mighty poetry of the part, however, found but a feeble exponent in Betty. Too often it was obvious that he did not understand the language he uttered, and by consequence it fell quite pointless. Nor could he assume with any truthfulness the passion of the character. The public began to feel their folly after seeing him a few times in "Hamlet." Still a second season opened with the young Roscius—but to gradually diminishing audiences. The applause grew less frequent and less hearty. The bubble was about to collapse. He was not re-engaged at Drury Lane. Sheridan's comedies were acted and brought full houses. About Christmas, "Macbeth" was revived with great splendour (for that period), and Kemble and Mrs. Siddons re-appeared in their best characters. The town, blushing at their folly, left the idol, and returned with a new zest to their old favourites. Betty's name disappeared from the bills, but he had made a golden harvest. It was understood that in London and the provinces he had netted over £30,000 in less than two years. This was in 1806, his first appearance having been in 1804.

Some twenty years after, when he was nearly thirty-four, he attempted the part of *Alexander the Great*, at one of the London theatres, and failed, all the newspaper critics declaring that he did not evince a single redeeming point as an actor. He made similar attempts at some minor houses, but broke down in the same decided manner, and he was hardly named again till his death was announced, at a comparatively early age.

Betty's career and its termination were alike extraordinary; such great success, and certainly a large share of natural talent, might have warranted the expectation that he would end as a favourite actor; but the public, who at first were more than just, and showered favours upon him which it was impossible for him so soon to deserve, since the profession of an actor requires the devotion of a life, if ever perfectly learnt, ended by a conviction that they had lavished praise where the desert was small, and revenged themselves by refusing to acknowledge the merit he really possessed.

Always fond of the stage, and especially when it is occupied by the "solemn muse in gorgeous pall," my thoughts often revert to the past, summoning back again the wondrous mimic sovereigns of the drama, and, while owning the boyish skill of Betty, in parts suitable to his years and talent, I cannot but feel unmixed surprise that so mere a lad could ever have seduced from their allegiance the admirers of such matchless performers as those by whom our great dramatist's works were then interpreted. Nor can I avoid regret that our stage at present is little better than a home for French vaudevilles or Italian operas. I am far from denying the merits of both, but desire to possess a stage for national dramatic works. We may delight in fine music and genial mirth, but why should there not be room and verge enough for the noble tragedies of our noblest bard?

PATIENCE FLINT,

THE OLD WOMAN OF HANWAY YARD.

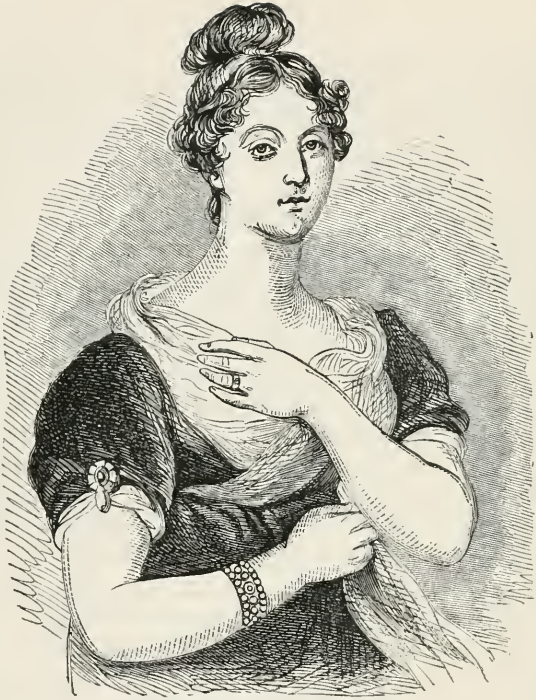
If you desire to attain extreme old age, you seek a very doubtful benefit. You are hardly twenty, and probably consider sixty a great age, and so it is relatively; but our standard of comparison for years, as for everything else, is very variable. It is better not to form any wish on the subject—or, perhaps better still, not to desire life beyond the moment when our mental faculties grow feeble, and we cease to possess bodily power to provide for our own necessities. When man or woman becomes indebted for every convenience and comfort to the care of others, no matter whether it be son, or daughter, or friend, the wayfarer will begin to be thought a burden. Even the lips of affection will murmur such words as these, or they will be thought over even if unspoken, "Poor soul, he ages sadly; it will be a happy release when he departs." A son once said to me, complaining of the cost of housekeeping, "You see, I have to keep my old father, and his appetite is still amazingly good." Nor can we buy love for money; if it does not come without, we have no chance. While our downward progress in life is unattended with a weak intellect or paralyzed limbs, we may plod on without repining; but when thus finally thrown out of the race, I know not why we should desire to linger amid scenes that cease to interest, since we can no longer perform the duties they involve.

I was born a parishioner of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and was as intimately acquainted with that locality fifty years ago as I am now with Islington. Well, one of my favourite haunts was Hanway Yard, now widened, improved, and called Hanway Street. It was extremely narrow and dirty at the time referred to, but it possessed several attractions. At one corner (and it is still there) was Baldock's old china shop, a sort of museum for Chinese horses and dragons, queer-looking green vases, and doll-sized teacups, all of which excited my warm admiration. At the end nearest to Oxford Street there was something still more fascinating, in the shape of a muffin and crumpet shop, where each afternoon one might see the liquid paste spread on the heated stove, and baked into crumpets while the customers waited. The demand for this indigestible tea-dough was immense; frequently that end of the yard was crowded with applicants, and if you got served after an hour's waiting, you were fortunate. The shop had an ill-name besides, which very possibly made it more attractive. The neighbours said (but it might have been mere scandal) that it was a store for smuggled goods, and that if you needed a bottle of French brandy, or a piece of real bandanna, it might be procured there as well as crumpets. The rest of the yard was tenanted by Jew dealers in curiosities, or, indeed, in anything that turned up; and though in the widening and smartening process the shop-fronts have caught the plate-glass fever, the class of occupants and their trade is still much the same. In those days, however, there was one shop which had especial claims on my notice; it was a receptacle for Dutch toys. Many were the quarters of an hour I have stood fancy-stricken at that window; my first love being decidedly a sort of Venus, carved in some white wood, though it must be owned that the attachment was impartially shared with an elephant in vegetable ivory. The proprietors were a foreign couple, Flemings, I had heard, and with them lived the wife's great-great-grandmother, who they declared was a hundred and seven years old. They were both over sixty; very short in stature; simple in their dress and mode of living; and apparently anxious to shun all intimacy with their neighbours. The name of Flint was over the shop-door, and it was always closed for the night as soon as it grew dark. I often made purchases of them, for they encouraged the visits of children, and seemed to let them have the toys at a lower price than grown people. Patience Flint was a general subject for gossip in the locality, but she seldom entered the shop. Anxious to see her, I commonly lingered by the counter as long as I was allowed, but was constantly disappointed, till one day, going in, I found the place empty, and as I opened a glass case to inspect some bewitching figures of Punch, an inner door slowly opened, and there stood the Old Woman of Hanway Yard. My first feeling was of alarm, for the sight was unexpected as well as disagreeably novel. Was it a woman or a ghost? Could it speak? Would it be offended with my visit? I must endeavour to describe Patience Flint, and give a likeness from the camera of memory. The outlines of that poor, thin, emaciated form are sharply graven there; many things of yesterday are less marked. She must have been several inches under five feet in height, and seemed little else than a bony structure, tightly covered with a coffee-coloured skin. No portion of her person except the hands and face could be seen, for she wore a scanty gingham gown, closely fitting about the throat, and her hair was entirely taken up by a stiff muslin cap, the border of which was drawn tightly over her forehead. I never could determine the colour of her eyes, but they were small and heavy, being so far set back that you might suppose they never moved. Her face was not wrinkled in the ordinary sense, but gave the idea of having been contracted into an infinite number of lines or puckerings, rough, unequal, and disagreeable. The lips were strangely thin and leather-like, indicating the sort of slit that formed the mouth, from the centre of which a single tooth protruded. There was nothing of neglect or uncleanliness about her or her dress; yet, though she breathed and moved, the evidences of vitality were so unsatisfactory that you doubted whether she did not belong wholly to the past. Gliding, rather than walking, into the shop, she seemed by her gestures to inquire what I wanted. My reply, in a stammering voice, was, "Please, ma'am, the price of this teetotum?" She raised two fingers; and thinking she meant two-pence, laying down that amount, I took up the teetotum and hurried away. I often saw Patience Flint during the next two years, and became acquainted with all her habits. She took very little food; three or four ounces of bread, moistened in about a quarter of a pint of lukewarm milk, served her for a whole day. She never took meat, malt-liquor, wine, or spirit. She did not sleep more than five hours out of the twenty-four, and that not continuously, but by naps of from half an hour to an hour in duration. Her hearing was tolerably good; she could not distinguish the voice if highly pitched, but if modulated in a low, distinct tone, and close to her ear, she soon caught the meaning intended. She could not read without the aid of a powerful magnifying glass, and then only for a few minutes at a time; nor would she open any book but the Bible. Sometimes she would remain for many hours apparently unconscious, but humming to herself, in a low musical whisper, the lines of an old Flemish hymn. For several years she had not left the house; but of warm summer days she would sit at an open window on the upper floor, not looking into the street, however, but merely enjoying the cooler air. She delighted to have water poured over her limbs, and liked it best as drink when brought fresh from the pump in Soho Square. She had no pet dog or cat, nor, indeed, any known object of special regard, except a broken and much worn miniature, which appeared to have been the portrait of a very young man; and this she wore round her neck. She could not kneel, but occasionally she was seen to stoop forward, by leaning on a chair-back; and her relatives thought she was then in prayer. The expression of her countenance, as far as I could study, was so settled in general as to be almost corpse-like; but there was neither grief nor passion, and certainly never the slightest approximation to a smile. She seldom spoke at all; when she did, it was in monosyllables, uttered at long intervals. The man and woman who kept the house seemed to gather a meaning from them; but otherwise they had little or none.

One bright August day I had been gathering a beau-pot of wild flowers—buttercups, daisies, and poppies—in some fields near the New Road, now covered by Gordon Square, and, on my return, called at the toy-shop in Hanway Yard. The old woman sat in the window, swaying herself backward and forward to a dreary-sounding hum, like the phantom of a living voice. She did not notice me; if she thought at all, "her thoughts were far away." My young heart was sorry for her, and I laid the already half-withered flowers in her lap. She regarded them with a strange fixedness for a long while, and then—or it was fancy—I heard her say, in a deep, low whisper, "Flowers—flowers—for me—good child—God bless him!" Poor Patience! one winter's morning they told me she was dead, and that they were going to bury her in the ground of Old St. Pancras Church. It was a walking funeral; all the neighbours followed; and I was amongst them. Standing near the grave, I saw them lower the coffin—it was of plain elm; and the inscription-plate bore, "Patience Flint, 109 years." As the clergyman said, "Dust to dust," and it rattled on the lid as it fell, my eyes were running over, and I felt deeply grieved for the Old Woman of Hanway Yard; yet I knew not why; for with her life was truly a worn-out garment; and why should we mourn for those to whom existence is but one dark day?

I have lived a good deal among the very old; and though the association is always in some degree sad, our feelings of melancholy at witnessing their decaying faculties are often agreeably modified, when the dim eye is lightened by devotional fire, and the wrinkled face takes the exquisite composure of resignation. One dear old lady, who first saw me in my cradle, and whose death-bed I watched over, conferred a beauty on "life's last lagging years," which I never noticed before or since, justifying and personifying Pope's exquisite couplet:—

"To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day."



PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

For the memories of Englishmen there is but one Duke of Wellington, one Lord Byron, and one Princess Charlotte. Our grateful reverence belongs to the first, our almost involuntary admiration to the second, and our enduring love to the third. The two first feelings arise out of strong convictions, the last is a generous, affectionate sentiment. Lord Byron—there was or is a Gold or Silver Stick so called, and no doubt a most estimable individual, but we can only think of the title as the property of the author of "Childe Harold." The Duke of Wellington—there is still such a nobleman at Apsley House, and we hear of him as the Master of the Buck Hounds, or some such office at Court; but when the public talk of Wellington, they mean the "Hero of a hundred fights," the conqueror at Waterloo. And if among our amiable Queen's "daughters fair" there had been a Princess Charlotte, our thoughts would still have abided so faithfully with the withered Rose of Brunswick, that the name would only have suggested the Royal bride and mother suddenly snatched from the hopes and wishes of a loving nation. Young princes are usually favourites; the world is always ready to give them credit for all the excellent qualities they ought to possess. Had Nero died young, history would have recorded him as a most amiable and tender-hearted youth; and yet the germs of a madman, tyrant, and murderer, were latent in his nature from boyhood. How zealous all our chroniclers and historians are in setting forth the virtues of Edward VI., and even modern writers echo the same strain in his praise, though we know scarcely anything of a boy who died so early, and who, judging from his diary, preserved in the British Museum, was a very imperfect scholar, and quite unable to think for himself. His weeping, when called upon to sign a death-warrant, proves little; Nero did much the same. Henry, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of James I., was almost adored in his generation, and went to the grave bemoaned by millions as an absolute Phœnix of a prince. It was even pretended that, in order to get rid of a prince of such precocious talents, his own father sanctioned a plan to poison him. This doubtless was a foul libel; and who can tell what would have been his character or fate had he lived to be king? George, Prince of Wales, the father of George III., was, up to manhood, exceedingly popular; we know what Walpole says of him, and the verdict has not been unsettled by more recent writers. Probably there never was a prince more idolized in youth than George IV.; need we say how he ultimately converted "golden opinions" into unmitigated contempt, in spite of his many noble qualities?

Why do we dwell on these mistakes of national regard?—they were generous errors, and do honour to the steady loyalty of our countrymen. Yet, now that nearly half a century has laid its dust on the sepulchre of our lamented princess, such considerations must somewhat sober our reflections on a loss once thought wholly irreparable. Alas! nobody is long missed. The vacancy caused by the death of the most highly gifted of human beings is sure to be filled up, even before our tears are dried. The parish beadle or stone-yard keeper has a dozen successors self-proposed ere his grave is closed; and we know that within a few months of the princess's death, royal marriage upon marriage was clapped up, in order to console the nation with new scions of royalty. The people mourned, but the members of her own family, notwithstanding their genuine sorrow, did not forget that her place must be filled. Had the princess lived, she would have been now about sixty-six years old, and a queen of thirty-two years. Who will venture to affirm that her crowned head would never have ached? that she would never have been hissed or caricatured by the very persons who idolised her in her young days, and thought they were inconsolable when she died?

"Oh, thou inconstant many."

Had not the Great Duke to make iron shutters for his windows? and did he not once narrowly escape being torn to pieces by the mob? No marvel,—it was the fate of Marlborough before him. The thoughtless crowds that bullied Queen Charlotte in her sedan, would have been just as likely to smash the glass of the princess's carriage, for any or no cause. The adored princess of twenty—a queen in her own right at sixty—might have been mobbed and derided in the public streets. No longer fresh and fair, with the hopeful looks and bright eyes of youth, but worn to wrinkles and grey hairs, with a thoughtful, heavy brow, an anxious expression of face, a suspicious glance, doubt and dread struggling together in the same eye which once lightened with expectation and joy. A gloomy picture, but scarcely exaggerated. History will show us many such.

Never was matrimonial union more unfortunate, or more likely to be so, than that of the parents of the princess. The reluctant bridegroom, coaxed or cajoled into the match by the promise (not ultimately fulfilled) that his debts should be paid; the bride, careless, indiscreet, perhaps worse, induced to accept her new country from the love of rank or pleasure. When the prince first met his intended wife, he rushed from her to the ante-room, exclaiming to a nobleman in attendance, "Give me a glass of brandy," whose answer, "Your Royal Highness had better have a glass of water," failed to calm down his rage or vexation. They were scarce a day married, when dissensions began; the women placed about the princess were dangerous advisers. An irreconcilable quarrel soon followed, and before the "daughter of the isles" saw the light, her unhappy parents had finally separated. She was born January 7, 1796, and her birth was hailed with unbounded rejoicings everywhere but in her wretched royal home. To any good purpose she never had a mother; and if her father loved her, he was a miserable substitute for the watchful maternal friend she needed. Vice in one parent, and folly, to use no harsher term, in the other, what guidance could they give? The king, her grandfather, had failed of success in the education of his own children, nor did he succeed in the nurture of his son's child. She received instruction from ladies of talent and station. Her natural abilities were good, and if mere school knowledge would supply the place of moral tuition, nothing was left undone. With considerable intellect, she possessed great strength of will—a most desirable attribute, but when permitted to grow undisciplined, often dangerous, and sometimes fatal. She loved her mother with intense warmth, and as they seldom met, her affection became obstinacy as regarded her father. She quickly learnt that she was the nation's darling. All her little sayings and doings were fondly chronicled, and wherever she was recognised in her walks and drives, people crowded around her, and women sought to touch and even kiss her clothes, while the rougher sex broke into exclamations of "God preserve our princess. What a queen she will make!" We only allude to the gross revelations or fables of the "delicate investigation," to express a hope that they never polluted the ears or wounded the heart of our girl princess. The slightest whisper of such foul stories would have proved a source of severe pain. As for the world of newspaper readers, they seemed to feed on the garbage offered to them by their superiors with keen relish. The folly or turpitude of the parents only increased the popularity of the child, and even to obtain a passing glimpse of her was esteemed a privilege.

On a September day, in 1807, I was walking on the bank of the Grand Junction Canal, near Paddington, and then quite in the country, when a plain private carriage drew up. Two ladies, one very young, and the other of middle age, got out, and commenced promenading. It was the Princess Charlotte and her governess (the Duchess of Northumberland, I think). They were both in morning dress, and evidently sought to avoid notice. The Princess, tall and rather stout for her age (eleven), wore a white muslin frock and a straw bonnet, crossed by a white satin riband. The waist of the frock, according to the ugly fashion of the time, was placed high under her arms, much as may be seen in her more mature portrait by Lawrence. She looked healthy, and had a slight colour, her complexion and hair being extremely fair, and her eyes of a light grey-blue tint. Her forehead was broad, rather high, the face full, and the nose prominent, but not disagreeably so. She might have been styled pleasing, but had no pretensions to beauty. She was more womanly in her appearance than is usual with girls of the same age. She frequently asked questions of her companion, and the tones of her voice were soft and musical. Once, apparently forgetting her studied school step, she was breaking into a run, but the duchess checked her by a look, and the decorous step was resumed. For a few minutes she escaped notice, but the instant her rank was known, importunate promenaders of all ages thronged about, and soon obliged her to retreat to the carriage. The English are a sadly-mannered people in this respect. I was once at Kew, when Queen Adelaide visited the palm-house with Sir William Hooker, when in less than a quarter of an hour she was absolutely mobbed, and forced to leave the place. On another occasion, at the Italian Opera, I saw the present Queen so annoyed by the hundreds of glasses levelled at her, that she drew the curtain half over the front of the box, and retired behind it. Nor can we forget how she was driven out of Brighton by similar rude conduct.

As the princess advanced towards womanhood, her feelings respecting her mother grew quite unmanageable. In a fit of unreflecting anger she contrived to escape from Gwyder House, when, jumping into a hackney-coach, she desired to be driven to the residence of the Princess of Wales. Her mother, who had not been apprised of her intention, was alarmed, joined her in the coach, drove to the House of Commons, and summoned Messrs. Brougham and Whitbread to advise with her. Then came a scene with Lord Chancellor Eldon, and the result was that the youthful princess was placed in stricter seclusion than ever. How she fretted against the restraints imposed we may easily understand. Girls of far humbler station are difficult of control in her circumstances, and probably her mother's ill-judged departure to the Continent was the chief cause of her restored tranquillity. The Regent and his ministers thought their self-willed charge might be best managed by a husband. The youthful Prince of Orange, who had been educated at an English University, and had served in Spain with credit, was selected. Every opportunity was afforded him to become agreeable to the princess, but either his acquirements were of a low order, or the Royal Charlotte proposed a different standard of personal excellence; and when his offers were formally made, they were met with a decided negative. The lady "never liked Oranges," and though Papa stormed, and bishops reasoned, her resolution proved unalterable. This was in 1814. The public admired and praised the strong will of their favourite, who had no notion that marriage ought ever to be made a matter of mere sale and bargain. She was a princess, but she was a true-hearted woman, and felt she must love the man she consented to wed. That fortunate individual was soon to appear. Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, the humble cadet of a petty German house, was travelling in England, and at one of the few parties at which the princess was present, saw her, gained an introduction, obtained an interest in her affections, and ultimately, with her father's consent, was allowed to improve his good fortune. Probably Leopold was at that period one of the noblest-looking youths in Europe. Tall, princely in his bearing, fascinating in his address, a brave soldier, and an accomplished courtier, he was in truth worthy to win so rich a prize. They were united May 2, 1816.

Few royal marriages ever gave greater satisfaction to the country. They were to reside in England; the people's pet was not to be expatriated; indeed that could hardly have been tolerated had she wedded the Oranger, for she was really, though not legally, the next heir. The union appeared to promise an unusual amount of domestic happiness. The royal pair were inseparable, and passed their time almost entirely at Claremont. When they left that pleasant retreat, John Bull and his large family welcomed them with amazing enthusiasm; and when it was known that the princess might shortly become a mother, the national joy knew no bounds. So young, so happy, so beloved; truly for her "the lines had fallen in pleasant places." Was it not a natural impression? A gloomy prognostic would have been ascribed to envy; a warning of coming sorrow to disloyalty. Mrs. Siddons, our greatest tragic actress, was living in retirement; the princess and her husband wished to see her as "Lady Macbeth." She was invited to return to the stage for a single night, and consented. Of course the theatre (Covent Garden) was full to overflowing. The hour to commence the performance came; the Royal visitors had not arrived. The audience grew anxious, when presently Mr. Young, the "Macbeth" of the evening, came forward, and read a letter from the Royal Chamberlain, announcing the illness of the princess. A long dreary silence ensued, but the manager then announced "that to prevent disappointment, Mrs. Siddons would perform." Of course she was warmly applauded, but the audience were evidently unable to shake off the melancholy impression the news of their favourite's illness had produced. In about three weeks, during which the princess had suffered severely from an inflammatory affection, frequent venesection having been thought necessary, it was announced that in a few days "Her Royal Highness" would pay her deferred visit to Covent Garden Theatre, when Mrs. Siddons would again appear. I was present on the last occasion, and though accustomed to closely-crammed audiences, I may truly assert the gathering was great, to the extreme extent of possibility; there was not a vacant foot of space in the whole house. The audience had not to wait. The Royal pair were in their box ten minutes before seven. A shout of welcome burst from the spectators as they all rose, presenting a dense mass of human beings, painfully packed in the smallest possible imaginable space. The curtain, rising, displayed the whole company at the foot-lights, and "God save the King" was sung with an earnestness and enjoyment never surpassed. At the close of each verse, the spectators extemporized the prayer, "God save the Princess," and the Royal bride bowed gracefully in answer to the cheers of those who thought they should one day be her subjects. She looked pale—ominously pale; a prophet would have said that the shadow of death was on that worn cheek, and yet a good-humoured smile frequently lit up the gloom, and gave a sign of returning health. She was no longer the girlish merry lady I had formerly seen. Matronly dignity had taken the place of youthful gaiety, and many persons thought that her more lofty demeanour anticipated what she would be when a mother and a queen. Both Leopold and his princess were deeply attentive to the noble tragedy, and more than once bowed their acknowledgments to the wonderful actress. At the end of the play, the National Anthem was twice performed, and amidst deafening shouts the Royal couple left the house, loud cheers following in their homeward progress.

This was the last time the princess was ever seen in public, at least in London. At Claremont she occasionally took country drives, but in the most unpretending manner. She was approaching the hour of "Nature's sorrow;" soon, it was hoped and believed, to pass, and leave her a joyful mother. Would it be a boy—a prince—the crowning glory of a long line of monarchs? There was no electric telegraph then; yet there were bulletins from Claremont every few hours, and when it was certain that the crisis had arrived, every household in the land was as anxiously expecting the event as if it had been the case of some near relative. Not that any fears were entertained. She was so young, so good; nothing but happiness could await her. The artillery, the gunners with lighted matches, were ready in the parks and at the Tower. Swift horses and swift coaches were in waiting to spread the cheerful tidings over the land. The 5th of November, 1817, was a cheerless day. Rain and snow fell for some hours, and as night shut in a dense yellow fog settled down on the expectant city. At midnight there was a vague but terrifying rumour that symptoms of danger had occurred. Sir Richard Croft had asked for assistance. Then came a messenger of joy. The princess was a mother, "she had brought forth a man child." The myriads of the metropolis burst into almost frantic rejoicings; the guns roared; from the king to the labourer all gave thanks. Even the possibility of danger had ceased. "What a pleased proud woman she must be." A few years previous Lord Byron had written his celebrated lines, "On a Lady Weeping":—

"Weep, daughter of a royal line,
Thy sire's disgrace, the realm's decay;
Oh, happy, if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's crimes away."

Now the tears were to flow from other eyes. She was at rest. Her dearly-purchased babe slept with her. Could it be true? Was she really dead? Stern King of Terrors, could not Claremont and its happy inmates escape thee?

> "Death with impartial hand strikes wide the door
> Of Royal halls and hovels of the poor."

Certainly no public grief ever touched the national heart so deeply as this. When the news finally came, November 6, that the princess was dead, fully nine-tenths of all the shops in London were shut, and on the day of the funeral not one remained open, and you did not meet a single person who had not assumed some sign of mourning. It might have been supposed that there was not a house in the City "that had not one dead." There was sorrow in every heart and in every face.

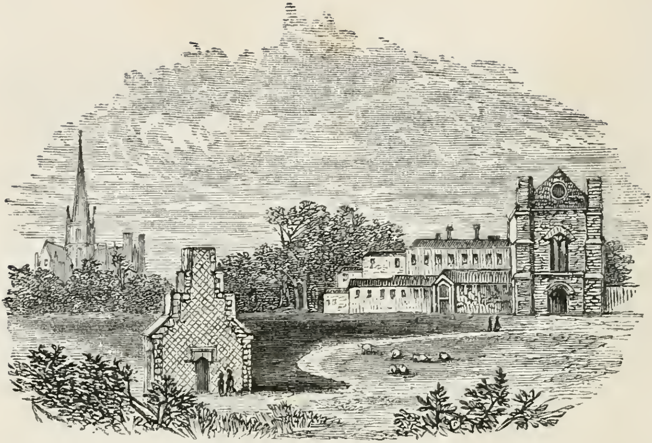
The funeral pomp at Windsor became sublime, for the sorrow of the mourners was genuine. The bereaved husband and father, what must have been their agony? Yet the king was great in his distress, for with a positive heroism of self-control, he wrote a letter with his own hand to Sir Richard Croft, the accoucheur, containing these words: "I thank you for your devoted attention to my dear child, and am satisfied that, if human skill could have availed, she would have been spared to me." Sir Richard, however, was not to be consoled even by Royal kindness; he sunk into mortal despondency, and in a few days committed suicide in the house of a patient, whose accouchement he expected. He was found dead, with his hand resting on a page of Shakspeare, where occurs the line—

> "What has become of the Princess?"

Of the general anguish felt at the loss of this illustrious lady, stronger proof cannot be adduced than the fact that for months afterwards the number of deaths in child-birth was fearfully augmented. Various monuments and other tributes of affection were voted by public bodies to the memory of the departed, of which the mausoleum in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, is probably the most striking. It can scarcely be contemplated even now without emotion. Of the monodies and other poetical offerings at the Royal shrine (and they were almost numberless), few are at present remembered, and none have such high claims to notice as the stanzas in the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," beginning—

> "Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where art thou?
> Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
> Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
> Some less majestic, less beloved head?"

On the day of the funeral every pulpit in England expressed, by its minister, the general sentiment, hallowed by the voice of religion. Robert Hall embalmed, in a splendid burst of eloquence, the memory of the princess, teaching, by the awful warning, the truth of Solomon's dogma, "Vanity of vanity, all is vanity." Youth, beauty, goodness, high rank, the love and the prayers of millions, all unavailing to stop the destroying angel. One moment flourishing in the pride and glory of life, the next laid in dust and darkness. What a terrible lesson!



ANCIENT CONDUIT—ST. JAMES'S.

ANCIENT CONDUITS.

THE old water supply of this great metropolis was ludicrously simple. Neither pumps nor cisterns, much less reservoirs worked by steam-engines, were thought of by the men of primitive London. Down to the 13th century they depended for water entirely upon the rivers, brooks, and wells of the vicinity in their natural condition, and thought of no artificial means to collect or distribute the health-giving fluid, the utmost attempt at improvement being a clay tank or stone basin near the wells. As the population increased, and the supply grew less efficient—for the streams of the River Flete, the Old Bourne, the Wall Brook, and the Lang Bourne became scanty, or were obstructed by their courses being impeded or walled over, as houses were erected and the soil raised—"then the citizens," says Stow, "were forced to seek sweet waters abroad, whereof some, at the request of Henry III., 1236, were, for the profit of the City and good of the whole realm, thither repairing, to wit, for the poor to drink, and for the rich to dress their meat, granted to the citizens by one Gilbert Sanford, with liberty to convey water from the town of Tyburn by pipes of lead into the City." This water supply was received into a rough stone basin, for there were no leaden cisterns in London before 1285. This useful novelty was provided by Henry Wallies, while Mayor, and was called the Great Conduit in West Chepe, and the water was brought from the distance of three miles and a half. In the 15th century, public benefactions for the repair or restoration of the conduits were very general, and John Pope, citizen and barber, gave his estates, by will, 1437, to his fellow-citizens, for ever, to keep up the City conduits.

In 1479, the Great Conduit was rebuilt by Thomas Hame, Sheriff. This aqueduct stood about the centre of Cheapside. It was a long, low, stone building, battlemented at the top, inclosing a large leaden cistern, the water of which issued from a cock into a deep stone reservoir. Near Paternoster Row and the Church of St. Michael-le-Querne was erected the "Little Conduit in West Chepe." It was set up by Lord Mayor Eastfield, about 1441, taking the place of an old cross, the Corporation then granting 1,000 marks—£666 13s. 4d.—for building and restoring conduits. On stone steps around these indispensable conveniences, the "London water tankards," which held about three gallons each, were generally to be found, with their bearers, ready, for a small gratuity, to furnish the citizens with water. In addition to these conduits were the following, and doubtless many more:—The Tun, upon Cornhill, which boasted a cistern in 1401; the Standard, West Chepe, 1431; the Aldermanbury Conduit, 1471; the Fleet Street, Fleet Bridge, and Cripplegate Conduits, 1478; the Grass

Market Cistern, 1491; Holborn Water-cross, 1491, which was afterwards, in 1577, rebuilt by William Lambe, and styled "Lambe's Conduit;" the Little Conduit, Stock's Market, 1500; the Bishopsgate Conduit, 1513; London Wall, 1528; Aldgate supplied with water from Hackney, 1535; Lothbury, 1546; the Thames Conduit water, at Dowgate, 1568. "Of these conduits of fresh water that serve the City," says Richard Blome, writing after the Great Fire, "the greater part do still continue, but some, by reason of the space they took up, were a great hindrance, and were therefore thought fit to be removed. The conduits taken away are—the Great Conduit, Cheap; the Tun, Cornhill; the Standard, Cheapside; and various others." While the conduits were kept up, they were often visited by the Corporation. "On the 18th September, 1562," says Stow, "Lord Mayor Harper, the Aldermen, and divers worshipful persons rid to the Conduit Head afore dinner. They hunted the hare and killed her, and thence to dine at the Conduit Head. The Chamberlain gave them good cheer, and, after dinner, they hunted the fox. There was a great cry for a mile, then the hounds killed him at St. Giles's; great hallooing at his death and blowing of horns, and thence the Lord Mayor and all his company rode through London to his place in Lombard Street."

Think of a Lord Mayor going out to hunt from Cheapside, and finding game, hares, and foxes in Holborn and St. Giles's, or making a return journey to Lombard Street with hounds and blowing of horns!

The conduits of West Cheap were almost destroyed in the Great Fire; indeed, all the London aqueducts shared a similar fate, nor were they ever entirely restored. Strype writes:—"This street (1720), which is the principal high street of the City, was formerly graced with a great conduit, a standard, and a stately cross, which last was pulled down in the civil wars. Near Mercers' Chapel stood a great conduit, but being found incommodious for coaches and carts, the magistracy thought fit, after the Fire, to have it pulled down, and built no more. The little conduit, at the upper end of Cheap, was partly re-erected. Where St. Michael stood, against which was the passage into St. Paul's Churchyard, is a conduit not yet finished, but designed for some magnificent structure and statue." Chamberlayne alludes to this in his "Magnæ Britanniæ Notitia." "The obelisk in Cheapside is a piece of work begun to be erected by the City, where, before the Fire of London, stood the church of St. Michael. It was intended for an obelisk or aguglia upon a pedestal, the height whereof to be 160 feet, and made in imitation of those which formerly adorned old Rome, and the last century, have been taken out of the old ruins, and again erected for the beautifying of new Rome." The plans for this obelisk are preserved in the British Museum, Sloane MSS. The first represents a square, pyramidal stone column, 92 feet high, and 5 feet in its greatest diameter, resting upon four gilded dragons, surmounted by a gilded ornament supporting an eagle with a thunderbolt—altogether 12 feet in height. Below the dragons is a base of 12 feet, ornamented with a panel, and surmounted by gilded rails. The second consists of an urn on a circular base, surmounted by a figure of the City, holding a sword in the right hand, and resting the left upon an oval shield of the arms of London. The base is surmounted by an ornamental railing, and contains a door. The Standard Conduit stood near Honey Lane. Its original use seems to have been to indicate the place for public executions. This monument, in 1331, must have been moveable, for about that period Edward III. held a tournament for three days, between Soper's Lane and Bow Lane, which could not have been carried out had the Standard stood there permanently. It was certainly fixed in 1430, when John Wens, Lord Mayor, caused it to be provided with a small stream of fresh water, having "one small cock continually running, when the same was not turned or locked." This conduit figures in a scarce plate of the 17th century, showing the procession of Maria de Medicis to visit the Queen of Charles I. Perhaps the figures shown around it were only put up for the occasion. On days of festival the City conduits alternately ran with wine for a limited period, vessels containing it being placed above the water cisterns, a small pipe being brought down, and passed through the ordinary spout, from which issued a very slender stream. The bore of the pipe used, indeed, was so fine, that the consumption even during a whole day must have been very inconsiderable.

On the southern side of Leadenhall Street, near Gracechurch Street, was a square stone building called "the Carrefour," set up in 1582 as a water standard, it having been suggested that water-works might with advantage be constructed against the arches of London Bridge, the violence of the stream being turned to some useful purpose. The inventor of the engine employed was a Dutchman or German named Peter Morris. "He conveyed the water," says Abraham Fleming, "in pipes of lead over the steeple of St. Magnus' Church, and so into divers men's houses in Thames Street, New Fish Street, and Grasse Street, up into the north-west corner of Leadenhall—the highest ground of the Citie—where the waste of the first main pipe ran first this yeare, 1582, on Christmas Even. This main being brought up at the Citie charge into a standard, and divided into four severall spouts, ran four waies, plentifullie serving to the use of the inhabitants, that will fetch the same into their houses—a great commoditie to the Citie, and would be greater, did it runne at every tide, as at first it did; but since (namely, in 1586), is much aslaked, through whose default I know not, sith the engine is sufficient to convey water plentifullie; and a sum was left by Bernard Randolphe, Common Serjeant, towards conducting the Thames water for the good service of the commonwealth." This was the earliest instance of "raising water" in England. Morris, as a reward, had a lease of the river for 500 years, he paying to the Chamber of London 10s. yearly. The Carrefour continued in use until the Great Fire, being sometimes dry, at others overflowing, on which account it was often presented as a nuisance by the Inquest of Cornhill.

Here are some curious reflections anent the conduits, by Dr. Samuel Rolle, who, in 1667, published 110 sermons, improving and commemorating the Fire of London:—"Methinks these several conduits stood like so many little but strong forts, to confront the great enemy, fire. There, methinks, the water was, as it were, entrenched and engarrisoned. The several pipes charged with water, till, by the turning of the cock, they were discharged again, were as so many soldiers within these forts, ready with their musketry, to keep and defend our houses. And look how enemies deal with castles they think impregnable—they attempt to storm them by close siege; so went the fire to work with these little castles of stone—spoiled them, or almost spoiled them; and hath, for the present, cut off those supplies of water which had vent to flow them, melting the leaden channels which conveyed them, and thereby starving the garrison it could not take by storm."

The Carrefour was shortly afterwards wholly removed, the last notice of it being as follows:—"1671, July 10.—Paid Nicholas Duncombe, by order, for taking down the conduit in Cornhill, and removing the rubbish from it, £15 10s."

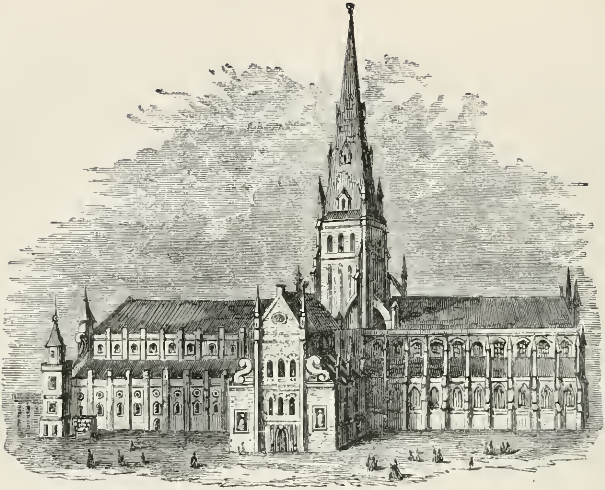
The water-works, however, remained at the old bridge for 150 years, and the property long continued in the family of Morris. At the Court of Judicature, for settling differences as to property injured during the Great Fire, a petition was heard by Sir Matthew Hale from Mary Morris and her daughters, against certain trustees, stating that she had received £300 per annum by way of jointure out of the profits of the water works. The decision of the Court secured the annuity, and the sum of £200 yearly to Lettice Morris, and to each of her five daughters.

In 1701, when the New River was rising into public estimation, the then proprietor of the London Bridge works sold them to one Richard Soams, citizen and goldsmith, for £36,000, and the purchaser divided his property into 300 shares of £500 each, and formed it into a company. This was fatal to all the remaining City conduits, which were speedily removed as obstructive to the principal thoroughfares, and useless in those of smaller traffic. Indeed, our chief wonder must be, that so imperfect a method of supplying a great public necessity could be tolerated in a wealthy, populous city like London down to a comparatively recent date.

The Bridge water-works were assigned to the New River Company in 1822, by an Act passed in the third year of George IV. 260 years of the original grant were then unexpired, and £10,000 were paid to the old proprietors for a release. We have now a vastly improved system of water supply, and the consumers, having grown justly anxious as to the quality of the fluid brought into their houses, are continually obtaining more stringent enactments to insure its purity.

A backward glance on the ancient City, with its conduits and crosses in every chief street, justifies a smile when contrasted with modern luxury and refinement. Yet Old Chepe and Paul's, Gracechurch and Leadenhall, must have looked venerably picturesque, with their lavish ornamentation, conduit, standard, and carrefour, often red with the wine of victory—often beautiful with fair visitants—maids, wives, widows—replenishing their pitchers with the sparkling water. How visionary the days of Henry or Edward III. appear in contrast with ours and Queen Victoria in 1864!

The importance of a pure water supply, to a great city, cannot be too highly estimated. The main drainage works, the principal object of which is to free our beautiful City from pollution, will be cheap at any cost, conducing both to the health and beauty of the metropolis. These wonderful works will rival or surpass the grandest structures of antiquity.



OLD ST. PAUL'S.

OLD ST. PAUL'S.

THOUGH the magnificent Cathedral which crowns the highest point of our noble City is now nearly 160 years old, it must yet be considered a new edifice in contrast with the ancient house of prayer in which the first English Bible was read by the laity, where Wickliffe preached, and protected by the powerful Duke of Lancaster, expounded and defended the doctrines which were precursory to the Reformation. We read in the Book of Ezra, that many of the Jews who had seen Solomon's Temple, "when the foundation of this house" (the second temple) "was laid before their eyes, wept with a loud voice; and many shouted aloud for joy; so that the people could not distinguish the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping;" and thus, when new St. Paul's was consecrated, the chroniclers tell us that many ancient men wept when they remembered the glories of the old. Probably they were poor critics, and their fond recollections might have deceived them; but we may well excuse this, for should Westminster Abbey or Hall now be destroyed, what cunning architect could devise any plan worthy to replace them? As mosses and lichens give a sober beauty to the buildings they invest, so the solemn memories of the past shed a sort of rainbow halo on the broken column and the decaying arch.

When Gregory the Great observed a few British youths exposed for sale in the Roman forum, and inquiring who they were, was answered "Angli," their extreme comeliness induced him to exclaim, "Quasi angeli;" and his benevolence induced him to resolve that the Gospel should be preached among their countrymen. He appointed Augustine, a monk of St. Andrew, missionary to England in 596, and with him went several other pious men. Augustine was kindly received by King Ethelbert, and fixing his residence at Canterbury, became the first archbishop. Favoured by Sebert, King of the East Angles, he deputed Mellitus to evangelize Essex. His great success led him to form a bishopric in the district of London, where, on the ruins of a temple of Diana, he dedicated his new cathedral to St. Paul the Apostle, in 610. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" was the enthusiastic shout of the heathen in the ears of the inspired preacher of the Gentiles; but now the idol shrine had mouldered out of worship, and even in an island of the sea the true God and His holy Apostle were to be honoured. Erkenwald, the fourth bishop, in 675, improved the structure into a stately church. At his death he was canonized, and a rich tomb erected over his remains; but the whole was destroyed by fire in 961, during the reign of King Edgar, by whom the Cathedral was rebuilt. It flourished during the Saxon period, and one of its primitive monarchs declared it "as free in all its rights as they themselves desired to be at the Day of Judgment."

In 1086 it was again, with the greater part of London, reduced to ashes. This excited the pious ambition of Bishop Maurice to raise on the ruins the noblest religious fabric in the kingdom. He petitioned William I. for the stone-work of a fortification near the river Flete, called the Palatine Tower, towards completing his cathedral. During the twenty remaining years of his life he prosecuted the work with unremitting earnestness, yet it was unfinished at his decease. Bishop Belmeis spent the whole of his revenue on the building, yet was unable to complete it. Henry III., in one of his charters to the citizens, granted 7*l*. annually to the Sheriff out of his London farm for the same service; the nobles and Churchmen vied in their liberality, that the mighty edifice should be finished. It is humbling to the pride of the moderns, when, on looking over the splendid sacred buildings with which the various counties are beautified, we find that they were almost invariably the tribute of distinguished prelates to the honour of their Almighty King. Forbidden to marry, childless, and seldom touched by mere creature affection, their hearts ran over with love to the Church they served, and their vast incomes were poured out with unsparing munificence in raising and adorning temples to their crucified Lord. No doubt the offering was too often tainted with superstition, and worship paid to the creature which was only due to the Creator; still, let us charitably hope that many of them in their generation were good men and true. Modern bishops marry, and seek to build up fortunes for their children. What cathedral has been dedicated within the last three centuries by a Churchman? It would be unjust not to mention one—St. Paul's, Calcutta, by Daniel Wilson; all honour to his memory! The laity, too, have spent their money in this manner, as witness Miss Burdett Coutts; but the dignitaries of our Protestant Church have not distinguished themselves by such works, and are seldom commemorated by temple-building.

The Cathedral was not consecrated till October, 1235, by Roger, surnamed Niger, Bishop of London, and it was an object of just admiration. When, on the 1st of February, 1444, the tower was struck by lightning, the flames were quickly extinquished, but they again burst forth in the night, and nearly the whole of the wooden frame was destroyed. This mischief having been repaired, the Cathedral continued uninjured till June 4, 1561. The season was rainy; a thunderstorm commenced about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the lightning having struck the steeple near the summit, "a little fire appeared, at first like to the light of a torch, which increased so much towards the weather-cock, that it fell down in a few minutes, and, blown up with a high wind, the fire within an hour burnt the whole steeple down to the very battlements, which also, receiving the timber which fell from the spire, began to burn so vehemently that all the timber took fire, and the iron and bells melted and fell down upon the stones in a short space, and the east and west roofs of the building catching fire, burnt so furiously, that these ends and the north and south were consumed before one o'clock after midnight, when there was not a piece of timber left, nor lead unmolten, upon any of the higher and cross roofs. The side aisles were scorched but not ruined; many houses were burnt; a pinnacle at the east end fell—a sad sight." "But," says the chronicler, "the French here in London were not sorry to see it!"

The cause of the fire is explained in a curious old manuscript, on the authority of a very aged man, to have been an accident:—"Being a servant unto a workman of the Dean," such is the account, "I was sent to make search for some place where the rain came in at the spire, when having a candle, I snuffed it, and the snuff fell into some crack of the timber, which not minding, the steeple shortly after fired." This is probably as true as the gladness of the French on the occasion. Mr. Bull's ill opinion of his frog-eating neighbours is of very old date. Will it be got rid of under the good management of Napoleon III.? This conflagration was thought a public calamity. Queen Elizabeth exhorted the Lord Mayor, requiring him to take speedy order for the repair of the Cathedral, giving 1,000 marks from her privy purse, and 1,000 loads of timber from her woods. The citizens gave a large benevolence, and three-fifteenths to be promptly paid, making together £3,247 16s. 2½d.; the clergy gave a fortieth of all church livings. The whole amount collected was £6,687 5s. 1½d. What a small sum it seems! We need much more now for the ornamentation of St. Paul's! This zeal worked well, and in five years the roofs were covered in; but the builders could not agree as to the model of the steeple, which was never rebuilt, for the walls were found so much dilapidated that a more general repair was thought indispensable.

Thus matters remained to the reign of James I., when a private gentleman, Henry Farley (may his memory always be green!), importuned the King to provide means for its restoration. This curious tract—

"The complaint of Poule's
To all Christian soules;
Or, an humble supplication
To our good King and nation
For her new reparation"—

is dated 1616. It begins with a dedication to Parliament, and a rhymed dialogue between St. Paul's and the book; which are followed by "a posie of sundry flowers and herbs, gathered out of God's Word." Then follows "a parallel of present times with past, or of a good king living, with a good king (Josiah) long since deceased;" and then the Cathedral begins its supplication. It is instructive—directed to the king and prince, and mentions the author as a poor man who has been the Church's voluntary servant for these eight years, even to his damage. The address begins oddly enough: "To the King's Most Sacred Majesty. Whereas, to the great joy of all, my dear friend, there is certain news that your Highness will visit me on Sunday next, and the rather I believe it, for that I have had more sweeping, brushing and cleansing, than in forty years before. My workmen look't like him they call Mulled Sacke, after sweeping of a chimney." St. Paule's "concludeth in an extasie, being ravished with joy of her hopeful successe." Then comes a history of the writer's labours for the restoration, and

"Certaine additions,
Voyces and visions,
Speeches and parley
'Twixt Paule's and Farley."

It was reasonable that the citizens should be concerned for their ruined cathedral. Only a few years had elapsed since their glorious Elizabeth had ridden thither in grand procession, to offer thanksgivings for the destruction of the Spanish Armada. Here, too, a hundred national triumphs had been celebrated. Every stone of the worn pavement had often been trodden by the best and bravest of her sons. Here religion had hallowed the shouts of victory, and the tattered standards of hostile armaments had been suspended as offerings above the altar of the Most High. Paul's, too, had for ages afforded a place of daily meeting for all ranks—merchants, warriors, statesmen, the threadbare poet, the anxious politician, the man of business, the man of devotion. It was the common home, not merely of Englishmen, but of strangers from every European state, and from the uttermost parts of the earth; here they met in constant crowds, discussing all the various interests and desires of the world. So the King listened to Farley and Paule's, and came in state, with all that was illustrious in the land, on the 26th of March, 1620, to hear a sermon from Dr. John King, Bishop of London, at Paule's Cross, who preached from Psalm cii. 13, 14, "Thou wilt arise, and have mercy upon Zion; for the appointed time is come; for Thy servants delight in the stones thereof, and have pity on the dust thereof." Then James gave a large donation; a general benevolence was agreed upon; the Bishop gave £100, and promised as much annually, and the subscription was extremely liberal. Yet the work went on slowly, and stone bought by Bishop Mountaine being unused, was appropriated by the Duke of Buckingham for the water-gate at York House, which still stands at the bottom of Buckingham Street, Strand.

St. Paul's remained thus neglected till 1628, when Laud became Bishop, who procured a commission from Charles I., which provided—1. That all money brought in for the repair of the Cathedral should be paid into the Chamber of London. 2. That Laud would allow £100 per annum towards the work while he continued Bishop. 3. That a register of all subscriptions should be kept. 4. That all officials of the Prerogative Court throughout the kingdom should, in all cases of intestacy, out of the money applied to pious uses, be exhorted to remember this church. 5. And lastly, that donations for the purpose should be collected by letters patent. In this manner, from 1631 to 1643, sums were received amounting to £101,330 4s. 8d., out of which scarcely £35,000 was ever duly applied, for, in the course of the Civil War, bishops, deans, and chapters were abolished by Act of Parliament.

Soon after, the cross was destroyed by Lord Mayor Pennington. The houses and revenues of the Cathedral were seized, and before long even the sanctity of the church itself was violated—the stalls in the choir removed, the pavement torn up, the monuments defaced, saw-pits formed in the Cathedral, to dispose of the timber intended for its repair, and the sacred building converted into horse quarters for the Parliament soldiers; "so that," says Dugdale, "what Lord Brooke said of St. Paul's in 1640—that he hoped he should live to see no one stone of the edifice left upon another—may come to pass; for by throwing down the scaffold employed for the late repair, the whole roof of the south cross is already tumbled down, and the rest must soon follow. Out of a sad contemplation, therefore, that so glorious a structure there raised, enriched, and beautified by the piety of our ancestors should be utterly destroyed, and become a woeful spectacle of ruin, I have adventured to speak of it."

We animadvert, justly enough, on the atrocities of the French Revolution, and in particular on the destruction of the Royal tombs of St. Denis; and it is not unusual to contrast favourably therewith the conduct of our home parties during the Civil Wars. Could the Red Republicans have done anything more reprehensible than this?

At the Restoration, intentions were abundantly entertained of re-edifying the dismantled Cathedral; but the public money was disbursed in a far less praiseworthy manner, and the ancient pile continued ruined and dishonoured, when, by the awful fire of 1666, it was completely destroyed in the flames of the City it had so long adorned. There was a singular incident connected with its destruction. Paternoster Row being on fire, the book and paper sellers carried their stock in immense bales, and deposited them for safety in the Cathedral vaults. The church being involved in the conflagration, the property was given up as lost. When the flames subsided, the vault entrance was opened, and the books and papers seemed undamaged, but they were dry and hot, and on the access of air they immediately kindled, and continued burning for many days.

Thus, from its foundation in 610 until its final destruction in 1666, the Cathedral was five times desolated by fire. Ought we not to thank God, and take comfort that, when scarce a stone was left of the once mighty fabric, there were piety and public spirit enough remaining among our countrymen to build on its ruins the majestic fabric, planned, and ultimately perfected, by the genius of Wren?

The various pictorial views we possess of Old St. Paul's agree in assigning to it great extent, solidity, and grandeur. The very curious print, engraved by Stowe, representing James I. and his Court assembled at the cross, with the Cathedral beyond, gives, perhaps, the most accurate notion of the building—the tower, dwarfed by the fire, looks strangely disproportioned to the wings, which appear exact copies. The ornamentation of the fabric is neither elaborate nor elegant, and rather conveys the idea of strength than beauty. The structure was of the plainer species of Gothic, wanting entirely the exquisite finish of many of our ecclesiastical buildings, and especially of Henry VII.'s Chapel. Still, we cannot doubt that the interior was grand and impressive, qualities secured by height and extent, where there is a total absence of architectural grace. Thus, St. Alban's Abbey becomes almost sublime, in spite of its plainness, by the mere influence of its vast proportions. Hollar's engraving bears date 1556. It shows the tower, still shorn of its just height. The side walls, which are extremely lofty, are buttressed, and pierced with a double row of arched windows, twenty on each side. The principal transept entrance is low and mean; this part of the edifice must have been of brick, and was probably built long after the rest. To the right, enclosed with a wall, a block or fragment of some earlier work, elaborately ornamented, is shown, but the remainder has a modern air. The roof was of lead, and is sloping throughout. The ancient plan of London conveys a similar idea of the building. It must have covered quite as much space as the new Cathedral; and while it scarcely satisfies our present conceptions as a type for places of worship, derived from Westminster, York, and Salisbury, not to speak of the wonderful churches of the continent, we cannot doubt that our ancestors, who for so many generations bowed the knee in the sanctuary of St. Paul's, thought it might well be ranked as "beautiful for situation, and the joy of the whole earth."

There are those who think that no Grecian Temple can equal a Gothic Cathedral, either in beauty or devotional fitness. Thus, in one of his books, Hugh Miller denies that Wren's St. Paul's is a fine object, even from the Thames. We cannot understand this obstinate attachment to one style; a more catholic taste would gladly admit that the same grandeur and beauty were possible in several forms, the sole necessity being that genius should draw the plan.

C. Wren

ST. PAUL'S CROSS.

About forty years ago, I can well recollect, at the north-east end of St. Paul's Churchyard, a small, stunted, ill-conditioned tree, now long decayed, which marked the spot where the Cross stood during so many ages. This unhappy looking tree was believed to be one of several which had been planted when green leaves were not exceptional in the district, and probably its branches, or those of its kindred, had actually waved around and shaded the City rostrum itself. Paul's Cross, or pulpit, was set up in the year 1449, by Kempe, Bishop of London, on the site of a former ancient cross which had been thrown down by an earthquake in 1382. It was first named in 1259, when Henry III. commanded the Mayor to oblige all the City youths, from fourteen years of age upwards, to take the oath of allegiance, at St. Paul's Cross, to him and his heirs. In all likelihood it was in use for similar purposes, and for open air exhortations from the clergy, as early as the first Norman monarchs. Out-of-door preaching, denounced and ridiculed in the days of Whitfield and Wesley, was therefore quite a recognized institution, although, from disuse, entirely forgotten. During several centuries the Cross was used for almost every purpose, whether political or ecclesiastical. We hear of it continually from the pages of our old chroniclers. Monks declaimed, officials and law officers proclaimed, legends or doctrines, acts of Parliament or the kings who made them; and while the fourth estate (the press) was absolutely unknown, the people crowded around the Cross to hear news, or receive precepts, as almost their only source of information. In the Pepysian Library at Cambridge there is a curious original drawing of the Cross as it existed shortly previous to its final destruction in 1643. In the centre of a rather broad base, having an ascent of three wide steps, stands a sort of watch-box on a large scale, with a door and six unglazed lancet-shaped openings for light, which is covered in by a sexagonal dome, surmounted by a cross. In front of the door stands a pulpit, wherein a friar is depicted in the energetic delivery of a homily. The pulpit is encircled by a wooden partition, within which, seated, appear a congregation of nine persons, with a tenth about to join, dressed in long cloaks, knee breeches, and peaked hats, with exceedingly broad brims. But the princial part of the audience are seated outside the partition, on benches enclosed by a rail. Their costume is precisely the same as that of the more favoured hearers. In wet weather, there was a contrivance, by which the people were screened from the rain by a kind of awning, called "the shrouds." The preaching was not exclusively on Sunday, and of course secular matters were discussed there on all days in the week. In the "Visions of Piers Plowman" we read, that the most abstract questions of theology were treated of here, and that it was the recognized seat of pulpit eloquence, so that clerical orations were little valued unless they had been "preached at St. Paul's." The friars and the regular clergy, in especial, had their spiritual duels at this rostrum. The hearers were commonly extremely numerous. According to Pennant, the sanctity of such crosses often caused a great resort of people to pay their devotion to the Divine Being in whose honour they were erected. A preacher, seeing a large concourse, might be seized by a sudden impulse, to ascend the steps, and deliver his pious advice from a station so fit to inspire attention. The example might be followed, till the practice became established by custom.

Paul's Cross, and many others, to be found in all parts of the kingdom, was originally an ordinary pulpit coeval with the church. When first covered in, and used as a pulpit cross, we are not informed. Stow describes it in his day, as "pulpit cross of timber, mounted upon steppes of stone, covered with lead, and standing in the middest of the churchyard." It was in daily use to promulgate Papal bulls, pronounce sentence of excommunication, give benedictions; for recantations, and to expose penitents under ecclesiastical censure. Jane Shore and the wife of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, did penance therein. Richard III., before he became king, caused a discourse to be delivered here, anent the pretended bastardy of Edward IV.'s sons. Thus we read in Shakespeare's play :—

"Go, Lovell, with all speed to Dr. Shaw,
Go, Catesby, to Friar Parker; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Raymond Castle.
Now will I in to take some special order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight!"

Shaw and Parker were popular preachers. Instead of publishing pamphlets to enforce his ambitious views, he followed the custom, then common, of proclaiming his assumed rights in sermons at St. Paul's Cross. About fifteen years before, the great Earl of Warwick employed his chaplain, Dr. Goddard, to convince the people that Henry VI. ought to be restored, and that Edward IV. was an usurper. Another passage from the dramatist—and it is only a poetical version of what really happened—will prove how monstrously the Cross was misused :—

Scene—A Street. Enter a SCRIVENER.
"Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings;
Which, in a set hand, fairly is engrossed,
That it may be to-day read o'er at Paul's.

> And mark how well the sequel hangs together;
> Eleven hours have I spent to write it over:
> For yesternight by Catesby was it sent to me;
> The precedent was full as long a doing,
> And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd
> Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty—
> Here's a good world the while!"

There was no *London Gazette* to record the deeds of the Plantagenets, and if there had been, their subjects could not have read it. From Paul's Cross, or some similar rostrum, the Londoners must first have heard of the triumphs at Cressy and Poictiers—of their glorious Black Prince and his captive, King John; as in a latter age of the victory at Agincourt. After the latter battle, Henry V. made a magnificent entry over London Bridge into the metropolis—the citizens crowding about his war horse to kiss his hands, and those of mimic angels showering French gold on their heads.

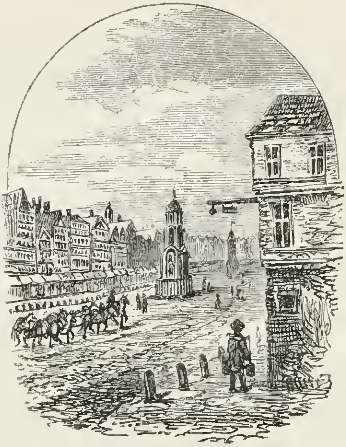
Mr. Kean lately gave a lively representation of all this on the stage, but such shadows from the chronicles are seldom effective; the poorest exercise of fancy can easily conjure up a nobler vision than anything the scene-painter can do.

The spiritual distinctions of this Cross were more considerable than any connected with war or politics. Many of the proudest of the ancient Catholic hierarchy preached from its pulpit. Legates and Cardinals attracted the admiring eyes of thousands at this spot; Wolsey and Bonner, probably, Latimer and Cranmer, certainly, preached here. The former, in a sermon still preserved, denounced the practice of intramural burial; and spoke of the egregious folly of mixing the dead and the living in the churches of the land. "I trow," said he, "folkes are graved in Paul's because of their riches or holiness; but will their unsavoury odour be the less?" Bishop King's eloquence, when he preached before James I., we have already spoken of; but a specimen of the actual sermon is well worth preservation. It is quite in the popular style of the period, when quaint and extravagant figures of speech were thought indispensable for a speaker—a fashion which prevailed universally, and had scarcely died out at the accession of William III.:—"I am now," saith the preacher, "to speak unto you of litterall and artificial Zion—a temple without life, yet of a sicklie and crazie constitution, sicke of age itselfe, and with many aches in her joynts, together with a lingering consumption that hath long been in her bowels, the timber in the beames whereof cryeth, 'I perish,' and the stone in the walles answereth no less, and part is already moultered away to stone, part to *dust*, and (that which is more) symbolizing with the other *Zion*, not only when fates and casualties, but in the very retinues and revolutions of those fates. After her first building (600 years after Christ), *salted* with *fire*, sacrificed to the anger of God, and being raised, as a Phœnix, out of the ashes, betwixt 400 and 500 more (two in a thousand years), touched by an invisible hand, with *a coal from the altar of heaven*, that was never blowne, which wholly consumed the crest and vertical point, the top and top-gallant, and so scorched the rest, that ever since it hath remained valetudinary and infirm, rather peced out with an ordinary kind of physic, than restored to a sound plight." He wound up thus: "Set it as a seale upon your hearts that your king has come unto you. Such comings are not often; Queen Elizabeth once, and now your sovereign once. Would it be almost believed that a king should come from his *Court* to this *Crosse*, where princes seldom or never come, and that ceremony to be in state, with a kinde of sacred pompe and procession, accompanied with all the fair *flowers* of his field, and the fairest *rose* of his own garden, to make a request to his subjects, not for his private, but for the public; not for himselfe, but for God; not out of reason of State policy, but of religion and piety; no lesse fruit of honour and favour with God and man accruing thereby to his people, than to his sacred Majesty. You that see it, value and prize it!"

How would such a preaching and speaking in an open-air pulpit suit our present manners? Dr. Cumming, Mr. Spurgeon, and the Bishop of Oxford do not expound "under the canopy," though divers good men do, and believe they are helping forward a pious work. Think of Cumming, Spurgeon, or Wilberforce, in a pulpit of boards, with no shelter from the rain but a "shroud." It would be a stirring novelty. Mr. Cowper made a capital speech from a bench recently in Kensington-gardens. What a gathering there would be to hear Russell, or Palmerston, or the Chancellor of the Exchequer! It would be a pleasant invasion of the monotony of Parliamentary reports. The front of the Exchange would be an admirable place to extemporize a cross; or the trial might be made on the veritable site of Paul's Cross, and our fancies beguiled into a dream of olden times, when shaven friars indoctrinated, and ambition's gold-giving tongue persuaded the thronging citizens of London. Stranger things have happened, and should this again occur,

"May I be there to see!"

Of late, open-air preaching has once more become common among the clergy of the establishment. Several Bishops have addressed the people under the canopy; and during the summer almost every commanding situation has its clerical orator. In the space before the Exchange; on Clerkenwell Green, and in all the parks, thousands are gathered to listen to sacred teaching. The days of Wesley and Whitfield seem to have returned.



CHEAPSIDE CROSS.

CHEAPSIDE CROSS.

MONUMENTAL or devotional crosses were once common in every great city of England. Affection, in the case of royal or noble persons, evinced its enduring recollections of the dead by setting up some beautiful column, topped by the sacred symbol of our faith; while the wealthy devotee, whether layman or priest, esteemed it a pious act to erect for constant reverence an enduring type of the Saviour's passion. In the majority of instances the work was not remarkable; the mason did his best, but his efforts were mere commonplaces in stone; while there are a few beautiful examples, and especially in those monumental crosses erected by Edward I. on every spot where the body of his beloved queen rested, on its way for interment at Westminster. Italian artists appear to have been employed by the Royal mourner, and the representations or remains of their work that we still possess, can hardly be excelled by any modern architecture in a similar style.

What might be the moral or religious effect of thus presenting the cross to every eye in thronged thoroughfares may be doubtful; some writers think it led to superstition, and even to idolatry, as it is alleged pictures and statues, in Romanist places of worship, still do; perhaps, in the case of the utterly ignorant, it might be possible. To such, symbols may become realities, and the work of man's hands, in wood, stone, or canvas, receive adoration, instead of the divine originals. To any rational worshipper, such folly appears out of the question; while, on the contrary, the pious mind, dwelling on the "outward and visible form," would feel devotion quickened—the soul excited to soar from contemplating the beauty of material objects to the celestial, unseen, eternal Perfection, which mortal creatures can never behold.

Old English crosses have always been regarded with interest. Their variety and beauty, even their antiquity, and a sort of traditional sacredness, entitle them to veneration. We may well lament their destruction, too, as memorials of the taste and skill of our forefathers. The cross of West Chepe was the most remarkable of them all. Cheapside was, from the earliest times, a sort of open-air show place. Chaucer's apprentice, we are told, if he once found himself there, was not likely to return in a hurry, for there was always some exciting affair in progress; and the cross was a favourite meeting-place for all ranks.

A very ancient engraving gives an outline of Edward VI. in procession to his coronation, just as he is passing the cross, which, as there shown, is equally grand and elegant. The building thus displayed consists of three octangular tabernacles, each supported by eight delicate colums; the first, probably, 20 feet in height; the second, 10; the third, 6. In the niche of the first, the effigy of a pope is installed; round the base of the second stand four figures of the apostles, their heads encircled (each) by a nimbus. Immediately above them stands a Madonna, with the infant Jesus in her arms. The third is occupied by five standing figures, and above it rises a cross (all the limbs of which are equal), surmounted by the celestial dove. The whole must have been very richly ornamented, and has an aspect of high finish, not, however, inconsistent with strength.

The houses in the background constitute "Goldsmiths' Row," built by Thomas Woodman, goldsmith, and Sheriff 1491. Stow, speaking of them, says, "It is a most beautiful frame of foure houses and shops, consisting of tenne faire dwellings, uniformly builded foure stories high, beautified towards the streete with the Goldsmiths' arms, and likeness of Woodman, in memorie of his name, riding on monstrous beasts, all richly painted and gilt." Maitland assures us, "It was beautiful to behold the glorious appearance of goldsmiths' shops in the south row of Cheapside, which reached from the Old Change to Bucklersbury, exclusive of four shops."

Fox, the martyrologist, informs us, "That the first cross was set up in the north parts, in Havenfield, upon occasion of Oswald, King of Northumberland, fighting against Cadwalla; where he, in the same place, set up the sign of the cross, kneeling and praying there for victory."

This was a very rude example, but as taste and wealth advanced, they became highly elaborated, and none more so than the monumental tributes of Edward I., of which that in Chepe was perhaps the grandest. The original, of stone, was erected in 1290, on what was then almost an open space. We have no reliable description of it; but some authors say a statue of Queen Eleanor stood at the top, which seems inconsistent with its name. In 1441 it was rebuilt, in combination with a drinking fountain. It was a long time building, for it was hardly complete in 1486. It was new gilt all over in 1522, against the visit of the Emperor Charles V. This second edifice was partly of timber, covered with lead, which may account for its frequent regilding. On the accession of Edward VI., it underwent extensive alterations, and seems then to have attained its greatest beauty. It continued thus to adorn the City until the closing years of Elizabeth's reign, when it began to be denounced as a relic of Popish superstition. Presented as a common nuisance, and not removed, the complainants sought help themselves. In the night of June 21st, 1581, an attack was made on the lower tier of images, being of the Resurrection, Virgin, Christ, and Edward the Confessor, all which were miserably mutilated; the Virgin "was robbed of her son, and her arms broken, by which she staid him on her knees; her whole body also haled by ropes, and left ready to fall." The Queen offered a reward, but the offenders were not discovered.

In 1595, the effigy of the Virgin was repaired, and afterwards "a newe sonne, misshapen (as borne out of time), all naked, was laide in her armes, the other images continuing broken as before." Then an attempt was made to pull down the woodwork, and substitute a pryamid for the crucifix; the Virgin was superseded by the goddess Diana, "a woman for the most part naked, and water, conveyed from the Thames, filtering from her naked breasts, but oftentimes dryed up." Elizabeth was indignant at these fanatical doings, and thought a plain cross, a symbol of the faith of the country, ought not to give scandal; she ordered one to be placed on the summit, and gilt. The Virgin also was restored, but twelve nights afterwards was again attacked, "her crown being plucked off, and almost her head, taking away her naked child, and stabbing her in the breast." Thus dishonoured, the cross was left till the next year, 1600, when it was rebuilt. The Universities were consulted as to whether the crucifix should be restored. They (with the exception of Dr. Abbot, afterwards Archbishop) sanctioned it, but there was to be no dove. Abbot's zeal against such compliances with Papistry took a strange form. "He brought an oil painting, wherein was the semblance of God the Father, over a crucifix, ready to receive the soul of Christ," into the market place of Oxford, and caused it to be burnt before a crowd of the townspeople.

In a sermon of the period, the following passages occur:—"O! this cross is one of the jewels of the harlot of Rome, and is left and kept here as a love token, and gives them hope one day that they shall enjoy it and us againe." Yet the cross remained undisturbed for several years. At this period it was surrounded by a strong iron railing, and was decorated in the most inoffensive manner. It consisted of four stories. Superstitious images were superseded by grave effigies of apostles, kings, and prelates. The crucifix only of the original was retained. The cross itself was in bad taste, being half Grecian, half Gothic; the whole was architectually much inferior to the former fabric. The uneasy zeal of the Puritanical sects soon revived. On the night of January 24th, 1641, it was again defaced; and a sort of a literary contention began. We have "The Resolution of those Contemners that will no Crosses;" "Articles of High Treason exhibited against Cheapside Cross;" "The Chimney-sweepers' Sad Complaint, and Humble Petition to the City of London for Erecting a New Cross;" "A Dialogue between the Cross in Cheap and Charing Cross." Here is a specimen:—

Anabaptist. O, Idol now,
Down must thou?
Brother Ball,
Be sure it shall.

Brownist.

Helpe! Wren,
Or we are undone men.
I shall not fall,
To ruin all.

Cheap Cross.—I'm so crossed, I fear my utter destruction is at hand.

Charing Cross.—Sister of Cheap, crosses are incident to us all, and our children. But what 's the greatest cross that hath befallen you?

Cheap Cross.—Nay, sister, if my cross were fallen, I should live at more heart's ease than I do.

Charing Cross.—I believe it's the cross upon your head that has brought you into this trouble; is it not?

Another tract concludes with,

The Doleful Lamentation of Cheapside Cross.

I, Jasper Crosse, of Cheapside, London, upon Munday night, January 24th; the signe being in head and face which caused more suffering, and in the 1641, when almost everie man is to seek a new religion; high water at the Bridge; as their braines were full of malice and envy: I, Jaspar, was assaulted and battered by many ill-affected brethren; and whether they were mad with zeal or new wine from New Englande, I cannot be resolved; but am sure, as may be seen by all passers, that I was much abused and defaced, and had never done them any harme; for had I given them any cause for offence I should be sorrie. Love and charity they had none; for why should they come, like thieves, to steal here a head, there a leg, here an arm, and there a nose? They did not go away from me, the crosse, without profit. I tell you, my crosse brethren, at that time you wanted both wit and money; wit to govern your overboyling zeal, and crosse money to pay your landlord's rent; that is a crosse to you, not I, and so, wanting such crosses as these, would be revenged of me, to satisfy your malitious crosse-humours.

I conclude with this caution, that as long as we have such crosse people, crosse every way, especially to men of authority, and still go unpunished, we shall alwaies have such crosse doings; and so I, poor Jaspar Crosse, leave you to your crosse wives and to your owne crosse opinions.

Then came an answer to the lamentation in rhyme—very poor indeed, as witness:—

Old Jasper Crosse of late was wrong'd,
As I did heare one say,
A base affront to him was gi'n
Upon the King's highway.

For which his friends do much lament,
They writ a doleful theame;
It grieves them much they cannot find
Who did the hurt to him.

These disputes were the precursors of its final destruction. In May, 1643, the Parliament deputed Robert Harlow to the work, who went with a troop of horse and two companies of foot, and executed his orders most completely. Here is the official account:—

> On the 2nd of May, 1643, the cross in Cheapside was pulled down. At the fall of the top cross drums beat, trumpets blew, and multitudes of caps were thrown in the air, and a great shout of people with joy. The 2nd of May, the almanack says, was the invention of the cross, and the same day at night was the leaden popes burnt (they were not popes, but eminent English prelates) in the place where it stood, with ringing of bells and a great acclamation, and no hurt at all done in these actions.
>
> The 10th of the same month, the Book of Sports (a collection of ordinances allowing games on the Sabbath, put forth by James I.) was burnt by the hangman, where the cross used to stand, and at the Exchange.

Here is the title of a curious tract, published the very day the cross was destroyed:—

> The Downfall of Dagon; or, the taking down of Cheapside Crosse; wherein is contained these principalls:—1. The crosse sicke at heart. 2. His death and funerall. 3. His will, legacies, inventory, and epitaph. 4. Why it was removed. 5. The money it will bring. 6. Noteworthy, that it was cast down on that day when it was first invented and set up.

It may be worth giving an extract or two:—

> I am called the "Citie Idoll:" the Brownists spit at me, and throw stones at me; the Famalists hide their eyes with their fingers; the Anabaptists wish me knockt in pieces, as I am like to be this day; the sisters of the fraternity will not come near me, but go about by Watling Street, and come in again by Soaper Lane, to buy their provisions of the market folks . . . . I feele the pangs of death, and shall never see the end of the merry month of May; my breath stops—my life is gone; I feel myself a-dying downwards.

Here are some of the bequests:—

> I give my iron work to those people which make good swords at Hounslow, for I am all Spanish iron and steele to the backe.
>
> I give my body and stones to those masons that cannot telle how to frame the like againe, to keep by them for a patterne, for in time there will be more crosses in London than ever there was yet.
>
> I give my ground, whereon I stood, to be a free market-place.

JASPER CROSSE, HIS EPITAPH.

I looke for no praise when I am dead,
For, going the right way, I never did tread.
I was harde as an Alderman's doore,
That's shut and stony-hearted to the poore.
I never gave almes, nor did anything
Was good, nor e'er said, "God save the King."
I stood like a stock that was made of wood,
And yet the people would not say I was good,
And, if I tell them plaine, they're like to mee—
Like stone to all goodnesse. But now, reader, see
Me in the dust; for crosses must not stand,
There is too much crosse tricks within the land;
And, having so done never any good,
I leave my prayse for to be understood;
For many women, after this my losse,
Will remember me, and still will be crosse—
Crosse tricks, crosse ways, and crosse vanities.
Believe the crosse speaks truth, for here he lyes.

I was built of lead, iron, and stone. Some say that divers of the crowns and sceptres are of silver; besides the rich gold I was gilded with, which might have been filed and saved, yielding a good value. Some have offered £400, some £500; but they that bid most offer £1,000 for it. I am to be taken down this very Tuesday, and I pray, good reader, take notice by the almanack, for the signe falls just at this time, to be in the feete, to showe that the crosse must be laide equall with the grounde for our feet to tread on, and what day it was demolished; that is, on the day when crosses were first invented and set up, and so I leave the rest to your consideration.

Vignettes to the last pamphlet represent the destruction of the cross, and the burning of the "Book of Sports." They are characteristic illustrations of the cast-iron gravity of the various sects then ruling under authority of the Parliament. Wild and fanatical as they undoubtedly were, they sit or stand by the falling cross, or round the bonfire which consumes King James's ordinances, with an appearance of imperturbable gravity quite ridiculous; their long cloaks, broad-brimmed hats, and white-falling collars seem frozen into the same icy sobriety as their owners. Even the horses they are mounted upon appear without a particle of mettle, and are just such solid, quiet beasts as Brownists or Famalists might be expected to ride.

It was not merely crosses or open-air monuments that were destroyed at this period. Many of our noblest Gothic buildings were almost irretrievably ruined by Cromwell's Ironsides, who often stabled their steeds in cathedral chancels, and delighted to deal despitefully with those venerable sanctuaries. Stained glass windows were held in abomination; workmen were employed at 2s. 6d. per diem to break them. Fine carved work especially excited their destroying zeal, and they seldom left any richly ornamented church until it was made as bare as their own conventicles. No doubt, those stern reformers had many great qualities, and amongst them we may remember a few truly illustrious men; but their domination crushed the advancing heralds of the fine arts (the pupils of Rubens), and the accomplished masters of science, encouraged and most liberally patronized by Charles I. We may rejoice that the germs of tyranny perished beneath the iron heel of the Commonwealth men (though they often tyrannized far more than the Royalists); but our sorrow will not be out of place for the growing refinement in all the arts of civilized life, arrested, during so many years, under the Protectorate. Happily, we live in an age when the antagonistic elements have blended peacefully, and the good qualities of every great British party have become indissolubly united.

Various plans for commemorating Albert the Good have been suggested, and in turn abandoned; but the Eleanor cross appears now finally chosen as a type for his monument. The skill of such an accomplished artist as Scott may well be trusted to make it worthy of a great nation, and especially of our Queen's enduring love for her departed husband.

THE MONUMENT.

After the battle of Cannæ, in which the Romans sustained the most terrible defeat recorded in their history, that wonderful people, so far from owning themselves conquered, went forth in solemn procession to thank the discomfited Consul that he had not despaired of the Republic; and a few days afterwards, when they were in momentary expectation of the advance of Hannibal on the city, the land where he had pitched his camp was sold by auction, and fetched a large price. After a still greater calamity—the awful conflagration of 1666—the citizens of London evinced an equally noble spirit. Amidst the burning ruins of shops, houses, churches, and palaces, the indomitable courage of Englishmen was singularly conspicuous. Half the population of a mighty city was reduced to beggary; homes and property were lost in a moment; thousands of delicate women knew not where to shield themselves from the weather; while their stalwart sons, brothers, and husbands were deprived of daily work and bread. Yet they did not sit down in the ashes, like Job's friends, in silence and despair, but were up and doing in an instant. Charles II. and the Duke of York (justly unpopular as they are on the whole) acted on this occasion like truly brave men. For several days, while the flames were still spreading, they were constantly on horseback in the burning streets. It was at the king's suggestion that a block of buildings was either pulled down or mined, in order to stop the fire—an expedient which ultimately succeeded. All the private means he possessed were lavishly bestowed upon his suffering people, and the prince, who, in ordinary, was so effeminate and luxurious, manifested all the virtues of a hero. His subjects emulated the example. The flames, so tenacious of their prey, were hardly extinguished, the ground was scarcely cooled, when they began to sink new foundations. Armies of bricklayers and masons were eagerly employed. Very few of the City churches had escaped; before many months had elapsed, those capable of restoration were again used for divine worship; while, to replace those utterly destroyed, Wren was commissioned to build fifty new sanctuaries. Private shops and dwellings were huddled together with little care or taste (a fact we must still lament), but most of the churches were really fine structures, and a few were in the highest style of art. The mighty Cathedral took forty years to complete, but the Monument was finished within twelve years. These two buildings, particularly the last, might have been deemed unnecessary by a nation visited with so dire a calamity, and the estimate both of the wealth and gallantry of our countrymen must be very high, when we find them cheerfully making such sacrifices. In an Act for rebuilding London, passed in 1637, the year after the Fire, we meet with the clause:—

> And the better to preserve the memory of this dreadful visitation, by means of a pillar to be set up to commemorate the conflagration, be it further enacted that a column, of brass or stone, be erected on, or as near unto, the place where the said fire so unhappily began as conveniently may be, in perpetual remembrance thereof.

Fish Street Hill was the site selected, which was only a few yards distant from the spot where it commenced.

The spot chosen was singularly inappropriate. Literally at the bottom of the hill leading to the bridge, half the height of this magnificent pillar is lost. Had it been placed where the fire ceased, as a testimony of national gratitude to heaven, the elevation, close to Newgate Street, being one of the noblest in the metropolis, it would have become a most commanding object, and would probably have borne comparison with any obelisk, ancient or modern.

While London was burning, the citizens were haunted with the notion that it had been caused by incendiaries. The crime was attributed to a class. Roman Catholic emissaries, it was believed, had contrived and caused the frightful catastrophe. Many strangers and foreigners were arrested on the charge of depositing fire-balls in empty wooden tenements, or scattering inflammable missiles to increase the fury of the conflagration. A Portugese passing along one of the streets was seen to place a parcel within the shutters of an unoccupied house, and was taken before a magistrate on the charge. He declared his innocence, but owned that he did place a piece of bread, which he had picked up, in the shop as described. Being led to the spot, he pointed out the aperture through which he had passed his hand, and the lump of bread was found there. He declared it was a custom in Portugal never to leave bread in the street; citing the text, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing may be lost." He was immediately liberated. At the same time, a man, unknown, went to a police-office, and confessed he was an incendiary, having actually assisted in spreading the flames. No evidence could be found to criminate him, and the tale he repeated was altogether improbable; nevertheless, in the then excited state of the public mind, it was considered right to bring him to trial. The judge who presided thought there was no case; but the jury choosing to credit his confession, he was declared guilty, and suffered death.

The Monument would have been finished earlier, but delay was occasioned by the deficiency of Portland stone of suitable quality and dimensions. Wren complained to the Council, and a proclamation was issued, May 4th, 1659, prohibiting the exportation of any more stone from the Isle of Portland without his permission, as Surveyor General. In Evelyn's "Diary" there is this passage:—"Came to dine with me Sir Christopher Wren, now building the new Cathedral of St. Paul, and the column in memory of the City's conflagration; and he was in hand with the building of fifty parish churches. A wonderful genius had this incomparable person"—the fitting tribute of one illustrious man to another.

It was originally intended by the architect to place on the top of the Monument a brass gilded statue of Charles II. "I cannot but commend a large statue," says he, "as carrying much dignity with it. It has been proposed to cast such a one in brass, of twelve foot high, for £1,000. I hope we may find those who will cast a figure of fifteen foot high for that money, which will suit the greatness of the pillar, which would undoubtedly be the noblest finishing to so goodly a work, in all men's judgments." A ball of copper, nine feet diameter, and a phœnix were also suggested, but were ultimately superseded by the present ornament.

The edifice received the emphatic name of The Monument. It is a fluted column of the Doric order, standing on a Palladian pedestal, 40 feet high, rising from a plinth 27 feet square. On the abacus at the top is an iron balcony supporting a flaming vase of gilded bronze. The entire height from the pavement is 202 feet, and it is certainly the loftiest as well as the noblest isolated column in existence. The shaft consists of forty courses of stone.

The greatest diameter of the pillar within is 15 feet, and it forms a staircase of 345 steps of black marble, $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches broad. It is lighted by four series of seven loop-holes, and a large ornamental oval window, on the eastern side, furnished with niches for seats. The external gallery, lined with copper, commands a fine view of the City and river. A short flight of stone stairs leads into the urn above. The figures at the base are by Caius Gabriel Cibber. They are chiefly allegorical. We have London personified as mourning over the ruined metropolis. Behind her stands Time, assisting her to rise; while a female figure, typifying Providence, points to the angels of Peace and Plenty descending to her aid. Opposite appear effigies of Charles II. and the Duke of York, a group of the Sciences, a terminal statue of Nature, Liberty waving a cap, and Architecture bearing a plan of the new City. Under their feet is Envy, gnawing a heart. Quite in the background, a representation of the Fire is given. The whole is encircled with beautiful carvings of festoons, the Royal and Civic arms, and at each angle a dragon, as the supporters, assigned by the Heralds' College.

The other sides of the pedestal are occupied with inscriptions in Latin. The translation we shall condense is taken from "Londina Illustrata."

On the North Side.—In the year 1666, on the 2nd of September, 202 feet eastward of this column, a fire broke out in the middle of the night, which, driven by a high wind, laid waste not only the adjacent parts, but very remote places, with incredible fury. It consumed 89 churches, the gates, the Guildhall, public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, and 13,200 dwelling-houses, and 400 streets. 25 wards were utterly destroyed, 1 escaped damage, and 8 were partially burned. The ruins of the City were 436 acres, and extended from the Tower, by the Thames, to the Temple Church, and thence along the City wall to the Fleet ditch. It was fatal to the fortunes of the citizens, but harmless to their lives, that it might in all things resemble the last conflagration. The destruction was rapid; for within a short space the City was seen most flourishing, and reduced to ashes. On the third day when the fatal fire had baffled all human counsels, it stopped, as it were, by a command from Heaven, and was on every side extinguished; but the Papistical fury which so execrably achieved it is not yet quenched.

On the South side.—Charles II., son of Charles the Martyr, a most gracious prince, commiserating the deplorable condition of all things, while the ruins were yet smoking, provided for the comfort of his citizens and the ornament of his city, remitted their petitions to Parliament, which immediately passed an Act, that the public works should be restored to greater beauty with the public money, to be raised by an impost on coals; that the churches and cathedrals should be rebuilt with all magnificence; bridges, gates, and prisons should be newly made, the conduits improved, the streets made straight and regular, and the markets and shambles removed to open places. It was enacted that all private houses should have party walls, the whole made of equal height in front, and that none should delay building beyond seven years. All lawsuits concerning boundaries were forbidden; anniversary prayers were enjoined, and, to perpetuate the memory hereof to endless posterity, this column was erected. The work was carried on with diligence, London has risen again, and it is doubtful whether with greater speed or beauty; for the space of three years saw that finished, which was believed to be the labour of an age.

On the East side.—Commenced by Sir Richard Ford, Lord Mayor, 1671: carried on by Sir George Waterman, Sir Robert Hanson, Sir William Hooker, Sir Robert Hiner, and Sir Joseph Sheldon; completed by Sir Thomas Davies, in 1677.

On the Plinth, West Side.—This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of that most dreadful burning of this Protestant city;

South.—Begun and carried on by treachery and malice of the Popish faction in the beginning of September, in the year of our Lord, 1666;

East.—In order to the carrying on their horrid plots for extirpating

North.—The Protestant religion and old English liberty, and the introducing Popery and slavery.

Another inscription, similar, but more violent, was cut in stone, against a house on the eastern side of Pudding Lane, on the spot where the fire commenced:—

Here, by the permission of Heaven, hell broke loose upon this Protestant city, from the malicious hearts of barbarous Papists, by the hand of their agent, Hubert, who confessed, and on the ruins of this place declared the fact, for which he was hanged. That here began that dreadful fire, which is described and perpetuated on and by the neighbouring pillar; erected anno 1681, by Sir Patience Ward, Lord Mayor.

According to the "Parentalia," 28,198 feet of Portland stone were employed in the column, black marble being used for the staircase, and the whole shaft, in addition, with

4,784 superficial feet of Portland stone, the whole amount of cost incurred being £13,450 11s. 9d., seemingly a small sum, but probably equal to £100,000 at present. Sir Christopher Wren wished to mark on the pillar the measurement of the most famous obelisks and buildings in the world, in order to show its superiority. We subjoin a list:—

Cleopatra's Needle	66	feet
The Obelisk at Heliopolis	67½	,,
The Sistine Obelisk, at Rome	88	,,
Pompey's Pillar, Alexandria	88½	,,
Leaning Tower, Bologna	130	,,
Leaning Tower, Pisa	150	,,
Campanile at Venice	330	,,
Asinelle Leaning Tower, Bologna	350	,,
St. Peter's, Rome	437	,,
Antwerp Cathedral Spire	66	,,
Column of Henry II., France	95	,,
Tower of St. Jacques	155	,,
Nelson Pillar, Dublin	126	,,
Wellington Obelisk, Dublin	205	,,
Pagoda, Kew	163	,,
St. Paul's, London	340	,,
York Column, Carlton Terrace	124	,,

John Evelyn, in his "Discourse of Medals," says of the Monument, "Why is not the great burning commemorated in medals? There is none of the column erected in its memory, and infinite pity it is that it had not been set up where the incendium and burning ceased, like a Jupiter Stator, rather than where it fatally began, not only in regard of the eminency of the ground, but for the reason of the thing, since it was intended as a grateful monument and recognition to Almighty God for its extinction, and should, therefore, have been placed where the devouring flames ceased and were overcome. But this was overruled, though, I doubt not, I have the architect himself on my side, whose rare and extraordinary talent, and what he has performed of great and magnificent, this column, and what he is still about, will speak and perpetuate his memory, as long as one stone remains upon another, in this nation." In the same author's "Account of Architects" he says, "If the whole art of building were lost, it might be recovered and found again in St. Paul's, the Historical Pillar, and those other monuments of happy talent and extraordinary genius."

It seems doubtful at what precise time the accusatory incriptions were first placed on the column. Perhaps the nation generally did not credit the charge against the Catholics until Titus Oates produced his narrative of the Popish plot. Shortly after, the Common Council, 12th November, 1680, ordered an inscription, in Latin and English, to be affixed to the Monument, signifying that the City was burnt by the treachery of the Papists. 17th June, 1681, the exact words, as given above, were settled, as well as those for the house in Pudding Lane. 12th July, 1681, it was agreed that the new inscription should be cut on the column, the original to be taken out as far as necessary. As for the supposed culprit Hubert, though he persisted in his confession on the scaffold, and "was able to distinguish, though led blindfold to several parts of the City, the particular site of the building, while the owners themselves were in doubt; for he led them to the place, described the little yard, the fashion of the doors and windows, and where he first put the fire, with wonderful exactness;" still, Lord Clarendon adds, "neither the judges nor any present at the trial did believe him guilty, but that he was a poor, distracted wretch, weary of his life, and chose to part with it in this way. On the strictest examination the King and Parliament could make, there never was any probable evidence that there was any other cause of this woeful fire than the displeasure of Almighty God." During the reign of Charles II. the inscription remained, but on the 6th of February, 1685, a few months after his death, Evelyn writes, in his "Diary:"—"June 17th. At this time the words engraven on the Monument, intimating that the Papists fired the City, were erased and cut out;" but no sooner had James II. abdicated, than they were restored. "Court of Aldermen, 16th September, 1689.—Ordered, That the inscriptions placed on the Monument and house where the dreadful fire began, in the Mayoralty of Sir P. Ward (which have been since taken down), be again set up in their former places." They remained intact until the middle of the last century. We read in Pope's "Moral Essays," 1734:—

> Where London's Column, pointing to the skies,
> Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies.

The inscription in Pudding Lane was removed about 1769, owing to the annoyance produced by idlers gathering round the house to read it.

The four first lines of Pope's poem, celebrating "Sir Balaam," were once used as the address of a letter, sent by post, and duly delivered to a tradesman of that day; and, in an old list of Liverymen, the name of Thomas Balaam, fishmonger, Monument Yard, actually occurs:—

> Where London's Column, pointing to the skies,
> Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies,
> There dwells a citizen of sober fame,
> A plain, good man, and Balaam is his name.

The record, so obnoxious to the Roman Catholics, was finally removed, soon after the passing of the Emancipation Bill, April 13th, 1829, when, in spite of some opposition, it was resolved, that "all matters insinuating the Fire of London to be the work of Papists should be erased from the Monument." Whether there was ever any ground for such charges it is now impossible to ascertain, but all right-thinking men must rejoice that such a source of bitterness to our Catholic fellow-subjects has been finally obliterated. Party differences need not be perpetuated, and the welfare of the nation will be best consulted when all classes and sects learn to live like brethren. As a matter of curiosity, we may state that the resolution of the Common Council was carried out on Wednesday, January 26th, 1831, when Mr. Charles Pearson, Mr. Richard Taylor, and Mr. Thornhill attended with the masons, and were the first to commence the erasure.

It is stated in the "Parentalia" that the pillar was built hollow, that it might be used as an astronomical tube to discover the parallax of the earth, by observing the different distances of the stars in the Dragon's Head from the zenith, at various seasons of the year, but, as the column was found to oscillate considerably by the motion of carriages, the intention was abandoned. It was also employed by Dr. Robert Hooke, to ascertain the pressure of the atmosphere at various altitudes. The Monument, from 1709, or even earlier, became a City lion, and was exhibited by a decayed Liveryman, who was allowed to reside there. Strype writes, in 1720, "This building shows a fine prospect above the houses, and especially to those that are in the balcony; and it being such a curiosity, that many desire to go up, there is one that hath the keeping of it, and hath a salary, besides what people give him." The interior of the column and the wooden doors of the gallery are covered with thousands of names; and one, G. Perry, sought to be remembered by printing his name with white paint, in letters eighteen inches long, on the north-east side of the cippus. The Corporation used to pay £20 a-year to the keeper, which was raised to £200 by admission money. In descriptive pamphlets, sold by the keepers, there is an acknowledgment to the Corporation for the appointment. In that of Samuel Arnott were these words:—"My Lord, and Gentlemen,—Permit me to add a few lines with the account of the Monument to you, under whose protection I remain, with all due respect and gratitude, S. A., March 20th, 1805:—

> For threescore years life's various scenes I've past,
> And Providence has fix'd me here at last;
> Within these ancient walls to find repose
> From all the sorrows that misfortune knows:
> With thankfulness to pass my latest hour,
> With gratitude proclaim my friends' kind pow'r;
> Whilst life remains, God's mercies to record,
> And pray that you may gain a blest reward.

We have spoken of the oscillation of the pillar. Some years ago a rumour circulated that it was dangerous, and that £10,000 had been offered by the City to any person who would undertake to remove it safely. It was, however, the work of an artist of such consummate skill, that we may regard it as secure from anything but an earthquake. About 1732 a singular feat of agility called steeple-flying was common. On the 16th of September, as we read in the *Daily Journal*—

> About five o'clock in the evening, though it was very windy, a sailor flew from the top of the Monument to the Upper Three Tun Tavern, in Gracechurch Street, which he did in less than half a minute; there was a numerous crowd to see him. He came down within twenty feet to the place where the rope was fixed, and then flung himself off, and offered, if the gentlemen would make a handsome collection, to go up and fly down again. In the morning, when the rope was tied round the Monument, a waterman's boy paid for going up the gallery, but in his return, finding the stairs crowded, he thought the quickest way down again was by the rope; and he accordingly swung down upon it, as it hung loose, to the ground, without any injury.

Several suicides have been committed by jumping from the Monument. On Monday, June 25th, 1750, William Green, a weaver, threw himself from the gallery, and was dashed to pieces. Monday, July 7th, 1788, four persons ascended; one of them climbed over the railings on the north side, threw himself down, and was taken up dead.

He was a baker, named Cradock, and had spoken of his intention, inquiring whether it would be sinful. This was regarded as idle talk. "He was proud, and in distress, and determined to kill himself in a manner that would attract notice." In 1810, Mr. Lyon Levy, a pearl and diamond merchant, of Haydon Square, threw himself from the gallery. He walked several times round the iron railings before he sprang off; in its descent, his body repeatedly turned over. Its fall was broken by striking against one of the dragons at the base, and, on reaching the ground, his skull was fractured, and he was dead in a moment. Mr. Levy was subject to hereditary insanity. In the "Rejected Addresses," there is a wretched instance of bad taste in the parody of Southey's "Curse of Kehema"—

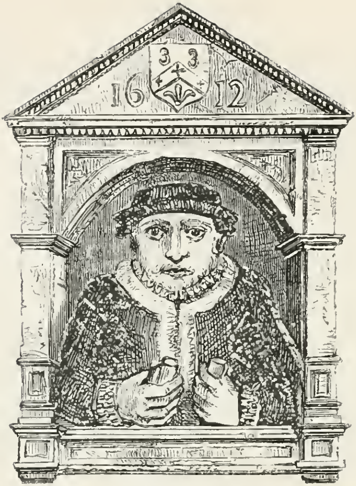
> Descending, he twisted like Levy, the Jew,
> Who a durable grave meant
> To dig on the pavement
> Of Monument Yard.

"Levy, an insolvent Israelite, who threw himself from the top of the Monument a short time before." This was written two years after the event, and is an inexcusable attempt at facetiousness on a subject wholly unfit for mirth. One or two other suicides of the same strange kind followed, and it was thought expedient to inclose the gallery with strong iron bars, so as to prevent similar deplorable events. With some persons, ascending to any great height excites the insane desire for sudden descent. This feeling frequently distresses persons standing over a wide, open space, as in the Whispering Gallery at St. Paul's, and on the Monument. Some are even assailed by it on the bridges; and others are, on this account, incapable of remaining in front of elevated rows of seats in theatres or churches. It is a disfigurement to our national column to be capped by so unsightly a cage, yet if it could not be left open but at the risk of life, it was time to secure it.

The Monument was illuminated June 15, 1825, to commemorate the laying of the first stone of a new bridge ; and in 1833 the removal of some opposite houses, in forming a new street, made it possible to obtain a good view of this noble pillar, so long blocked up by unsightly buildings, when its beauty, grandeur, and faultless symmetry were fully appreciated—probably for the first time.

Adam Littleton, the learned author of many classical works, wrote a very remarkable Latin inscription for the Monument. A portion of it, though rather grandiloquent, will be a suitable tail-piece to this paper :—

> May this devoted column emulate those of Seth, and endure to the Last Day, when the universe shall be consumed, equally adorned by and adorning this place and the dwellings which be beneath it on every side, long seeing and long to be seen, the monument of the extinction and the beautified resurrection of the same City.



MONUMENT OF LAMBE.

WILLIAM LAMBE, HIS CHAPEL AND ALMSHOUSES.

An old and admirable form of benevolence among the wealthy and kindly citizens was the erection of almshouses. Previous to 1810, the jubilee year of George III., there were few almshouses of a modern date; and the majority of those still remaining were the good works of our forefathers, many blocks of them being several centuries old. At that period some philanthropist suggested that to build asylums for the poor and aged would be a proper mode of expressing our gratitude to Providence, who had so long spared the king to his people. The idea was acceptable; jubilee almshouses were built in various parts of the country, and this led to a revival of the fashion, and scarce any suburb of

London is now without some elegant pile of miniature asylums—as Whittington's College—offering a pleasant refuge for the declining years of respectable but decayed individuals. Our various classes of tradesmen, especially, have adopted this mode of providing for their indigent members; and within the last few years the Dramatic College has been projected, and is now completed—a kindly work to give ease and comfort in the time of their sorrow and decrepitude to those who exhausted the vigour of their best days in ministering to our pleasures.

Actors, as a body, have always evinced the greatest sympathy for each other, and, in this instance, the public have promptly seconded their generous endeavours. Many a poor man or woman, who could not exist within the workhouse doors, would gratefully avail themselves of such a refuge as this. I knew a worn-out merchant who, being compelled to enter a parish asylum, felt the shock so terrible that he died in less than twelve hours, without any known cause, except his distress at being forced to herd in his misery with the rude inmates of such a place. In an almshouse a home may be possible, and, however humble the accommodation and scanty the food, the incalculable satisfaction is left of ownership and freedom; while, in the parish asylum, all freedom of action is lost, and eating, sleeping, or waking, everything is carried on without the will of the pauper being in the least consulted. In some communities on the Continent the poor are provided for in villages of almshouses, and it is affirmed that the system answers admirably. Of course, with our vast population, this would be wholly impossible, but whenever the rich offer their thousands on the shrine of charity, they can hardly employ their wealth more wisely or kindly than in erecting almshouses. To make them really useful, there should be some endowment: the small sum of 2s. weekly would often give competence to an ancient granny or a superannuated tradesman, and even much less would be enough when there was no rent to find. Few are so desolate that they have no child or friend to give them a little help, and if the house was provided, every penny would prove important aid.

The almshouses of old London are fast disappearing, and those that remain seem to belong to a bygone age. Notice those few low, narrow hovels which stand back a few feet from the kerb in Gray's Inn Lane. When the doors open you almost expect to behold an apparition of the days of Charles or Anne. Step into Monkwell Street—surely the pensioners who live there must be remanent citizens of the Elizabethan period. When they were built, one or both were within sight of green fields, but now the oppressive reign of King Brick has hemmed them in; to get a glimpse of the blue sky is a wonder—to feel a breath of country air an impossibility. Never build almshouses in a close neighbourhood—nor did the worthy citizens do so. They provided for their pensioners in pleasant open localities—near Abbey Garden or Convent Lawn—where the fair face of nature was constantly in sight. They would not know their pet foundations, could they again revisit them.

William Lambe was one of these old-world charity builders. An ancient chapel or hermitage is spoken of so early as Edward I., as being built on the City wall. St. James's-on-the-Wall it was called, and stood at the upper end of Muckwell or Monkwell Street. A stipend was assigned to it from the king in 1275. It was patronised by the Crown up to 1346, but soon after appears to have passed into the care of the Corporation, and on the suppression of monastic establishments, in 1543, it was granted to Lambe, for a money consideration, who was then a gentleman of the King's Chapel, and a clothworker by his guild and occupation. He re-edified the sanctuary, making a place of worship for his almsmen, who inhabited a number of small tenements, which he had caused to be erected on the ground adjoining. He died in 1577, after a life of unostentatious usefulness, and by his will left the foundation to the Clothworkers. He orders that, yearly, on the nativity of St. John Baptist, and some other feast-days, a sermon shall be preached at St. James's-on-the-Wall, the minister to be paid 6s. 8d. That on every 1st of October, the Master and Wardens shall clothe twelve men and twelve women, at the cost of £6 6s., the parties to be poor, lame, or aged. He also left funds to other City companies, to clothe or feed the indigent, on fixed days, for ever. "For ever" is a phrase little reliable, yet the charity still exists, and pensioners are clothed annually, with the addition of 4s. in money. Materials are given to each person, with 5s. 6d. for making them up. The Company, too, out of the surplus rents, devote £100 per annum, in sums of £4 to £25, for deserving members, who are styled "Lambe's pensioners." In 1825 the chapel was rebuilt, with ten almshouses of two rooms each, on the original site, the Tudor style being chosen. A portion of the structure is now brought forward into Monkwell Street, and is ornamented with the Clothworkers' arms, sculptured in stone. An arched entrance leads to a plot of greensward, placed on the base of the ancient watch-tower of the City wall. The almsmen are poor Freemen, who receive £20 yearly, with a chaldron of coals. Lambe employed the whole of his fortune in labours of love. Stow writes of him:—"Out of his kindness to learning and scholars, in the town of Sutton-Valens, Kent, where he was born, he built a free grammar school, for the instruction of youth in the fear of God, good manners, knowledge, and understanding, allowing to the master yearly £20, and £10 to each of the ushers. In the same town he built six almshouses, having an orchard and gardens, each pensioner receiving yearly £10." He gave £300 to the clothiers of Suffolk. He raised a conduit at Holborn Bridge, at a cost of £1,500, giving twelve pails to such women as were willing to work.*

In early times there were persons in London called water-bearers, who carried water at so much a tub. Cob, in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," is one of them. They used a vessel denominated a tankard, formed of wood, hooped with iron, and holding about three gallons. Sir John Hawkins says:—"About the year 1730, Mr. Colebrook, a rich banker, had a shop by the Antwerp Tavern, Royal Exchange. Opposite was a spring, with a pump, from which a porter fetched water in such a tankard." Women also carried water in pails. They exposed water for sale. One of Lawson's "London Cries," published late in the seventeenth century, is illustrated by a carrier, with yoke and pails, shouting, "Any New River water here?"

Lambe also gave £15 to Cripplegate for bells; to Christ's Hospital £6 yearly for ever, and £100 in ready money; to St. Thomas Spital, Southwark, £4 yearly.

For the relief of poor prisoners at Newgate, Ludgate, the Marshalsea, the King's Bench, and the White Lion, he dealt very bountifully, giving them £6 a-piece, to be paid to them by 20s. each month, as well as six mattresses to each.

He was mindful of poor maid's marriages, giving 10s. a-piece to forty such, providing that they should be of good name.

---

* The conduit was removed after the Great Fire to the neighbourhood of the Foundling Hospital.

He provided lovingly for all his servants, and ordered 108 freize growns to be distributed at his funeral.

This good man was buried in the church of St. Faith, in the crypt under St. Paul's, where, according to Dugdale, an epitaph to his memory was engraven on a brass plate affixed to a pillar in the open nave. Here it is:—

William Lambe, so sometime was my name,
While I alive did run my mortal race,
Serving a Prince of most immortall fame—
Henry the Eight; who, of his princely grace,
In his chapell allowed me a place;
By whose favour, from gentleman to esquire,
I was preferr'd, with worship for my hire.
With wyves three I joined wedlock's band,
Which, while alive, true lovers were to me;
Jane, Alice, Joane, for so they came to hand,
What needeth prayse recording their degree?
In worldly truth none stedfast more could be:
Who, tho' on earth, death's force did once dissever,
Heaven yet, I trust, shall join us altogether.
O Lambe of God, which sinne didst take away,
And as a Lambe was offered up for sinne;
When I, poor Lambe, went from thy flock astray;
Yet thou, good Lord, vouchsafe thy Lambe to winne
Home to thy fold, and hold thy Lambe therein.
That at the day when lambes and goates shall sever,
Of thy choice lambes Lambe may be one for ever!
I pray you all that receive bread and pence,
To say the Lord's prayer, before ye go hence.

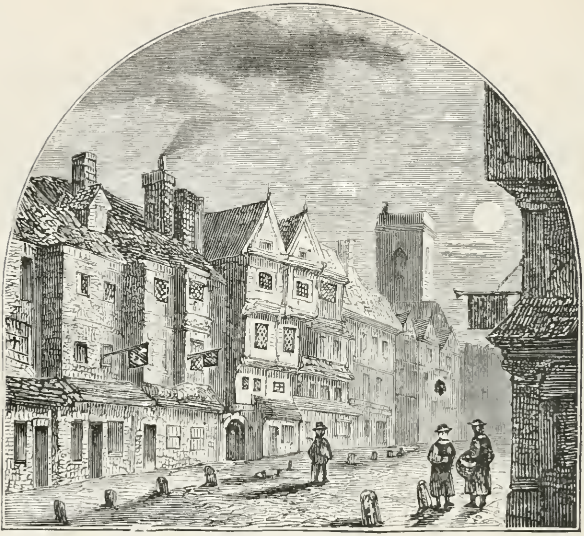
The punning and pathos of this singular attempt at poetry are more calculated to "raise the waters" in the way of laughter, than to induce a solemn feeling. Still, the brief history of Lambe and his wives indicates so truthfully the course of a pious and amiable man, that, while we wish him a better poet, we are constrained to say:—

The memory of the good and just
Smells sweet and blossoms from the dust.

The great Fire spared a large portion of Lambe's chapel and almshouses. We read in the "Gentleman's Magazine," "That when an old wall was demolished in the process of rebuilding, it gave access to a remarkable vault; after descending ten or twelve steps, a low, vaulted chamber appeared, twenty-six feet long and thirty broad, supported originally by nine short, round columns, six of which remained, with a groined roof; the capitals were Saxon—the arches were beautifully moulded—the crypt was constructed with a reddish sort of freestone. The whole fabric was remodelled in 1612, which date is placed on the pediment of an arch, under which appeared the old half-length figure of the founder. The effigy wears the livery gown of the Company, with a flat cap, holding a purse in one hand and gloves in the other. Just under this figure was the Master's oaken chair, and in the window were four paintings of apostles on glass; at the altar was a painting of Moses, with the Decalogue, Lord's Prayer, and Creed."

The citizens do well to preserve, with jealous care, such monuments as these; the glory of their annals would sustain a sad eclipse, should the period ever come when such illustrious waymarks of ancient London are obliterated. Vestiges connected with knightly honour, edifices evincing the proud estate of departed generations, the decaying banners that waved at Blenheim, the pompous memorials to kings or warriors, though well entitled to preservation, deserve it less than the charitable foundations of the warm-hearted merchants who gladly spared from their stores an ample offering to honour their Creator, and bless their fellow men. As for the memorial stones of such worthies, however quaint or humble, never may the dust of oblivion obscure them, but may our antiquaries still furnish some zealous rival of Old Mortality to restore, refresh, and keep sacred from desecration the tombs of such social heroes as William Lambe.

The American philanthropist, Peabody, by his princely munificence, has made himself an enduring name among us. Building suitable dwellings for the poor would often prevent their ever needing the shelter of almshouses. Indeed, were working men provident, they would but seldom need parish allowances or private charity—a few cases of early illness excepted; there would be little or nothing to hinder the workman and his family enjoying the priceless endowment of independence.



MILTON'S LONDON.

MILTON A LONDONER.

No metropolis in the universe can rival our imperial City in the varied sources of interest which it so justly claims. In mere commercial grandeur it has no competitor. The vastness of its monetary operations quite distances rivalry. Talent of no common order is continually evolved to mature vast schemes of individual or national aggrandisement. Our merchants index the whole globe in their ledgers, and the genius of trade triumphs hourly on Gresham's Exchange, or among the mysteries of the Stocks' market.

If the art-riches of London, with the exception of a few noble buildings, are consigned to holes and corners, so that visitors are puzzled in their search, and imagine they have seen all, when they have seen nothing, we can truly boast that there is scarce a street, court, or alley, between Temple Bar and Whitechapel, so obscure as not to be crowded with undying memories. If "beautiful Florence" had nothing to distinguish it but the glory left on its decaying stones by departed genius, it would still attract the reverence of travellers; and had London no claim to distinction but as the birthplace of John Milton, it might surely compete in dignity and fascination with Stratford-upon-Avon.

In the register of Allhallows, Bread Street, we find this significant inscription:—"The xxth daye of December, 1608, was baptized John, the sonne of John Mylton, scrivenor." This worthy member of the legal force lived at the sign of the Spread Eagle (which was the armorial ensign of the family), Bread Street. He was of good birth, educated at Christchurch, Oxford. His law labours were successful, and he ultimately retired to his own country estate. He was able to trace his ancestors up to the civil wars of York and Lancaster.

Attorney Milton was remarkable for his musical tastes, which he assuredly transmitted to his son. As a boy, poet Milton was educated in Bread Street, having for his tutor one "Thomas Young, called by Aubrey a Puritan, in Essex, who cutt his haire shorte." Indeed, the Puritans mostly had short hair. Yet, whatever religious tenets the pupil imbibed from Young, he carefully preserved his clustering locks, though all the reigning powers were Roundheads. The famous painter Cornelius Jansen made a portrait of Milton when only ten years old, at which age Aubrey avers he was a poet. It exhibits a profusion of light brown curling hair. There is a modern engraving from it in the shop windows, which represents the marvellous Bread Street lad as almost too lovely for his sex. At the age of fifteen, in 1623, young Milton became a pupil at St. Paul's school. There was no better foundation seminary then in England. There he studied with extreme avidity, and regardless of health, seldom leaving his books before midnight, and thus, probably, his blindness may be traced to an early passion for letters. His devotedness to books began still earlier, nor could he be deterred from his work by the natural weakness of his eyes, or by continual headaches.

Dr. Johnson is disposed to sneer at Milton's boyish proficiency in Latin; but whoever reads the "Exercises" carefully, must admit they contain marks of real genius. How good Dean Colet would have rejoiced over so apt scholar! He was admitted a pensioner at Christ College, Cambridge, in February, 1624—5, being then in his seventeenth year. Here his Latin elegies were justly applauded; yet he seems to have angered some of his instructors. It is believed he was condemned to rustication, and it is affirmed by some writers that he was actually whipped. Whipping at college was not then uncommon for students, as a punishment, up to their twentieth year. The statutes of 1556 allow it. Till recently, most of Milton's biographers were believers in the flagellation, but Sir Egerton Brydges considers it a mere fable, and I am assured that the college books preserve no record on the subject.

Milton's parents and his own resolves had once dedicated him to the Church, but in his twenty-third year he finally gave up that intention. Nor could he view the law with more favour; not caring to have any fellowship "with chancellors and suffragans, delegates and officials, with all the hell-pestering rabble of sumners and apparitors," having determined "to lay up as the best treasure and solace of a good old age, if God vouchsafe it, the honest liberty of free speech from my youth." His powerful mind could brook no trammels; he "was for comprehending all sciences, but professing none." With the degree of M.A., in 1632, he retired to the paternal mansion in Buckinghamshire, where he spent five years, during which many of his early poems were composed. In 1638 he visited the Continent, including some of the most famous cities of Italy, and formed an acquaintance with Galileo. Soon, however, learning the civil distractions at home, he resolved to return, not thinking it became him as an honest man to remain neutral. Passing through Canterbury, he is said to have written in a Bible which he carried about with him these lines:—"This will be a year of very dreadful commotion, and I weene there will ensue murderous times of conflicting fight." How prophetic! He now hired a lodging in St. Bride's Churchyard, Fleet Street (I believe no vestige of the place remains), where he undertook the education of his nephews, John and Edward Phillips, "the first ten, and the other nine years old, and in a year's time made them able to interpret a Latin author at sight." In the "Tractate on Education," he insists that boys should be taught the classics at four years of age—a mistake, surely, into which he fell because he judged from his own exceptional abilities. As regards ordinary lads, such an early development of the mind can only be mischievous. His school increasing, he took a handsome garden-house in Aldersgate Street, situate at the end of an entry, that he might avoid the noise of the road. Most of the poet's houses were situate in gardens, which in this part of the town were then common, especially in Jewin Street, Redcross Street, and Cripplegate parish generally. The City then solaced itself in such pleasant green outskirts, where trees, birds, and flowers still preserved some semblance of the country. I passed through Aldersgate Street the other day, and thought of the poet's Arcadia, but was not Quixotic enough to search for it. In his new abode, he settled down to instruct the sons of his intimate friends. According to Aubrey, "As he was severe on one hand, so he was most familiar and free in his conversation to those he must serve in his way of education." The younger Phillips relates his method and the books he employed. They included all the Greek and Latin classics, as well as the cultivation of the chief Oriental languages, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, besides the modern tongues, Italian and French, with a knowledge of mathematics and astronomy. On Sunday the pupils were exercised in reading a chapter of the Greek Testament, with his learned exposition, writing from dictation, and part of a system of divinity. Yet he sometimes relaxed from rigid study and spare diet, of which he set an eminent example, and permitted "the regale of a gaudy day" "with certain friends of his, the beaux of those times, but nothing near so bad as those now-a-days." He also allowed his pupils the occasional solace of music, playing to them on a chamber organ with infinite sweetness. His system does not seem to have been successful—at least, he turned out no remarkable scholars. His plan of instruction was too high-toned for ordinary mortals, and it must ever be subject for regret that he was sadly addicted to manual punishments; the golden ferule of love is far more effective than that wielded by Dr. Birch.

In 1641 Milton began to plunge deeply into the turbid waters of theological and political controversy, and a bitter partizan he was, even when personal acrimony was the rule. Thus his prose writings are often quite in contrast to the holy calm of his poetry. Yet of beauty and majesty of diction, grandeur of thought, and power of expression, abundant instances might be cited from all his treatises; and above all, from his discourse "On the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." He used to say that his prose works were written with his left hand.

In 1643, being then thirty-five years old, Milton married his first wife, Mary Powell. It was not a happy union. In a few weeks he allowed her to return to her friends on a visit, but she did not mean to return. Aubrey tells us, "That she was brought up and bred where there was a great deal of company and merriment, as dancing, &c.; and when she came to live with her husband, she found it solitary; no company came near her, and she often heard her nephews cry and be beaten." When the poet summoned his wife to return she positively refused, whereupon (1644) he wrote his famous treatise, "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce." Few readers now consult it, and it would have been forgotten long since, but for his other works. The school increasing, he quickly needed a larger house. It was in the same neighbourhood, surrounded by its own grounds, and uniting all the advantages of town and country. During some City troubles, having some dread that his house might be sacked by the rioters, he penned the following sonnet:—

Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
   Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
   If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
   That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
   And he can spread thy name o'er land and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower;
   The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
   Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
   To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

To increase their ground-rents, poor practitioners with brick and mortar have done since what the illustrious bard, addressing the eager spirits of his age, so earnestly deprecated. About this period Milton, visiting a friend in

St. Martin's-le-Grand, found his wife awaiting him in penitence and sorrow. Mr. Powell, her father, had become obnoxious to the reforming party. The poet willingly received back his repudiated partner, and this scene was the original of the exquisite description of the reconcilement of Adam and Eve after the Fall.

In 1647, Milton removed to a smaller house in Holborn, which communicated at the back with Lincoln's Inn Fields, then quite a rural neighbourhood. Phillips thinks there was then a design to make him an adjutant-general in Sir William Waller's army; not very probable, if we remember that he was an Independent, and Waller was a Presbyterian. After the king's murder, Milton published a defence of king-killing in general. Whether his zeal recommended him to Cromwell, we know not, but in the next year he was appointed "Secretary for the forreigne tongues," and became pamphleteer in ordinary. He now obtained lodgings in Whitehall, and had a warrant to furnish them with some of the royal hangings. In a short time, languishing, it would seem, for open air, he removed to "a pretty garden house in Petty France, Westminster." About this period, his sight began to fail; and he wrote an elaborate account of his symptoms, in which he bravely says, "I do not think man can derive light from his eyes alone; he should think himself best enlightened by the providence of God. Shall I not cheerfully bid my eyes keep holiday, since such appears to be His pleasure?" His income was now about £200 per annum.

In 1653 his first wife died in childbed. He married again in 1656, and this second partner, to whom he was warmly attached, also died in childbed, within a year of their union. His salary, which had risen to £280, was in 1655 reduced to £150, which was ordered to be paid to him during his life; of course this income ceased with the

Protectorate. We thus see how small were the rewards given during the Commonwealth to scholars. At the Restoration, Milton being in some personal danger, withdrew to a friend's house in Bartholomew-close, thus again coming within the City precincts. In this retreat, in order to favour his concealment, a mock funeral was made for him—a subterfuge at which Charles II. was much amused, laughing at the policy of avoiding death by a seasonable show of dying. Some of his books, however, were ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. This was done August 27, 1660. In December he was in the custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms, but on the 15th, the House of Commons resolved "that Mr. Milton be forthwith released on paying his fees." We now find him settled in Holborn, near Red Lion Fields, but he quickly removed to Jewin Street, Cripplegate, and there wedded his third wife, "the year before the sickness," 1664. Here Ellwood, the Quaker, found him, and became his fast friend, being exceeding helpful to him; for while the plague was raging, he took a residence for him at Chalfont St. Giles. For a time he dwelt with Millington, the renowned book-auctioneer, and then rented a tenement in Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields.

At Chalfont, Ellwood first saw the MS. of "Paradise Lost," which must have been completed in 1665. No doubt the mighty theme had dwelt on Milton's mind for years, but the wonderful work was only achieved after the ruin of all his worldly prospects, when he was surrounded by every privation incident to age, poverty, and blindness. "Choosing late, and pondering long"—this was the noble "something" which "posterity should not willingly let die." It was in the Bunhill Row dwelling, the plague having subsided, that the poem was composed, his daughters or any friendly stranger writing to his dictation. The great epic licensed, though not without difficulty, the copyright was sold to Simmons for £5, other sums, making in the whole £20, being promised, should the demand justify two more editions.

Milton died in 1674. He had long suffered from the gout, and in July, feeling that his end drew near, he wished his brother to make his will. He expired on the 8th of November, so easily, that persons in the room were not aware of his death. His remains were followed to the grave by "all his learned and great friends in London, and not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar." He was interred next his father, in the chancel of St. Giles, Cripplegate. There is a scandalous story that, in 1795, the grave was opened, the body exposed, and most irreverently treated. We trust other and meaner remains were dealt with. Such curiosity is wholly unpardonable. Mr. Whitbread set up a bust, by Bacon, to his memory, with an appropriate inscription.

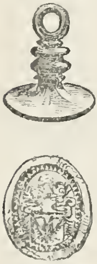
In youth, Milton was called the lady of his college. He had a fine skin, and fresh complexion; his hair a fine light brown; his eyes grey, and, when he was quite blind, they exhibited no signs of disease. Aubrey says, "His harmonicall and ingeniose soul did lodge in a beautiful and well-proportioned body." Dr. Wright "found John Milton in a small chamber, hung with rusty green, sitting in an elbow-chair, dressed neatly in black, pale, but not cadaverous, his hands and fingers goutty and with chalkstones." "He used to sit in a grey, coarse, cloth coat, at the door of his house near Bunhill Fields, in warm, sunny weather, to enjoy the fresh air; and so, as well as in his room, received the visits of people of distinguished parts as well as quality. Of wine or strong drink he drank little. He was not delicate in his food. While able he was fond of exercise, and used to amuse himself in botanical pursuits; but when blind and old, he had a machine to swing in, to preserve health. In summer he remained in bed from nine till four, in winter till five. If he could not then rise, he had a person by his bed to read to him. He first studied the Hebrew Bible, dined at twelve, then played on the organ or bass viol, and then either sang himself, or made his wife sing. This was followed by study till six; then he entertained visitors till eight, took a light supper, and after a pipe and a draught of water, retired to bed." "He was delightful company, the life of conversation." He speaks of his own "haughtiness and self-esteem, but seasoned with becoming modesty."

The nuncupative will of the poet was declared to be inadmissible by Sir Leoline Jenkins.

> The portion due to me from Mr. Powell I leave to the unkind children I had by Mary Powell. They shall have none other benefit of my estate, they having been very undutiful; all the residue I leave to the disposal of Elizabeth, my loving wife.

Such were his testamentary last words. The widow promised, if she got more than £1,000, she would give the surplus to his children. Shortly before his death Milton, being at dinner with his wife, said to her, "Make much of me while I live, for thou knowest that I have given thee all when I die." He also said to her, "God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform thy promise, in providing me such dishes as I think fit while I live, and when I die, thou knowest I have left thee all." Milton's great mind was probably giving way when these expressions were used, and it is impossible to admire the mode in which his property was to have been disposed of. Ultimately, the three daughters received £100 each from their stepmother, for the receipts signed by them were disposed of in 1828, at the sale of Boswell's library.

Milton was not happy in his domestic relations. A biographer, speaking of Mary Powell's death, says, "Presently afterwards he married again." His life, doubtless, was an example of purity and holiness, but he was not amiable as a husband or father. With tastes and feelings sublimed above the reach of ordinary humanity, and with perceptive powers continually occupied "beyond this visible diurnal sphere," the customs and necessities of daily life could have no charms for him. He must have dwelt apart. Where, in his domestic circle, could the great poet and patriot seek for companionship? His communings were with the lofty spirits of antiquity—saints, heroes, lawgivers. In the days of his blindness, his Bunhill Fields house was tenanted for him by Homer and the Greek dramatists, by the Hebrew prophets, and the Apostles of the Lord; how, then, could he relish the mere commonplaces of man's existence? Such surpassing intellects are quite exceptional, and when we speak of City worthies — merchants, Mayors, and millionaires—we may duly estimate their character, but we find no companion for citizen John Milton.


MILTON'S SIGNET.

Recently Milton's bust has been placed on a handsome marble pediment, in one of the side aisles of Cripplegate Church—a mistake, surely, to remove it from the locality of his grave. But does he not merit a national monument equally with Shakspeare? Why should England and the world's Milton be neglected? We read Shakspeare's history chiefly in his marvellous works; but apart from his poems, the incidents of Milton's life prove him to have been a patriot as well as a poet.

THE STANLEYS.

Truth is often stranger than fiction, and what we count absurd and novel may frequently be met with in the chronicles of real life. The monotony of mere every-day occurrences is constantly varied by eccentric facts, as all observant men must long since have discovered for themselves. Diaries, however, are seldom kept, and though we stare with astonishment at the oddities that cross our path, we soon settle down again into the half-sleep of ordinary existence. Still it is not a waste of time occasionally to recur to the red-letter epochs of our journey, and read a page or two from the memorabilia of the past.

In Tottenham Court Road, close to Tavistock Street, in a first floor over a cheesemonger's shop, there lived, about the year 1808, three maiden ladies of the name of Stanley. They were greatly respected by their neighbours, though familiarly known to none of them. The eldest was scarcely forty; their manners and appearance impressed all who saw them with a feeling of regard. The youngest, though rather pretty, was exceedingly shy and retiring, and neither of her sisters would ever utter two words when one would do. They were tall, and their gait indicated persons accustomed to good society. They constantly wore black silk dresses, with a slight margin of crape. Keeping no servant, they performed all their own domestic work, yet at the earliest hour, if they answered the door (the entrance was cleaned by a charwoman), there was no untidiness in their costume, which seemed never to be changed, for it was black silk in winter, black silk in summer, and all the year round. They walked out daily, but only two at a time; nor did they all go to church, where they were frequent attendants, at the same service. They appeared to be charitable, for they had several poor pensioners, who came each afternoon for a dole of broken food; and they had a competence, for no tradesman ever applied to them for payment twice. They had no gentlemen visitors; nor any indeed, except two very aged ladies, their aunts, it was believed, who came monthly in a carriage to their lodging. Every six months they went in a hack coach to the Bank; and it was noticed that after their periodical visits their everlasting silk gowns looked fresher, though their fashion did not alter in the least. Each of them gave Jack, the street-sweeper at the corner, a penny each Sunday; and whenever they met the cheesemonger's children at the door, they distributed a few halfpence among them. An unusual noise, even in the broad day, alarmed them terribly; and when the road was watered in dusty weather, the noise of the fluid in falling was evidently a source of great distress. Once, I remember, when there was a chimney on fire at a neighbour's, they rushed into the street, exclaiming, "Oh, save us!" and could hardly be persuaded to return to their room while the slightest smoke could be detected.

What was the cause of this strangeness in their behaviour? And why did ladies, in ordinary so quiet in their demeanour, thus expose themselves to ridicule? It was a long while before I could get any satisfaction on these points; but, at length, having attained the mature age of thirteen years, I was let into the secret, though of course in strict confidence; yet I soon found, when speaking to equally confidential persons, that every resident, rising from my age, within half-a-mile, knew the whole history. Allow me to narrate it. The parents of the Stanleys were people moving in a superior walk of life; and when they died, left them unmarried, and without any relatives save two elderly aunts. They had property worth over £900 per annum, and were able to retain the family house in Great Russell Street. A portion of their means was in the funds; but they converted some valuables they no longer required into cash, and, unfortunately, kept it in the house—a practice not uncommon at that period, when even Government securities were thought far from indisputable. During the mutiny at the Nore, Consols went down to 53 (I have seen a stock receipt at that price), and the rage for selling out was general. On a winter night, they had entertained a party of friends, and had retired to bed long enough to be sound asleep, when they were alarmed by a cry of "Fire!" and awoke to find the house in flames from the basement to the roof. Without being able to save anything, they, with extreme difficulty, escaped in their night-dresses, and must certainly have perished but for the aid of the parish fire-ladders. They were wholly uninsured. There were but few offices then, and the public had comparatively little confidence in them.

They had a long lease of the house in which they had lived, and were compelled to re-build it, so that on finally arranging their accounts, they found their income reduced to under £600 per annum. They then took a small tenement in Charlton Street, Somers Town, only a portion of which was then built; and, trying to forget their former easy circumstances, strove to settle down to the contentment which they might still possess. They insured their new furniture in the Hand-in-Hand Office (little thinking they were only on the threshold of their trials), for scarcely a third of its value. In less than two years after the change of residence, the merchant to whom the larger portion of their remaining means had been lent at interest, failed, and his estate did not pay a shilling in the pound; so that they were compelled to dispose of their property in the Russell Street house, and found themselves with a yearly income of something less than £300. Submitting without a murmur to this unlooked-for calamity, they once more endeavoured to suit their expenditure to their means, when they were again startled from sleep by the fearful cry of "Fire!" This time it was in the next dwelling, but the destructive element had gained full possession of its prey, and, long before a single engine arrived, their house, too, was involved in the flames. They could save nothing, though able to escape with less hazard than on the former occasion. With yet further diminished resources, they then settled in a tenement of four rooms, among some new buildings called Clarendon Square, also in Somers Town; and their character began to undergo a marked change. Up to this period they occasionally evinced the joyous feelings proper to their age; now, however, their countenances wore continually an anxious or melancholy expression, and they seemed to shrink yet more and more upon themselves, as if they felt that they must look for nothing but sorrow in times to come. They insured again, though they had little to insure now, and everything around them took the humble tone of their circumstances. They had fewer visitors in Charlton Street than in Russell Street, and fewer still in Clarendon Square; yet the aunts I have already mentioned were faithful to their impoverished nieces, and were eloquent on the duty of resignation, which they enforced by their example; for, though gentlewomen, and accustomed to live as such, their income was barely sufficient for the narrowest comfort.

Eighteen months were hardly passed after the second conflagration, when at 3 o'clock on a February morning, the ground being covered with snow, and the frost very severe, so that the difficulty of procuring water was extreme, a cabinet maker's workshop which abutted upon the premises burst into flames, and quickly involved their small cottage. Two of the sisters were in a deep sleep, having gone late to bed, so that the third could hardly rouse them; and, on escaping, they found that not a single article of their furniture had been saved. Their actual loss was, perhaps, under £50, but this last calamity completely wrecked the nervous system of these poor ladies, and for the rest of their lives they became the victims of a morbid terror, which never left them for a moment, day or night. In their waking hours the cold shadow of fear darkened their faces, and in their short, unrefreshing slumbers, phantoms of danger and suffering were ever before them. Removing for the last time, they took the lodgings at the cheesemonger's, in Tottenham Court Road, and came to a resolution, which they never broke, that one of them should constantly keep watch. They lived many years after this, but each night in turn one of the sisters sat up to awaken the others should danger approach; and at length this became so much a settled matter, that the night of watching for each seemed to have grown an inevitable necessity.

When they had resided in Tottenham Court Road some years, the Stanleys asked me to take tea with them, for they fancied I paid them unusual respect, and they thought me a comely lad. If they were right, I am sadly altered since. They took tea at 5 o'clock. I was punctual; and on entering gazed round the neat though plain sitting-room as on an absolute *terra incognita*. An old Turkey carpet covered the floor; the sofa was cased in patchwork, the table shone as brightly as bees'-wax and elbow-grease could make it, and the walls were decorated with a set of Hogarth's more decent prints. It was a cold October evening, and there was a comfortable fire; but the grate was completely enclosed by a strong iron guard, and there was a large free space between the fender and the tea-table. I found the ladies waiting—all was ready, and the cake and buns had a welcome look about them. The candles were not lit; and at that instant the lamp-lighter placed his ladder against an oil burner near the window. The flash of his lantern illuminated the apartment, and with a low cry of irrepressible alarm they all started from their chairs; but presently, seeming to recollect themselves, they resumed their seats, making some incoherent excuse. They tried to be cheerful, and wished to amuse me, showing me a book of prints, and inviting me to a game of dominoes; but they were evidently far from tranquil, and, because they strove to restrain their feelings, their perturbation was more apparent. I quickly left them, carrying off the last bun, and felt infinite pleasure at home in describing all the wonders I had seen. On another occasion they called on my mother; she invited them to drink tea with her, and so they did; but at short intervals one of them would start up, and say she would just step home, and see if all was safe. Poor things! there could be no renewing of hope or peace for them—no fresh ties could be formed to bind them to life, and the old ones were all broken. Their attached aunts were dead, and, except a kind neighbour, there was not a single visitor. Signs of bodily infirmity grew evident—the eldest, when she ventured abroad, always carried a stick, and she paused every few minutes to rest; whilst the younger sisters strove to assume an air of activity, which it was too apparent they could not sustain. They died within a few months of each other, and who can doubt that they found the rest in a better world which it was not permitted them to taste here?

Let it not be imagined that these and similar papers are mere *nouvellettes*—I could fill a volume with memoirs of such human oddities. Of course they are seldom met with on the surface of society. Such eccentrics invariably shun observation, and there is nothing sensational in their history. The strange traits of character they exhibit are not always obvious, and can only be understood by the quiet student who takes his lessons in the lanes and byeways of human life.

THE SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

Any notice of this singular access of commercial frenzy—a compound of fraud and delusion—would be incomplete without some notice of the Mississippi Company, which had just previously convulsed all France. John Law was born in Edinburgh, 1681, and was the son of a goldsmith. From boyhood his mind had been occupied with speculations as to public credit, and the various operations of trade. While a mere youth certain moral errors led him into pecuniary difficulties, and he broached a scheme for the circulation of notes, on the security of land, but could find no converts in Scotland. His failure induced him to visit Paris, where monetary difficulties were then exigent. Law, obtaining the ear of a few notable Frenchmen, revived his Scotch plan for the benefit of the Gallic people. It was not generally countenanced; still he did not despair of success, but obtaining a licence to establish a bank, it soon grew so popular, that while Government notes were at a tremendous discount, Law's were at a premium of 15 per cent. The Regent Orleans abolished the new establishment in 1718, but founded a Royal bank, appointing Law the manager. This led to the daring speculation known as the Mississippi Scheme. Law proposed to merge the privileges and revenues of all the trading companies, the farms, the Mint, and the whole of the national income, into one company, with power to multiply the notes to any extent. The Regent sanctioned this wild dream of finance; the bank was chartered as "The Company of the West." The province of Louisiana was granted to them; 200,000 shares were sold at 500 livres each, and State paper, then at 70 per cent. discount, was taken in payment at the full nominal value. Law promised a dividend of 120 per cent. The shares were soon disposed of, and the association were national creditors for 100,000,000 of livres.

The plan grew into great favour; 50,000 new shares were created, at 550 livres each, which instantly rose to 1,000. The street where Law lived became impassable; people of all ranks anxiously seeking an interest in the scheme filled it from morning till night. 300,000 applicants contended for the 50,000 shares. This mania led to the issuing of 300,000 fresh shares at 5,000 livres each, and the Regent fancied he could pay off the National Debt. Law was literally worshipped. A rumour of his illness damaged the stock upwards of 200 per cent., but a favourable bulletin of health improved it to a much greater extent. In September, 1719, shares sold for 10,000 livres each. Law lived in the utmost luxury, and was tolerated in the most flagrant immoralities; though, indeed, the Court itself had abandoned all pretensions to decency. All ranks plunged into the wildest excesses, in the belief that Law could furnish them with inexhaustible funds. The projector now established himself in the Hotel de Soissons. "In the garden 500 pavilions were set up; and their gay colours, the eager crowds, the music, and the strange mixture of business and pleasure, gave the place an air of enchantment." The price of the shares perpetually varied; a servant ordered to sell 250, found the value so much increased that he made £20,000 sterling by the change. Law's coachman realized a fortune, and at his master's request, bringing two candidates for the place, declared whichever was refused he would engage for himself. "Money lightly gained was lightly spent." "Palaces rose on all sides; fortunes were lavished on furniture and jewellery, and banquets were given daily which rivalled the splendour spoken of in fairy tales." Notes became an absolute passion. If any person inquired, "Have you any gold?" the constant answer was, "Nothing to do with it." Of course, crime augmented with wealth; or rather, the dream of wealth led to the indulgence of the grossest vices.

Law became Marquis of Rossery, and the proprietor of fourteen landed estates. The people of Edinburgh sent him the freedom of their city in a gold box. Changing his religion and affecting to be a devout Catholic, he was appointed Controller-General of the Finances. He disbursed vast sums, paying in a single week 580,000 livres for land, and 1,700,000 for the Marquisate of Rossery.

Either by a concerted plan, or by accident, two richly-laden ships arrived in France during these proceedings, and seemed to give a material sanction to the enthusiasm of the public. Yet the bubble was on the point of collapsing. The bank was most flourishing in November, 1719, when six shares were bought at 10,000 livres, and the managers granted loans at 2 per cent. The first shock was a large demand for specie, notes began to be pertinaciously presented, and the very limited sum of bullion in the bank was quickly exhausted. The money thus realized was immediately sent out of the country. Law, in alarm, procured an ordinance, prohibiting the use of gold or silver in the way of exchange. This only increased the growing distrust, and in 1720, the payment of notes was suspended. Ten-livre notes, however, might be cashed; vast crowds collected at the office, and a number of persons were crushed to death. In September a mark of gold was worth

1,800 livres in notes, though ten months previous they bore the nominal price of 160,000 livres. No security was recognized by Government but Mississippi stock. Various conflicting decrees as to the value of the notes threw the whole population into an agony of terror; Law shared the alarm, and resigned his office of Controller-General. He was allowed a company of Swiss guards, to prevent his being summarily punished by the infuriated Parisians. The bank stopped; there were 90,000,000 of notes in circulation; national insolvency followed; a loaf of bread was more precious than any amount of paper. The company were deprived of their privileges, Law left France to avoid the popular rage, taking with him about £5,000 in jewels. Law lived in England during the commercial mania now to be described, and though not openly concerned in it, it is highly probable that it was in some degree owing to his agency. He died very poor in 1729.

Many substances that kindle slowly ultimately burn fiercely: and thus our non-excitable countrymen, though in this instance warned by the example of their volatile neighbours, fell, in the year 1720, into the wildest and most insane speculations. "It was a period," says a writer of the day, "of wild excitement and wilder despair," and "were it not, in its consequences, so full of the materials that make tragedy, the South Sea Bubble might have formed a telling farce, satirizing more broadly than comedy would have thought dignified, or the common sense of probability tolerated, the eternal passion for wealth." Smollett informs us:—

> The King, having recommended to the Commons the consideration of proper means for lessening the National Debt, was a prelude to the famous South Sea Act. The scheme was projected by Sir John Blunt, who had been bred a scrivener, and was possessed of all the cunning, plausibility, and boldness requisite for such an undertaking. He communicated his plan to Mr. Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a Secretary of State. He answered every objection, and the project was adopted.

The plan bore that the public debt might be liquidated by reducing the various funds into one. January 22nd, 1720, a committee met on the subject. The South Sea Company offered to melt every kind of stock into a single security. The debt amounted to £30,981,712, at 5 per cent. for seven years, and afterwards at 4 per cent., for which they would pay £3,500,000. The Government approved of the scheme: the Bank of England opposed it, and offered £5,000,000 for the privilege. The South Sea shareholders were not to be outdone, and ultimately increased their terms to £7,500,000. In the end, they remained the sole bidders, though some idea prevailed of sharing the advantage between the two companies,. until Sir John Blunt exclaimed, "No, sirs, we'll never divide the child!" The preference thus given excited a positive frenzy in town and country. On the 2nd of June their stock rose to 890; it quickly reached 1,000, and several of the principal managers were dubbed baronets for their "great services." Mysterious rumours of vast treasures to be acquired in the South Seas got abroad, and 50 per cent. was boldly promised. All classes crowded Change Alley, as is graphically shown in a modern painting, where peers, noble ladies, clergymen, and traders are seen jostled together, quite oblivious of decency and character, in the maniacal hope of gain. The King made himself a purse, and his German mistresses realized large fortunes, which they secured in Hanover. A journalist of the time writes, August 5:—

> Our South Sea equipages increase daily; the City ladies buy South Sea jewels, hire South Sea maids, take new country South Sea houses; the gentlemen set up South Sea coaches, and buy South Sea estates: they neither examine the situation, the nature or quality of the soil, or price of the purchase, only the annual rent and title; for the rest, they take all by the lump, and pay forty or fifty years' purchase!

18th of April, the Duchess of Ormond wrote to Swift:—

The King adopts the South Sea, and calls it his beloved child; though perhaps you may say, If he loves it no better than his son, it may not be saying much; but he loves it as much as he does the Duchess of Kendal, and that is saying a good deal. I wish it may thrive, for some of my friends are deep in it. I wish you were so too.

Prior declared:—

I am lost in the South Sea. The roaring of the waves, and the madness of the people are justly put together. It is all wilder than St. Anthony's Dream, and the bagatelle is more solid than anything that has been endeavoured here this year.

Smollett, who watched its progress carefully, assures us it promised no rational benefit, and was supported only by the folly and avarice of needy adventurers.

During the infatuation, says he, luxury, vice and profligacy increased to a shocking degree; the adventurers, intoxicated by their imaginary wealth, pampered themselves with the rarest dainties and the most costly wines; they purchased the most sumptuous furniture, equipage, and apparel, though with no taste or discernment. Their criminal passions were indulged to a scandalous excess, and their discourse evinced the most disgusting pride, insolence, and ostentation. They affected to scoff at religion and morality, and even to set Heaven at defiance.

The poets stood aside and laughed. Take a specimen:—

In London stands a famous pile,
And near that pile an Alley,
Where merry crowds for riches toil,
And wisdom stoops to folly.

Here stars, and garters, too, appear—
Among our lords, the rabble;
To buy and sell, to see and hear,
The Jews and Gentiles squabble.

Our greatest ladies hither come
And ply in chariots daily;
Or pawn their jewels for a sum
To venture in the Alley.

Longheads may thrive by sober rules,
Because they think and drink not;
But headlongs are our thriving fools,
Who only drink and think not.

What need have we of Indian wealth,
  Or commerce with our neighbours?
Our constitution is the health,
  And riches crown our labours.

Of course other fantastical plans were put forth: one was for the discovery of the perpetual motion; another invited a subscription of £2,500,000 to "a promising design hereafter to be promulgated;" a third was a project for carrying on a certain beneficial undertaking, but nobody was to know what it was; every subscriber who contributed £2 per share was gravely promised £100 per annum. The office for this company was besieged with applicants. £2,000 was paid to the projector in one day; need we add, he was never seen in London again? The poorest people were allured by shares in companies, on which one shilling or even sixpence per cent. only was paid, so that the veriest beggar might indulge in gambling. One company was content with a single shilling of deposit on each £1,000. Smollett avers

> That all party distinctions, religion, sex, character, and position were swallowed in this yawning abyss, or in some similar pecuniary money-trap. Gambling was the sole profession; every man's attention was engrossed by the same chimerical schemes, which were denominated "bubbles."

Many plans were derisively published: one "for making butter from beech trees;" a second "for an engine to remove the South Sea House to Moorfields to the madhouse;" a third "for teaching wise men to cast nativities." The companies' clerks made rapid fortunes: they took to wearing lace dresses; and when rebuked for the extravagance, replied, "That if they did not put gold upon their clothes, they could not make away with half their earnings."

Straws are thrown up to show the way of the wind; a few doggerel lines will evince the public feeling of the epoch:—

A wise man laughed to see an ass
Eat thistles, and neglect good grass;
But had the sage beheld the folly
Of late transacted in Change Alley,
He might have seen worse asses there
Give solid gold for empty air.

As fishes on each other prey,
The great ones swallowing up the small,
So fares it in the Southern Sea,
But whale directors eat up all.

Oh, would these patriots be so kind,
Here in the deep, to wash their hands;
Then like Pactolus we should find
The sea, indeed, had golden sands.

The nation, too, too late will find,
Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors' promises but wind,
South Sea, at best, a mighty bubble.

The Prince of Wales became Governor of the Carnarvon Copper Company, by which he netted £60,000, and then withdrew his name. The Duke of Buckingham headed an association for erecting houses in London and Westminster; and the Duke of Chandos was chairman of the York Building Company. Then there were the "Globe permits," squares of playing-card, bearing a seal of the Globe Tavern, and inscribed, "Sail-cloth permits." They gave permission to subscribe to some future sail-cloth company, and readily fetched 60 guineas each. The uproar was so great in Change Alley, that the same shares would sell at £10 more at one end than at the other at the same moment.

The *London Journal*, June 11th, apprises us that

> The hurry of stock-jobbing bubbles has been so great this week as to exceed all ever known. Nothing but running about from coffee-house to coffee-house, and subscribing without knowing what the proposals were. The constant cry was, "For God's sake, let us subscribe to something; we don't care what it is." Many have taken them at their words, and made them adventurers in the grossest cheats.

A famous bubble was "Pickle's Machine Company, for discharging round and square cannon balls and bullets, which would utterly change the art of war." A pack of playing-cards had a caricature bubble on each, and the above was thus satirized:—

A rare invention to destroy the crowd
Of fools at home instead of fools abroad.
Fear not, my friends, this terrible machine,
They're only wounded who have shares therein.

The Nine of Hearts caricatured the Copper and Brass Company thus:—

The headlong fool that wants to be a swopper
Of gold and silver coin for English copper,
May, in Change Alley, prove himself an ass,
And give rich metal for adulterate brass.

The total of the sum that was to be expended in these speculations was £300,000,000—an amount at that time above the value of the whole soil of England at twenty years' purchase.

The corporation of the Bank remained quiet during these financial vagaries, and were fully compensated for their inaction by the immunity they enjoyed while the metropolis was in a state of bankruptcy. Two important companies were originated during the confusion—the Royal Exchange and London Assurance. The civil list was deplorably in arrears, and on paying a bonus of £600,000, they received Government charters. In this mode a great spur was given to the principle of "life assurance," a benefit which, if it arose in any degree from the pecuniary embarrassment of the period, would go far to compensate for the evil.

The stock of these companies went up to 150 and 175 per cent., East India stock to 445, and Bank stock to 250. A panic approached, the more fearful because, weary of the reckless spirit of speculation which had so long prevailed, the South Sea directors were induced to take legal proceedings against some of the rival bubbles. Terrible reaction followed; the alarm became universal and overwhelming; most of the bubbles collapsed. Buyers ceased at any price; offices were closed, managers fled, and Change Alley was literally deserted. When the law proceedings commenced, South Sea stock was at 850 per cent. This was in October, and by the 29th of the next month it had gone down to 175.

The directors, in their terror, promised a dividend of 60 per cent. at Christmas, and offered to guarantee 50 per cent. for twelve years. It was too late; the public faith was exhausted; the evil took larger proportions every moment. Thousands of wealthy families became beggars; many died of disappointment or despair; others expatriated themselves to escape from disgrace. The South Sea Company stank in the public nostrils, and the directors were afraid to appear in the streets. One disastrous day was called the "day of judgment." In the *London Journal and Weekly Packet*, it was asserted that "those who were most assiduous in drawing poor wretches to ruin have, besides their wealth, acquired an infamy they can never wipe off." "They have been used to such dishonest ways, they can hardly take up with any good cause; it is feared many of them will go out marauding, and rob on the highways." Several important companies failed. Sir Robert Walpole prevailed on the Bank directors to aid the community in their distress. It hardly seems like assistance when we learn that they agreed to circulate 3,500,000 South Sea bonds at 400 per cent. The agreement, fortunately for the Bank, was not legally ratified; a persistent run on their funds ensued, and they were compelled to abandon the agreement.

The ignorant haughtiness of the "cyphering cits," who had occasioned such awful national calamities, was not even yet subdued, though deplorable reverses followed. One director had said he would feed his horse upon gold, and was himself reduced to bread and water. His name was Gregsley, and it was observed in the Committee of Inquiry, "That since he had bade his coachman feed his horses with gold, no doubt he could eat it himself; and he advised that as much gold should be given him as he could swallow, and the rest of two estates go to the relief of his dupes!"

In Parliament the offenders were unsparingly castigated. The bubbles collapsed, and all abused their authors. Lord Molesworth declared "the directors ought to be tied in a sack, and thrown into the Thames." Mr. Shippen said, "There were other men as guilty as the directors." Mr. Craggs, who was intended, rose and threatened to challenge any man, in or out of the House, who dared to question his innocence. Lord Molesworth rejoined, "He was past sixty, but there were plenty of young men who would not fear to look Mr. Craggs in the face." A riotous crowd assembled round the House of Commons, and a desperate victim shouted at the bar, "You pick our pockets, and then imprison us for complaining!" Several members of the Government were implicated. Mr. Aislabie was more infamous than the rest. He was thought to have appropriated £800,000. He was expelled from Parliament, sent to the Tower, restrained from quitting the country, and his property impounded for the benefit of the sufferers. Equally severe retribution fell on most of these wealthy tricksters. Gibbon, in his "Miscellanies," expresses an opinion that justice was not dealt to the directors, and that they were often punished more for their unpopularity than for any real offence. This is the kind of compassion afforded them by the satirists:—

Behold a poor dejected wretch,
  Who kept a South Sea coach of late,
But now is glad to humbly catch
  A penny at the prison-gate.

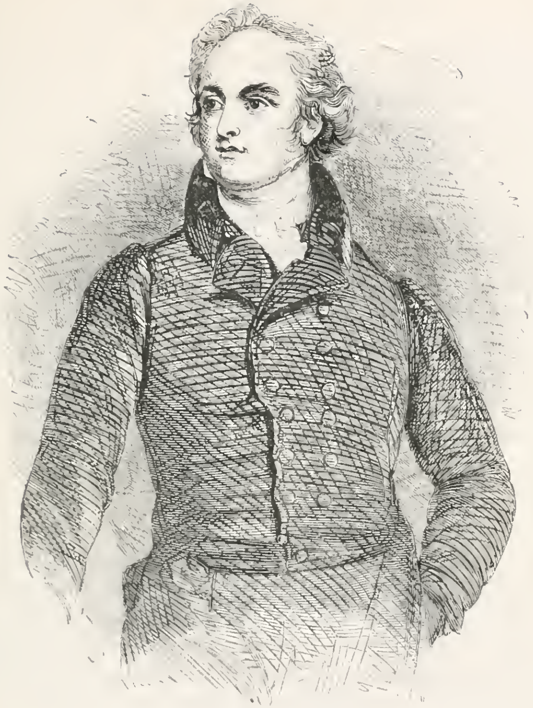
Fools lost when the directors won,
  But now the poor directors lose;
And where the South Sea stock will run,
  Old Nick, the first projector, knows.

A plan was devised to relieve the shareholders from the penalties of the company. Of the capital stock a sum to pay the claimants £33 6s. 8d. was appropriated—a great boon. A debt due to the company of £11,000,000 was remitted to the public on their finding 10 per cent. Some debtors, however, were unable to discharge any part of the obligation. What strange compacts were entered into may be exemplified by an instance sufficiently disgraceful to the high aristocracy of that age:—

> I promise to pay to the Duke of Rutland £10,000 upon his transferring to me or my order £1,000 capital South Sea Stock on or before the shutting of the company's books for the next Christmas dividends.

Such is a succinct account of a very remarkable series of events in the monetary annals of Great Britain, and it is humiliating to find that all classes were alike deceived and disgraced. The basest passions of our erring nature were excited to baneful activity; the shameful eagerness for gold superseded every conscientious feeling; honour and integrity became mere names. No man could trust his neighbour. The Court and the Exchange, the haunts of fashion and the retirements of the Church, were equally polluted by a desire for riches, however basely or immorally acquired. An idol of gold darkened the land with its baleful shadow, and few or none were found, like the Hebrew youths of old, to defy the sordid monster.

We have refrained from adverting to William Patterson and the Darien scheme, though from 1695 to 1699 they so deeply interested men's minds, amazing all Europe, and inflicting great misery on our Scottish brethren, because the story has been so admirably told by Lord Macaulay in the posthumous volume of his history, that it would be worse than idle to attempt a subject so brilliantly treated.



SIR ASTLEY COOPER.

THE GREAT LONDON SURGEON.

Medical men have a strong temptation to migrate west, and become denizens of Berkeley Square, Hyde Park Gardens, or, best of all, the courtly purlieus of Belgravia. It is so flattering to poor human vanity to come into contact with the great of the land, and to be admitted to confidence by peers and peeresses, that even a loss of income is often tolerated to obtain a right to date from an aristocratic residence. City folks, however, are such liberal patients that they are never likely to be without an abundant choice of superior counsellors, both in medicine and surgery. Finsbury Square and Moorgate are their favourite localities, and it is almost ludicrous to see so many of our healing sages crowded together in the same neighbourhood. Four eminent physicians—Waller, Gull, Oldham, and Jeaffreson—reside almost next door to each other; and should you need a surgeon, Coulson, Gay, and Macmurdo are within call. They are all remarkable men, and you can scarcely choose amiss amongst them. Yet none of them, nor, indeed, any physician or surgeon of the present day, occupies half so prominent a position as Sir Astley Paston Cooper did in his generation. He combined every requisite to achieve success in his own person; his theoretical skill and steadiness as an operator have never been excelled; his manners were dignified yet exceedingly courteous; nature had given him a noble exterior; his countenance indicated a mind of no common power; and his voice was so gentle to the sufferers he was summoned to aid, that they readily believed in his ability to cure them, previous to his taking a single step in their case. Whether he stood by the couch of a nobleman or a poor man's humble bed in an hospital ward, he was invariably firm, kind, and hopeful. As a lecturer he was never equalled; his pupils honoured and loved him. A mere stranger hearing a discourse of his on surgery would feel his curiosity roused and his attention fixed, though wholly ignorant of the science. If his conclusions were ever erroneous—for all men, however able, fall into errors—he was ready, with a moral courage beyond praise, to confess his mistakes, and explain their causes. Thus, in his published works, he repeatedly speaks of his own shortcomings and failures, though he was confessedly the most successful surgeon his country had produced. He was judiciously charitable, and on fitting occasions extremely munificent. Selecting a poor artist to make drawings from morbid specimens, he gave him a professional education, that he might do his work correctly, and, employed him during a long series of years, at a very liberal salary. I sent a young man to him who was suffering from lumbar abscess. He too was an artist, and, from ill-health, in great indigence. Sir Astley attended him for many months, and would never take a fee, but, on the contrary, cheered his dying patient by assuring him that, should he recover, he would himself employ him at a lucrative stipend.

There is a very fine engraving of this really great man, from a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence; and the statue in St. Paul's Cathedral, erected at the cost of his friends and pupils, gives an adequate idea of his intellectual features and unaffected personal dignity. Still, those who were happy enough to have known him in life, must feel how imperfect such memorials are. They are but the shell of the illustrious surgeon; the inspiring soul is wanting.

Cooper, while yet a very young man, commenced practice in St. Mary Axe, but his leisure was hardly at all interrupted by consultations. Who was A. P. Cooper? Patients had no faith in the new professor of the art of healing. What did it matter? He was true to himself, and devoting every moment to his beloved studies in comparative anatomy, he was content to bide his time. Talent and industry were sowing the seeds of future success, and the harvest, though deferred, was certain. A sick elephant dying opportunely at that period, he purchased the carcase, and carefully dissected the whole mass. Indeed, the examination was so protracted, that, the season being summer, putrescence set in, and the offensive smell annoyed the whole neighbourhood. He had a plentiful supply, too, of dead beasts from the adjacent markets, and his researches as to animal structure were unwearied; the early morning found him at his work, and at midnight he still lingered in the dissecting-room. Leaving St. Mary Axe, he had apartments in Lincoln's Inn Fields, close to the house of his friend Cline. Here his man Charles, who was already his factotum, had instructions, should he be from home, when wanted professionally, to follow him with a post-chaise; this being the more necessary, as he was then a frequent visitor at a friend's house near Hornsey. His practice increased very slowly, but he was beginning to be known by his medical brethren as a promising young surgeon of great skill and industry.

His reward was not doubtful. In a few years we find him established in Broad Street, attached to Guy's Hospital, having a large class of pupils, and a numerous morning *levée* of City patients. His house was a capacious corner tenement in Broad Street, on the right hand side of the wide paved court, leading by St. Botolph's Church into Bishopsgate Street. When patients applied they were ushered into a large front room, which would comfortably receive from forty to fifty persons. It was plainly furnished—the floor covered with a turkey carpet, a goodly muster of lumbering mahogany, horse-hair seated chairs, a long table in the centre, with a sprinkling of tattered books and stale periodicals, "Asperne's Magazine," and the "British Critic," and a dingy, damaged pier-glass over the chimney. I have often sat in that room, studying with deep interest the faces of Cooper's clients. Some in the prime of life, with jaundiced or blanched countenances—fidgetty, trying every unoccupied seat in the apartment, and finding none easy; others, old and feeble, resignedly waiting for their turn, pretending to read, but frequently holding the book before them upside down. Here a round, oily-looking City magnate, making observations through the dwarf Venetian blinds; hard by, a threadbare curate, thin and wrinkled, while a sprinkling of ladies, some simpering or over lively, while others, in their nervous excitement, kept consulting their watches every five minutes. Not unfrequently children were among the applicants for relief, and the strange fear or apprehension evinced by them, completed the interest of the surgeon's waiting-room. Frith would have made a fine picture of it. Every few minutes, at the ringing of a bell, Charles, his favourite and attached Man Friday, in all the importance of a suit of superfine black, bustled into the room and carried off some of its occupants. These were transferred to a smaller apartment on the same floor, and, finally, at a second peal of the bell, they were seated on stools in the passage, close to the entrance of the consulting-room. That sanctum was not above six feet square, the walls well lined with books, a round table near the window, furnished with a few surgical instruments, and a case-book. This was flanked by a well-stuffed, morocco-mounted chair, around which were grouped three or four seats (anything but easy) for the patients.

Sir Astley rose at six o'clock a.m., took a sponging bath, smoothed his chin (there were no beards in those days), assumed the faultlessly white shirt and cravat, a black dress-coat, vest, knee-breeches, and silk stockings, with shoes that would not have disgraced a ball-room. Dressing and breakfast occupied an hour, then two hours were given to books, or anatomical investigations, and exactly as the clock struck nine, he entered the consulting room. There he usually passed three hours—for he was due at Guy's by a quarter past twelve. Leaving the hospital by two, he paid visits till dinner, and early in the evening was again at the hospital to lecture. When the applicants in Broad Street were numerous, the first-floor rooms were devoted to their reception; and when, as was common, noon arrived before all the patients could be received, Charles, with infinite gravity, informed them that his master was suddenly summoned to an important case and could not see them that morning. Folks wondered how Sir Astley managed to escape so quietly—for had he gone out of the front door he would certainly have been waylaid. The fact was, he left by a back door, walked through the paved court alluded to above, and found his carriage waiting in Bishopsgate Street.

In general, a patient was seen and prescribed for in from six to eight minutes, but all the visitors were not dismissed so quickly. On one occasion, being then a very young man, I had called to make an appointment with him. This, of course, was soon arranged. But chancing to inquire about Sir John Leach, an eminent lawyer, on whom he had recently operated for stone, greatly to my amazement and delight he volunteered a narrative of the whole case, in which he became so much interested that he forgot the *impatient patients*, and gave me a full half hour of his inestimable time. This astonished Charles quite as much as it did me, and about once every five minutes he opened the door, looking in with inquisitive and admonitory glances; but all in vain; for not until the minutiæ of the operation were described, and the case completed, would he allow me to be dismissed.

This scene and some others in which Sir Astley filled the chief place, will soon fade from my memory with life itself; yet I still cherish such mementoes of him as remain in my hands with reverence. Among these are a few faded letters, never very plain, and now undecipherable, save to the keen vision of respect and gratitude. The kindness he showed me, unsolicited and unexpected as it was, will be among the last things I shall forget.

He always walked from Broad Street to the hospital of an evening. He was glad of this the only walking exercise he could afford, and thought it improved his health.

He was deservedly popular among the hospital patients, for his manner to them was absolutely tender, and he never decided on an operation without the most searching investigation; for he delighted in conservative surgery, at a period when the dextrous handling of the knife was thought to justify its indiscriminating use. This was the more praiseworthy, because the public knew little or nothing in those days of hospital tactics. There were then no reports of lectures or cases, no medical periodicals, no access to the operating theatre for any but students. Of his kindness to poor patients, here is a specimen, in the way of dialogue; it is quite truthful:—

Sir A. P. Cooper.—Well, Peter, how are you?

Peter.—Desperate bad, Sir Astley; I have something alive in my stomach.

Sir A. P. C.—My poor man, I hope you have.

The following particulars, much condensed, as originally given in Bransby Cooper's life of his illustrious uncle, appear in Jeafferson's "Book about Doctors":—"Sir Astley Cooper's earnings during the first nine years of his practice progressed thus—First year, 5 guineas; second, £26; third, £64; fourth, £96; fifth, £100; sixth, £200; seventh, £400; eighth, £600; ninth, £1,100. But the time was coming when the patients stood for hours in his anterooms waiting for an interview, and were often dismissed without being admitted to the consulting-room. His man Charles, with infinite dignity, used to say to the disappointed applicants when they re-appeared next morning, 'I am not at all sure that *we* shall be able to attend to you, for *we* are excessively busy, and our list is full for the day, but if you'll wait, I'll see what can be done for you.'"

The largest sum Sir Astley ever received in one year was £21,000, but for a series of years his income was more than £15,000 per annum. As long as he lived in the City his gains were enormous, though they varied, the state of the money market having a curious effect on his fees. Most City patients paid their fee with a cheque, and seldom wrote for less than £5 5s. In Spring Gardens and Conduit Street his professional income was less, though the patients were more aristocratic. Mr. Coles, of Mincing Lane, for a long period, paid him £600 a-year. A City man, who consulted him in Broad Street, and departed without giving any fee, soon after sent a cheque for £63 10s., with the following note:—

> Dear Sir,—When I had first the pleasure of seeing you, you requested, as a favour, that I would consider your visit as that of a friend. I now, Sir, must request you will return the compliment by accepting the enclosed draft as an act of friendship. It is the profit on £2,000 of the ensuing loan, out of a small sum Sir T. Baring has given me the pleasure of appropriating for your chance.

A West Indian millionaire gave Cooper his largest fee. He had undergone successfully a painful operation, and paid his physicians, Lettsom and Nelson, with 300 guineas each. "But you, sir," cried the grateful old man, sitting up in bed, and addressing Cooper, "shall have something better. There, sir, take that!" It was his nightcap, which he flung at the surprised surgeon. "Sir," answered Cooper, "I'll pocket the affront," and on reaching home, he found in the cap a draft for 1,000 guineas.

When Sir Astley left Broad Street, he established himself in Spring Gardens, and there, too, his practice was large, but neither so extensive nor lucrative as that he enjoyed in the City. Advancing in years, he determined to relinquish his profession, and retire to his native county, Norfolk, where he had been in the habit of rusticating for one autumn month during many years; and at first the change appeared to give him new health and vigour. Soon, however, the tedium resulting from the want of occupation and the loss of his favourite pursuits told upon him, and he sighed in secret for the consulting-room, the *levée* of patients, and the crowd of applauding pupils. Returning to London, he took a house in Conduit Street, and was again "at home" to the public. Charles retired and returned with him; they were inseparable. He died in harness, ending his honourable career in 1841. Charles survived his master several years, living respectably on a small farm.

We have thus indicated a few waymarks in the life of the "Great London Surgeon," whose biography may well cheer and strengthen those who have newly entered on the same arduous course. Let them remember, when vexed by want of encouragement, that A. P. Cooper, though he received only five guineas in his first year of practice, lived to realize in the same period over £21,000.

Dr. Waller's name occurs in this paper. He was suddenly snatched away from a wide sphere of usefulness and benevolence. He was enjoying himself at a juvenile party, when, trying to assist one of his young friends in exploding a firework (it was a rocket), he was wounded in the thigh, and so severely, that after many days of extreme suffering, he expired, to the great sorrow of his professional brethren and a numerous circle of grateful patients.

A DREAM ABOUT QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A.D. 1588.

SCENE.—*Ludgate, near the entrance of St. Paul's.—A Mercer's Shop; shutters up; first-floor open to a balcony.*
CHARACTERS.—*Master* JOHN BRACE, *his Wife* DAME MARJORY, *Daughters, and Apprentices.* TIME.—*Noon.*

Master Brace.—I tell thee, Marjory, her Highness be coming to Paul's, to thank the good God who "blew with His wind" and broke up the Don's armada; and sure all our hearts will join in the praise, for we had all been lost folks if Philip's priests, Jesuits, and huffing soldiers had once got the mastery. Honour to white-haired Effingham, and his braves who helped on the work.

Dame Marjory.—Master John, I be right glad to share in the joyance, for she's a noble woman, our Queen; though, mayhap, there be grey hairs now mixed with the gold on her Highness's head; and some think the blood of Scots Mary has made her look older.

Master Brace.—Tut, wife, tut! she be special fine still, though a shade graver than when I saw her at Hatfield, a young beauty at her stitchery, under an old tree. Plots and Popish spite do wear her gallant heart, but every honest citizen loves her! [*Noise in the street.*] Hark, Marjory, dear! Look out, will thee? Here be courtly rufflers a-coming, Bows and bills, knights and men-at-arms. Our City bandeliers are good at quarterstaff, and shoot well at Finsbury, but in verity their soldiering lacks smoothness, and her Highness had need of smarter soldiers. See, now, how brave the Ludgate looks! windows hung with silk hangings! posies, fresh from garden and meadow! The conduit running Malmsey; the casements fair with red-cheeked girls; their stiff-capped mothers, mistresses, masterful burghers, and sportful 'prentices! By my halidom, I'm ten years younger for this day!

Dame Marjory.—What a crack of bells, too! all London is rocking with them. How lustily our St. Martin peals! St. Bride and St. Dunstan are tame to him. Oh, John, we grow old; but I like bells mightily, for amidst all this stir of brass tongues, I catch the very notes of the blessed bells of St. Stephen's, which rung so gladly on our wedding day.

Mistress Mary.—Goodness, mother mine, they are coming! I climbed the roof-tops, and saw west, the Strand from end to end choke full. Elinor vows she can see the top of her Highness's state bed; and while I looked, a silver trumpet flashed so in the sun, that I shouted for joy.

'Prentice Peter.—Oh, master, master! I ha' been within Paul's; and felt my heart leap at the sight. Why, they've hung the dingy walls, and black oak settles, roofs, galleries, pulpits, and lectories, with queer, torn flags, bright in colour, but strangely painted with little angels, and four-headed beasts, fearsome to think of (they say Devil Pope blessed them). Then there be a golden chair for her Highness, and crimson stools for her great friends, a cedar-loft full of trumpeters and big drums; Bishop be standing at the communion, and boys in white shirts are a-trying to sing something they call the anthem. Please

let me run into the Strand, for I 've no patience to wait for the show.

Mistress Martha.—Neighbour Gubbins is knocking, and wants some silks to cut into scarfs and top-knots.

Master Brace.—Tell him to wait till to-morrow, and then, maybe, he'll not want it. No work to-day; and mind, the lads must go out at the back; no front doors shall open; there be thieves abroad, Martha. Tell thy sisters to lay the whitest napkin, and bring in the cheese and white loaf, and a stoup of sack, that we may drink her Highness's health. Nay, not in malt; if I never drain another horn, I'll have wine, for we shall not see many more such days. What's this? Why, it's our Hugh, pale as a sheet, and shaking like as if he'd seen a ghost. What ailest?

'Prentice Hugh.—I fought my way down to Charing, and her Highness had just reached the conduit, the crowds shouting, and a fashous blowing of trumpets, when a tatterdemalion old trooper stopped before the Queen's car, and was trying to force a roll of parchment towards her Serenity; when the people, mad lest he meant mischief, poured in, and trampled him under foot. Her Highness, leaning on Burleigh and Throckmorton, stood up, read the petition (I think they called it), and said, "My good people, do not hurt the poor man; he meant no harm. He bleeds; we must take care of him. Lady Percy, give him thy pillion, and sit here on my faldstool. Some of you bear him tenderly to Raoul's Spital, and tell the leeches to cure him. It is my pleasure; and should they fail of their best skill, by God's death, they shall smart for it." Presently, they took the man out of the crowd; and when her Majesty sat down, there was such a roar of shouts, with cries of "God bless the Queen;" men waving their caps, and women their kerchiefs, that her dear Highness could not withstand shedding some tears. Covering her

eyes with her hand, and then bending forward, she said, in a clear, sweet voice, "Thank you, my people, thank you. My Lord Hatton, bid the almoners scatter some broad pieces among these my loyal subjects." There was a second shout, and Master Almoner threw some silver bits (not many, though) to the crowd, and in trying to catch one I was nearly trampled to death. I'm none the richer, but thankful to have escaped without broken bones.

Dame Marjory.—Drink, lad, and be comforted. Thou hast missed getting a broad crown, but hast seen the delight of our eyes—her that wears a queenly crown.

Master Brace.—Of a surety, Hugh, thy tale is a stirring one, and well to match with a bygone fact of her Highness's womanly kindness. She was in the royal barge, on the way to Greenwich, and at the landing, a comely girl, offering a petition, strove to strike her with a dagger; a yeoman of the guard beat it up with his truncheon, and the bystanders would have slain the woman on the spot, but her Highness waved them off, saying, "Let the demented creature alone. I am the mother of my people, and none but a mad woman would seek to slay her mother."

'Prentice Peter.—Her Highness is by the Temple; her train moveth so slowly it may be yet an hour or ever she reach Paul's; but you were best stand in the balcony, and make sure of the wonders—the King-at-Arms hath a fiery face and nose; his heralds and tabard men look as it they had six flesh meals a-day! Yet it will be strange if they do not lose weight in the press.

Mistress Elinor.—Here is a winsome lady, on a fair white beast, that handles her bridle amiss, and will come to damage an' she be not helped. They have lifted her from the saddle-cloth, and she is not hurt. Oh, father mine, tell us who are these brave lords fluttering in feathers and velvets?

Master Brace.—Truly, these be courtiers, but nothing extraordinary, or they would not dress in this butterfly fashion. It likes me to see a silken garment, but a bright steel corselet is more to be honoured. . . . . How gravely these sturdy men-at-arms carry themselves. Their head-pieces might be thought new from the armourer's; yet notice them narrowly, and you'll find them bruised in a hundred places. This is the Earl of Essex; he rides his favourite war-horse; a goodly soldier he seems, and well may her Highness affect him. The bravery of his ostrich plume and silvered armour becomes him well. For a piece of piled velvet, that's Sir Walter Raleigh! Marjory, that's the finest gentleman in the land, and they do say his pen is as sharp as his sword. Shout, lads! shout, girls! Throw your best flowers on that knightly head! See, how graciously he bends to us! Such a man is worth a hundred Liverymen, with a Lord Mayor into the bargain! The citizens make a proper show. Ermine and sable (some mock, I opine), gold chains and stand-up brocade, well-fed Aldermen and unctuous Common Councillors, are substantial witnesses for the glory of London. They might have had better nags, though.

Dame Marjory.—Master Brace, what does that great flag mean? How proudly the sturdy fellow that carries it struts along. He is reeking under his burden, but is well pleased with the labour.

Master Brace.—That be the Royal Standard, and the cluster of Bilboa blades flourished around it throw stern defiance in the teeth of all enemies. Let Spain and her dons take heed to themselves. We have made ducks and drakes of them at sea; let them try us on land, if they dare. Lord Hatton—dancing Hatton—better at minuets than Chancery pleadings; yet he gave a righteous judgment for our kinsman Hammond, and I doubt not, vanities apart, he is a worthy nobleman. Her Highness's state litter! What a shout was that! Was ever the Queen of Sheba better dressed than our Elizabeth? Her farthingale of silver tissue, powdered with pearls; her robe of heavy goldstuff; her girdle, diamonds on a band of blue enamel; the orb in one hand, the sceptre in the other; and on her head the crown royal, rich in rubies, pearls, and emeralds, with a dazzling brilliant at the top, as large as a pullet's egg, and as bright as the evening star! May we look so low without offence? Yes, she wears her favourite silk stockings, with gold clocks, and her shoe ornaments are of diamonds! The car is at a standstill! What piercing, eagle eyes her Highness hath! What a commanding presence! That face and features would have looked proudly from a helmet. Would there be any treason in calling her King Eliza? Aye, shout your full! ye cannot overtask your lungs for such an empress. Shout, lads! and ye daughters, drop the beau-pots ye kept for our great Queen at her feet! Who's this? A plainly-dressed man, on a humble gelding, but with a grand high forehead, and piercing hawk's eyes. It is the playwright, William Shakspeare. He hands the Queen a fair sheet of paper; she smiles graciously, and kisses her glove as he rides on.

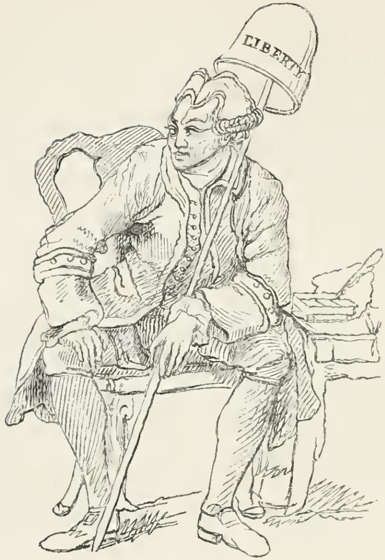
'Prentice Hugh.—I know it's Shakspeare, for I saw him play *Ghost* to Burbage's *Hamlet* at the Globe.

Dame Marjory.—What a ruff her Highness wears! It's a foot broad, pointed, and every point has a drop pearl. My eyes deceive me, or that ruff was stiffened with yellow starch.

Master Brace.—Those wise-like elders, on stools at the Queen's feet, with the swords of Justice and Mercy, must be Lord Burleigh and Sir Nicholas Throckmorton. That rough, awkward rider to the left is Sir Francis Drake. He has been all round the world, winning doubloons by thousands. Saw he ever such a sight as this before? And the warrior to the right, on that spirited, prancing grey, which he curbs in so masterly a manner—it is Lord Howard of Effingham. Shouting! shouting! will ye never have done, my neighbours? The crowds divide, and squeeze themselves back on both sides. The horses of the Queen's litter are again in motion. What noble creatures—jet black! their tails sweep the ground, their broad manes are curiously wrought with jewels. How they paw the road, and champ their bits, and jerk up their heads, as if in proud sense of the precious burden they draw. How many saidst thou, Marjory, sweet? Two, four, six, eight. Now, strain your eyes. They near the Cathedral steps. The car stops. The Queen ascends the marble stair, but her delicate feet tread a soft, silk carpet, and from the canopy borne above her head, a shower of gold-dust is falling, and two winged maidens, in white silk, to represent angels, await her at the landing place, to present rich gifts—crowns brilliant with gems, and golden cups brimful of Spanish coins, from the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of London. Her Highness, with a gracious bending of the head, accepts her subjects' homage; and now she turns to the thousands that crowd below, or that cover the housetops and fill the windows. She speaks; her words are but few, perhaps, "God bless you all, good and loyal Londoners." How deep the silence; but it will not last. The mighty assembly are taking breath for a shout, louder and longer; twenty thousand hands are raised towards heaven, as if to call down blessings on the august lady. A stirring hum passes from lip to lip—swells—rises into a grand burst of eager shouting. Don't you feel it rising on your ears? I'm almost deaf with it.

Mistress Martha.—Oh, mother, look at those sparrows, they are falling from the coping opposite, like stones!

Master Brace.—I have read in "Plutarch's Lives," that when Paulus Emilius came in triumph to Rome, there was such a shout from the crowd, that it caused a vacuum in the air (what's a vacuum?), and that many birds fell dead to the ground. But now bustle, bustle, all of you. The casements must be lighted up at dark; not a window-pane must be left without its taper. Bread and ale, too, must be given to the needy; nor, should almsmen crave our benevolence, let one be turned from the door empty. The King Almighty has dispersed our cruel foes, and crowned our glorious Queen with victory and honour. Shame to the selfish wretch who shall eat his morsel alone on such a day, when the united prayers and thanksgivings of London's grateful citizens should rise to heaven's gate, and be winged thither by the benedictions of the poor.



OHN WILKES.

JOHN WILKES, PATRIOT AND LORD MAYOR.

Lord George Gordon and Fergus O'Connor (shall we add Smith O'Brien?) were crazy patriots. Cobbett and Hunt, shrewd, but vulgar; Wardle, spiteful and self-seeking; O'Connell, a gentleman and a statesman, with large views, but trammelled by an unscrupulous party, which he only seemed to govern, while, in fact, his fine intellect was in pitiable bondage. John Wilkes was a more remarkable man than any of these. Nature had endowed him with mental powers of the highest order; he blended in himself the most diverse qualities, and all in equal perfection. He was a scholar, a wit, an eloquent speaker, a writer of superior talent, a delightful companion; and for ease, fluency, and grace in conversation, quite unrivalled. In person, he was not so much favoured; indeed, he was noticeable for his hard, ungainly face, with eyes asquint, and a strangely prominent nose, a wide mouth, and a projecting chin; in short, he was an absolute epitome of ugliness, so that it was pretended children cried in terror when they met him; and teeming women miscarried with affright if they unexpectedly encountered the mighty London demagogue. Hogarth has immortalized his personal hideousness in his famous portrait, which, though no doubt exaggerated, certainly preserves with sufficient accuracy an outline of the famous agitator. There he sits —looking defiance, which mingles oddly with a kind of laughing contempt of all moral goodness—shouldering a portentous cap of liberty, and prophesying the mustering wrath of that awful revolution which was so soon to burst upon the world. Though the very incarnation of ugliness, and, as many said, of evil, he boasted of being a great favourite with the ladies; saying, that if only allowed half an hour's start to make himself agreeable, he should have a better chance with them than the handsomest man in England. Dr. Johnson had the greatest possible aversion to his character, and refused, on any account, to be introduced to him; yet when, at length, they met inadvertently, the stern moralist was entirely subdued by his fascinations, delicate compliments, and seemingly unaffected kindness, confessing to Boswell that he was the most charming companion he had ever encountered.

What a pity that he wrote No. 45—that he revelled in the foulest ribaldry—that he habitually reviled God and the king. Such men—and there have not been many in the whole history of the world (Catiline was of the same class)—are astounding moral problems. Surpassing intellect and lofty aims ought surely to keep company; but Wilkes and Catiline appeared to prefer the very worst forms of crime: wickedness of an ordinary type was too dull for them; they coveted some monstrous kind of iniquity, and found merriment in filth and brutality. The wretchedly clever poem on "Woman," composed by Wilkes, fully justifies this opinion. It was a libel on human nature—an offence against our earliest and holiest feelings—an atrocious insult to the mother that bore him, and all the sanctities of home. Why, then, it may be demanded, is he now obtruded on the reader? Because such examples are useful as warnings—as beacons to fright the young and thoughtless from the beginnings of error; and because they prove that no amount of talent can atone for such flagitious conduct.

> "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
> That to be hated, needs but to be seen."

He was of good family, and highly educated. John Wilkes was born in 1727. We will not dwell on his early career. He soon made great proficiency in school learning, but the inordinate love of pleasure prevented his applying himself usefully to any profession. He quickly cast off all the restraints of religion, became intimate with the wildest and least scrupulous libertines of his day—amongst others with Charles Churchill, the poet, a clergyman only in name; and ultimately, when supplies for his vicious courses were beginning to fail, he became a trading patriot, and wrote seditious pamphlets for bread. Lord Bute was, in 1762, the most influential of the ministers of George III.; and whatever his real character, had made himself highly disagreeable to the people by his haughty manners. The peer was a Scotchman; and to insult him, Wilkes commenced a periodical called the *North Briton*, which quickly obtained a large sale on account of its witty and fearless tone. At length, in No. 45, he went such scandalous lengths, both against king and minister, that he was placed under arrest (not in the most legal mode), and was dismissed summarily from the Buckinghamshire militia, of which he was colonel. The Court were ignorant what a formidable opponent they had excited. On the 4th May, 1763, he was released by the Court of King's Bench, under the Habeas Corpus Act. He then commenced an action for the illegal seizure of his papers by a general warrant, and obtained £1,000 damages. In December, he withdrew to France; and in January, 1764, was expelled from the House of Commons, as it was alleged, for the gross outrage on good manners perpetrated in his scandalous verses, though probably quite as much in punishment for his political conduct. Wilkes, after the seizure of his papers, on returning home, wrote, and caused a letter to be printed, declaring that his house had been robbed, and that the stolen goods were in possession of the ministers. About the same period, he was challenged by Mr. Samuel Martin, M.P. for Camelford, for certain expressions in the *North Briton*, and in the duel which ensued he received a dangerous pistol wound in the abdomen.

When the libellous papers were burned at the Exchange, there was a serious riot. They were only partially destroyed; the Sheriff and constables were mobbed, and at night a bonfire was made at Temple Bar, into which a jack-boot was thrown in derision. Being found guilty of publishing a blasphemous poem, called "An Essay on Woman," he was heavily fined. Shortly afterwards, a legacy of £5,000 was left him by Henry Walton, a Devonshire farmer, "as an acknowledgment to him who bravely defended the constitutional liberties of his country, and checked the dangerous progress of arbitrary power." Sir William Pynsent also bequeathed him £1,000 in 1765. On one occasion, being committed to the King's Bench prison, and in the custody of its officers, he was rescued by the infuriated mob, but he afterwards surrendered privately.

He remained an outlaw for the next four years, but in March, 1768, was elected for Middlesex, and instantly returned to take his seat. This led to his committal to the King's Bench Prison under the old sentence. The town was in a fearful state of excitement, for he had become the people's idol and victim. On the 8th of June the judges reversed his outlawry. Scarcely had he gained this advantage when he was again indicted, fined, and imprisoned, for re-publishing his libellous tract; and on the 2nd of February, 1769, he was again expelled from Parliament. This was a source of terrible disorder among all classes; riotous mobs paraded the streets with banners inscribed, "Wilkes and Liberty." George III. was hooted in the park, and the youthful Prince of Wales, wishing to vex his father, rushed into the royal closet, shouting, "Wilkes and No. 45." In our quiet times, when the ocean of politics has hardly a ripple on its surface, we can form no adequate notion of the heat and bitterness which troubled society, from its highest to its lowest grade. John Bull grew hardened in opposition. Notwithstanding his expulsion on the 2nd February, the electors of Middlesex returned Wilkes anew on the 16th. The unseemly contest grew fiercer. Declared incapable of taking his seat on the 17th, he was returned a third time on the 13th of April. Meanwhile, the indomitable mob hero made another appeal to the law, and was rewarded by a verdict of £4,000 against Lord Halifax, which was paid out of the Treasury. The agitation in his favour, especially in the City of London, became more serious every hour. The Lord Mayor and his brethren presented a remonstrance to the king on the subject, March 14th, 1770. Similar deputations came up from every part of the country, and the whole nation was in a flame. The Lords and Commons went to St. James's with counter-remonstrances on the 23rd of the same month; but the universal feeling out of doors was unquestionably in his favour, and, as usual, the multitude finally triumphed. Wilkes was discharged April 17th; and, to mark the sense of the country more fully, his private debts and legal expenses, amounting to many thousand pounds, were paid by the Society for Maintaining the Bill of Rights. Nor were the City patriots behindhand in evincing their gratitude to this convicted libeller and public incendiary. He was elected an Alderman April 24th; chosen Sheriff July 1st, 1771; and a silver cup was presented to him by the Common Council, January 22nd, 1772.

Thus was he tided on the stream of popular applause to the possession of the highest objects of his ambition. King, Lords, and Commons were defeated by this one bold, bad man; and all that was illustrious in the land succumbed at the fiat of an audacious democrat. His most signal victory was obtaining permission to take his seat for Middlesex, November 29th, 1774. No doubt the Court and Government had fallen into most reprehensible blunders in their dealings with Wilkes. Their too open hostility first raised him into notice; and, when they weakly resorted to the illegal use of general warrants, and ventured to disregard the liberty of the subject, so justly dear to every honest Englishman, they prepared for themselves a thousand disgraces and vexations. Had they met the insolence of the demagogue, at its outbreak, with dignified forbearance, there is every ground for supposing it must soon have roused public indignation, and the attempt to destroy all wholesome authority would have signally failed; but the moment a king and his ministers proclaimed themselves the personal antagonists of John Wilkes, an unreasoning but generous people rushed to the rescue. Try to oppress a man, however worthless, and he is sure to find friends.

In the same November he was declared Lord Mayor, and on the 10th April, 1775, presented the City address to George III., for the removal of his ministers, and a change of policy towards America. Probably this was the most bitter penance the high-spirited monarch ever underwent —unless it was when Beckford, on a similar occasion, bearded him on his throne, and ventured to bandy words with his sovereign. The sturdy citizen's speech looks well on his monument in Guildhall, but did he ever utter it? Horace Walpole assures us that he did nothing of the sort, but merely blurted out a few rude words!

On ceasing to be Lord Mayor, it was an object with Wilkes to become City Chamberlain, for his private means had been long exhausted, and he made no secret of his conviction that "the patriot was worthy of his hire;" but his popularity had diminished, and at the election, he found himself in a minority. This was followed, in March, 1776, by the failure in Parliament of his motion for reform in the representation. He had now lost much of his physical vigour, though his resolute will was as indomitable as ever; and we have yet to notice the final instances of his success. In 1779 he was elected Chamberlain of London. This insured him a competence for the remainder of his life; and on the 6th of May, 1782, he proposed and carried a motion in the House of Commons, that the resolutions relative to the Middlesex elections, in which he had acted so distinguished a part, should be erased from the journals. He does not appear to have been much mixed up with active business during his few remaining years; perhaps he began to feel a disgust for the feverish agitation which had so long occupied him, while growing bodily infirmities might have produced a craving for rest. He retired from the representation of the county in 1790, and, gradually sinking into comparative obscurity, died in 1797.

His niche in our biographical dictionaries is far from enviable. With abilities to command brilliant success in any profession, he chose to sacrifice his lofty gifts in an unworthy struggle for notoriety rather than fame. We admit the almost universality of his intellectual resources; but when we ask what he achieved, we have to mourn over the richly-endowed prodigal who, making haste to win a precious inheritance, abused his fine powers in the vilest excesses; and when he might have been fed with the "pure wheat" which labour sows and perseverance reaps, was content to gather the swinish husks of vanity and vice. Our history affords many bright examples of young men winning great names. How glorious was the death of Wolfe, at Quebec. How august the career, how grand the end, of William Pitt. Yet Wolfe did not number thirty years, and Pitt died at forty-seven. Wilkes on the contrary, toiled through a protracted existence—often engaged in criminal pursuits, and seldom or ever honestly toiling for a worthy reward. Well, there were years during which he was the acknowledged idol of his fellow-citizens; but this was not the result of calm, rational judgment. The time was at hand when they must feel the trickery practised upon them, and pay their favourite with "curses, not loud, but deep." And what says the faithful historian?

> "Ravished with the whistling of a name,
> See Wilkes condemned to everlasting fame."

A correspondent of the *City Press* complains that the obelisk erected in honour of Wilkes has been allowed to fall into decay. The monuments of much worthier men share the same fate; we cannot excuse such remissness in either case. If public servants deserve public memorials, they should be perpetuated. The column inscribed with the name of Wilkes commemorates a mort remarkable era, and ought to be preserved.

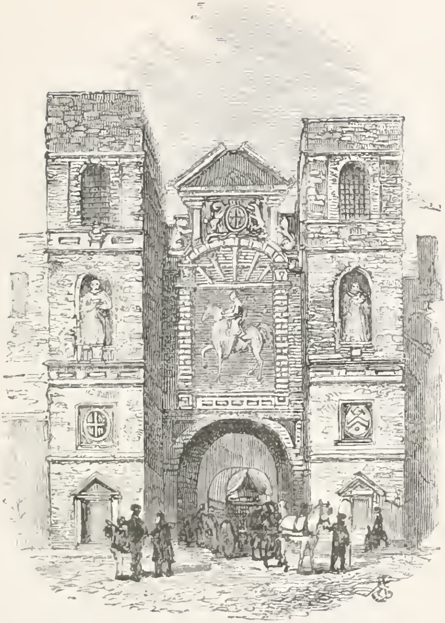
During the long and stormy reign of George III., the City authorities were frequently opposed to the Court and Government. The great Earl of Chatham, both while a commoner, and after his elevation to the peerage, was amazingly popular among the citizens; Guildhall often echoed with shouts in his honour, when the sovereign could scarcely have commanded a single cheer. In office or out, he was regarded as the king of the Commons, and even the Princesses of the House of Brunswick were met with a cold or rude silence, when one shout of "Pitt! Pitt!" would raise loud acclamations from Ludgate to Leadenhall. It has been well said, "From the sublime to the ridiculous is only a step," and we pass from the great Chatham to the noisy Sawbridge. The sturdy Alderman was never so much at home as when he was intriguing against Crown influence. He suffered from an inveterate *Rexphobia*, and outdid in clamour and violence most of the City magistrates in Commonwealth times, who were so energetic in breaking coloured glass and defacing the royal arms. Beckford and Sawbridge worked well together, and their political trumpets gave forth no doubtful sounds. We cannot wonder that within the precincts of the palace such inveterate agitators were regarded with aversion. Consistent avowals of a dread of Crown encroachments always deserve attention, and may sometimes be well grounded; but mere hap-hazard tirades, denouncing kingly influence, remarkable rather for roughness than reason, can lead to no real benefits. We would rather be thundered at by Wilkes or O'Connell, than be worried incessantly by the grumblings of Messrs. Oliver and Sawbridge. More recently, the Woods and the Waithmans were sore opponents to the essenced dandies of the Regency, and the portly splendours of Beau Brummell's days. Sir William Curtis, excellent as he certainly was as a private citizen, scarcely advanced the honour of the

Corporation when he wore a kilt in the northern metropolis, out of deference to George IV. Such full-blown loyalty, sustained by abundant turtle feasts, was not likely to attract sincere respect; yet it deserved quite as much consideration as the zeal of Matthew Wood, put forth so eagerly in vindication of a distressed queen.

We cannot cease to remember—yet few are now left to do it—the absurd procession through London streets, when the unhappy royal lady, in a dingy barouche and pair, formed the centre-piece of a lengthy cab line, filled with over-dressed wives and daughters, rejoicing in the spotless purity of the august Caroline? I saw the poor lady on her way to St. Paul's, to return thanks on the breaking down of the Bill of Pains and Penalties. My post was a first-floor window, of what was then the Salopian Hotel, next door to Alderman Waithman's. It was indeed "a sorry sight;" she was attired in white, and wore an immense ostrich plume, holding in one hand a bouquet of lilies of the valley. The crowd cheered most obstreperously, but the sufferer (so I thought her) looked fatigued, or rather haggard; feeling, assuredly, that the reckless plunge she had made into the sea of popular favour had tempted her beyond her depth.

Since the accession of Queen Victoria, City magistrates have grown "wondrous kind," and faction has qualified its murmurs till they are like dove-cooings—soft and slumbrous. When Her Majesty went to dine at Guildhall, I viewed the scene from the corner of Chancery Lane. It was on a chilly, damp, comfortless November day; yet the innumerable masses of spectators looked so pleased, that their smiles diffused quite a warm, cheery atmosphere. Aldermen and Common Council, sleek and fur-clad, were evidently in the seventh heaven of satisfaction; City marshals were prepared to do battle for such a mistress with the full weight of their truncheons; and my Lord Mayor, as he betook himself to throw wide the Temple-bar, was busily brooding over the approaching glorification of knighthood—or was it a baronetcy? The royal lady herself was nearly overshadowed by the full-blown beauties of the Duchess of Sutherland, her mistress of the robes; but there was light in her quick, searching eye, and a happy glow on her young cheek. If the inevitable sorrows of our nature have since dimmed that lustrous eye and saddened that fair cheek, the citizens have not been to blame; their loyalty has been in full bloom up to this very day. Mr. John Bull, the bold citizen of Ludgate, Cheapside, and the Exchange, mingles the loyalty of a subject with the affection of an admirer for that peerless Victoria, whom he reverences as a Queen, and loves as a woman.

During the Georgian era, and indeed during the earlier years of the present sovereign, it was quite usual to knight Lord Mayors, and even Sheriffs, for good and loyal service. When the civic potentate distinguished himself more than common, a baronetcy was often bestowed; a favour which cost nothing, and gave high satisfaction: of late years the practice has been discontinued. No occupant of the City throne for the last century deserved honours from royalty better than the late Mr. Cubitt, and yet he was allowed to retire into private life without obtaining the slightest mark of distinction.



ALDERSGATE.

ALDERSGATE.

To-day we will make an excursion to the north of St. Martin's-le-Grand; a step will bring us into Aldersgate Street, where we may find much that is worthy of notice. The entire district is a strange mixture of old and new. The present is paramount in a thousand sights and sounds connected with modern London; but under this formal mask of the businesses and cares of to-day, the past asserts its suggestive power, and excites our curiosity by innumerable references to ancient times. A large proportion of the houses between the Post Office and Wilderness Row are "grey with antiquity;" a few queer-looking masses of nineteenth-century bricks divide here and there the infirm brethren of a much remoter age, but the great-grandfather tenements preponderate, and sober down recent erections into a becoming dulness and solemnity. Even the red-brick school-houses opposite the Chartreux wall, and the modern church to which they belong, have assumed a quiet, elderly appearance, in deference to their neighbours. The dwellings on both sides of the road are of all sizes and shapes. Some gable roofs still survive, and not unfrequently the upper stories project over the lower, and seem ready to crush the quaint, dark shops below. A tradesman occupies one of those shops between Old Street and Fann Street, dealing in soiled account-books and various other things, all cheap and dirty. Lovers of bargains often drop in. I wanted a commonplace book, and bought one there, for scarcely any more than I might have had it new at the stationer's. It was worth the money, however, to view the interior. Soap and water could not have been used in that shop for a century. "Dirt, dirt everywhere." Reams of paper, black with dust, ledgers, day books, memorandum books, cash books, tumbled together, grim with smoke or soot. The mistress in keeping with the valuables she dealt in, wearing heavy chains, and rings over blackened fingers, and smutted finery. How is it that some women are so fond of jewellery, no matter how common? I was once in an omnibus with two such parties, laughably bedizened with stained glass, mounted in copper; a boy came to the door with a tray of children's watches at fourpence each, when a humble, but scrupulously clean young person repulsed him by saying, "No; I never wear jewellery."

Do you know Fann Street and its vicinity? The houses so tall, the foot and carriage-way so narrow, that it is never broad day there; and if you dive into some of the houses, you may feel a not unreasonable dread of never extricating yourself again—so intricate and perplexing are the ups and downs, from the cellars to the sky parlours. Yet, even here you will occasionally find a half-obliterated stone memento of the quality residents that once honoured the low-life street with their presence. There are many similar turnings from the main road, which is unusually wide for the City. Some of them are called courts, and the majority of them, doubtless, originally formed entrances to the lordly mansions, denominated garden-houses, then so numerous in this locality. There needs but little fancy to re-people the place with its former occupants. The loud traffic is hushed; waggons, carts, cabs disappear; not a single shop remains; all has become stately and tranquil. Look! there is a procession of monks, with the host; every extra-mural Londoner is on his knees. Then follows a company of men-at-arms, or a band of City minstrels, singing marvellously out of tune; while at Aldersgate enters a bevy of merry milkmaids, for it is May-tide, surrounding a Jack in the Green, almost smothered with hawthorn blossoms. The pleasant scene dissolves in a moment, like Prospero's spirit revels. And now for our antiquarian work.

Aldersgate stood, in 1265, at the south end of the Castle and Falcon; it was one of the four original gates of London, and formed the extreme corner to the north. Some say it was named after Aldrich, a Saxon, who built it; others attribute it to the alder trees which grew around it. There is no mention of it previous to the Conquest. Becoming dilapidated and dangerous, it was pulled down by order of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen; rebuilt in 1615, the expense (more than £1,000) being defrayed out of a legacy, left for the purpose by one William Taylor, a Merchant Tailor. It was damaged in the Great Fire, and repaired in 1670. Originally, like Temple Bar, it had an arch in the centre for wheel traffic, and two posterns for pedestrians. Over the arch was a statue of James I., but the building itself was heavy and inelegant. The imperial arms surmounted the statue, for through this gate the monarch first entered London when he came to take possession of the Crown. On the eastern side was an effigy of the Prophet Jeremiah, and these lines from his prophecies:—"Then shall there enter into the gates of this city kings and princes sitting upon the throne of David, riding in chariots and on horses, they and their princes, the men of Judah, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem; and this city shall remain for ever." In the western niche was an effigy of Samuel, with this inscription:—"And Samuel said to all Israel, Behold I have hearkened to your voice in all that you have said unto me, and have made a king over you." On the south was a bas relief of James in his royal robes.

The City crier had rooms over the gate, but in Elizabeth's reign they were occupied by John Day, who printed the folio Bible dedicated to Edward VI., in 1549. He also printed the works of Roger Ascham, Latimer's Sermons, and Fox's Martyrs. There is a work of his now much sought after by book collectors, on account of the frontispiece, which represents Day with a whip in his workmen's room, who are sleeping, and the sun shining upon them. He rouses them with these words, "Arise, for it is day."

This gate was finally removed after the accession of George III. The Castle and Falcon Inn was built near its site. Previous to the Great Fire there were many fine mansions in Aldersgate Street, inhabited by the prime nobility. Lauderdale House, at the end of Hare Court, was the town residence of John Maitland, Duke of Lauderdale, a favourite of Charles II., and a chief member of the Cabal, his ministers, so called from the initial letters of their names. Grainger says of him, "He was made Scotch Commissioner, and enslaved his country, burdened it with taxes, ruined its trade, and persecuted its religion." He is introduced by Sir Walter Scott in the novel of "Old Mortality." Nearly opposite to this mansion stood, in 1830, the Half Moon tavern, where the wits of the Merry Monarch's Court used to assemble. Wycherly, Pennant, and Congreve were amongst them. The fire-places were ornamented with curious, grotesque carvings in wood. Midway, on the west side, stood a palatial residence, called Petre House, from Sir William Petre. It was purchased, in 1639, by the Marquis of Dorchester. After the Fire, it it became the town mansion of the Bishop of London. Bishop Henchman died there in 1675. It was then let out in private tenements, but was entirely destroyed by fire, whilst in the occupation of an upholsterer, named Seddon. Westmoreland House, once the dwelling of the Nevilles, was standing here in 1660, but the space is now built over by ordinary residences.

Shaftesbury House, or Thanet House, famous as the work of Inigo Jones, still remains, in part, though sadly altered and degraded. It was of brick, yet remarkable for its elegant exterior, being ornamented with Ionic pilasters of stone, with garlands pendant from each volute. The door was arched with a scroll, springing from each side, and supporting a balcony. It was the abode of Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury. When the fashionable world migrated to the west, it was rented by tradesfolks, and fell into decay. In 1750 it was converted into a lying-in hospital, and was, until recently, used (the back premises) by the Royal General Dispensary, a most admirable charity; while the frontage is divided into shops. Thousands pass the spot daily, and scarcely one of the crowd knows, or cares to remember, that this was so long among the proudest of the homes of the great. Hard by stood Bacon House, the mansion of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper, and father of England's illustrious Chancellor, Francis Bacon, still so glorious, in spite of his fall and shame; still honoured, even if Pope's lines were true:

> "If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
> The greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind."

Little Britain was once the abode of a Duke of Bretagne. Earl Alan, of Bretagne, surnamed "the Red," married Constance, a daughter of William the Conqueror. Who has leisure to think of these old-world warriors now? The Earl of Peterborough and Lord Montague also dwelt in Aldersgate Street, as did our noblest poet, John Milton. Opposite St. Botolph's Church stood the Cooks' Hall; a spacious building, which escaped the conflagration in 1666, but was consumed by fire in 1771, when the company transferred their business to the Guildhall. The Company, which is the thirty-fifth in precedence, is a very ancient fellowship, incorporated in 1480, by Edward IV., and further sanctioned by Queen Elizabeth. In Noble Street, during her reign, dwelt Mr. Serjeant Fleet, then Recorder of London. Robert Tichborne, Lord Mayor in 1657, lived in the same house. He was ultimately tried and executed for treason. This mansion escaped in a surprising manner, in the Great Fire. Near St. Mary Staining, the Coachmakers' Hall was long remarkable for a debating society which held its meetings there. Lord George Gordon was a member in 1710. The hall originally belonged to the Scriveners' Company, a fraternity called "The Writers of the Court Letters of the City of London," ranking forty-fourth in precedency, and styled in the patent of 1716, "The Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the Society of Writers of the City of London." This friendly band of Court Writers falling into decay, their hall was purchased by the Coachmakers, in whose records we read that the first coach used in England was by Henry Fitz-Alban, Earl of Arundel, in the days of Queen Mary.

Monkwell Street and Barber-Surgeons' Hall are not far off; and we might give an historiette of nearly every house in the district. Some of the shops, too, are not without their interest, and especially to veterans like the writer, who has traversed Aldersgate Street, man and boy, for more than half a century. Such old observers have seen many changes, slow or sudden; for sometimes the hues of antiquity were burnt out in a moment, while at others they faded away by imperceptible degrees, under the sure, though tardy, inroads of Greybeard Chronos. Alas, for his scythe and glass! Who can resist the first or forget the latter? See, it is sweeping down the last mural ornament from No. 500, and the last sands of 1861 are escaping fast.

For the boy's fancy, the two scale shops were always striking objects. That with Justice, bandaged and armed, over the entrance, at the corner of Falcon Street, was constantly eyed with wonder and awe. Once, when I stood at the counter, a grown man, childish recollections came so thickly upon me, that my hands trembled as they touched the weights and steelyards. That at the Post Office corner, somehow, never seemed so impressive; and yet, probably, it is the older of the two. The book shops—and they were formerly much more numerous—exercised quite a magnetic influence on my young manhood, when I passed many a morning in traversing London streets, in search of literary bargains. How delightful to bag or pocket a rare book; or, when armed with an umbrella, as I often was, how agreeable to secrete a whole series of volumes within its bulging folds! Perhaps the plan would be troublesome now, and I can send the books home; but it is not half so pleasant.

Close by the Christian Young Men's Society's Institution stands a tavern, where some of my most agreeable hours in early life were spent. In those primitive days, a discussion club, or an elocution class, were rare things, and at this house both were then held. The first question I helped to settle was this, "Did Queen Elizabeth murder Mary, Queen of Scots?" I was just able to stammer out an opinion, and being applauded, sighed to myself, "I, too, will be an orator." Then, to be admitted to the recitations, longing to start up and declare, "My name is Norval!" No applause I can now ever receive, though on much better grounds, can ever delight me so much.

Thus, friendly reader, you perceive that Aldersgate Street is rich in memories to the writer; and, while most of them are cold, under the withered leaves and blossoms of past years, they still exercise a powerful influence; and, as I tread the thronged pavement, I can distinguish forms and faces, which are palpable to no eye but mine. A heavy, dark curtain has fallen upon four acts of life's drama, yet it sometimes grows transparent, and discloses the actors and scenes within. At the period referred to, I resided at Rotherhithe, and every few days walked home late at night. As I pen this sentence, the sound of the Cathedral bell is in my ears, as I heard it forty years ago; the pale glimmer of the oil lamps faintly pierces the fog; the most ancient of the "Charlies," lantern in hand, proclaims the hour; the shivering mendicant gesticulates for an alms, from some dark doorway; or the quick, loud step of another pedestrian fills me with vague alarm. I thought such late journeys toilsome then, but the very toil was enjoyment. No walk in Aldersgate will be half so exciting again.

The work of improvement or reconstruction has gone on steadily; what Guarantee Society would ensure the duration of our street antiquities for a single year? Railways below and above will soon hedge us in on all sides, and some pleasant City views in 1864 will quickly become far less romantic.

JAMES LACKINGTON.

The autobiography of this remarkable man was once generally read, but has gradually become shelved, and it may be doubtful whether it will be often perused by Prince Posterity. His extreme and puerile vanity makes much that he says offensive, and not unfrequently he falls into a much graver fault, and is chargeable with indelicacy, and even ribaldry. The egotism of Pepys is always amusing, but he invariably preserves a gentlemanly tone in his revelations, while Lackington joins to overweening self-importance, a rude, coarse tone, which soon becomes disgusting. A large portion of his Memoirs, too, are occupied with details as to his religious experiences, in which he deals very roughly, and we think unjustly, with two most distinguished men—Whitfield and Wesley; and though in a subsequent work (his "Confessions") he wished to eat his own words, the final impression these accusations and retractations leave is highly discreditable to the writer. On recently perusing his memoirs, however, we find so many curious particulars, such unmistakable proofs of shrewdness and sound sense, and such genuine honesty of purpose, that we are tempted to give a few extracts, in order to bring before our readers his extraordinary career. They will probably induce them to think highly of one who began life a poor, uneducated, and almost homeless country lad, to end it as a wealthy citizen, an influential bookseller, and the founder of the "Temple of the Muses," in Finsbury Square.

There is a pleasant strain of self-sufficiency in the following passages from his dedication :—

> To the Public.—I should be guilty of flagrant ingratitude were I to omit this favourable opportunity of expressing the respect and veneration I entertain for you, resulting from the very extensive and ample encouragement with which you have crowned my indefatigable exertions to obtain your patronage, by largely contributing to the diffusion of science and national entertainment, on such moderate terms as were heretofore unknown. To that part of the numerous body of booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland, whose conduct justly claims the additional title of respectable, whose candour and liberality he has in numerous instances experienced, and feels a sensible pleasure in thus publicly acknowledging. And lastly (though not least in fame), to those sordid and malevolent booksellers, whether they resplendently dwell in stately mansions, or in wretched huts of dark and grovelling obscurity—
>
> "I'll give every one a smart cut in my way."
>
> To their assiduous and unwearied labours to injure his reputation with their brethren and the public, he is, in a considerable degree, indebted for the confidence reposed in him, and the success he has been honoured with productive of his present prosperity. These memoirs are, with all discrimination of the respective merits of each, inscribed by the author.

After various strange, windy exordiums, in the shape of prefaces and introductory chapters, occupying more than twenty pages, we get some plain prose :—

> I was born at Wellington, in Somersetshire, 31st August (old style), 1746. My father, George Lackington, was a journeyman shoemaker. He displeased his own father by marrying a woman without a shilling, of a mean family, who lived by spinning wool into yarn; and she was delivered of your humble servant, her first-born and hope of the family, in my grandmother Trott's poor cottage; and that good woman took me to church, unknown to my father, who was (nominally) a Quaker, that being the religion of his ancestors. My father ultimately became a drunkard, but to our mother we are indebted for everything. Never did I hear of a woman who worked and lived so hard as she did, to support eleven children. For many years she worked nineteen and twenty hours out of every twenty-four. Whenever she was asked to drink half a pint of ale, she always asked leave to take it home to her husband, who was always so mean and selfish as to drink it.

> Out of love to us, she abstained from all drink save water. Her food was chiefly broth (little more than water and oatmeal), turnips, potatoes, cabbages, carrots. Her children fared somewhat better, but not much. I was put, for two or three years, to a day school, kept by an old woman, where I was thought, from being able to repeat several chapters of the New Testament, to be a prodigy of science; but my mother soon became so poor that she could not afford twopence a-week for my schooling. Indeed, I was forced to nurse my brothers and sisters, and soon forgot what little I knew. Then I commenced the captain of all the mischievous boys in the place; so that if an old woman's lanthorn were kicked out of her hand, or drawn up a sign-post, or if anything were fastened to her tail, or if her door were nailed up, I was sure to be accused of the crime, whether I were guilty or not. Spiriting the town lads to mock our butcher, who was given to yawning, I had nearly been killed like one of his calves, for he flung his cleaver at me. At ten years old I cried apple-pies in the streets. I had noticed a famous pieman, and thought I could do it better. I told a neighbouring baker what I thought I could do. My mode of crying pies soon made me a street favourite, and the old pie merchant left off trade. You see, friend, I soon began to make a noise in the world. But one day I threw my master's child out of a wheelbarrow, so I went home again, and was set by my father to learn his trade, continuing with him for several years. My fame as a pie-man led to my selling almanacks on the market days at Christmas. This was to my mind, and I sorely vexed the vendors of "Moore," "Wing," and "Poor Robin." My next move was to be bound apprentice for seven years to Mr. George and Mrs. Mary Bowdon—yes, to both wife and husband, and an honest, worthy couple they were. They were Anabaptists, and I attended their place of worship; though, for a long while, I had no idea that I had any concern in what the minister preached about. Master had two sons, who had been at school, but all they read was the Bible. Master's whole library consisted of a school-size Bible, "Watts's Hymns," "Foote on Baptism," "Culpepper's Herbal," "The History of the Gentle Craft," "Receipts in Physic," and a Ready Reckoner. His chief object was "minding the main chance."

About this time one of Wesley's preachers came into the neighbourhood, and is described as making a strange revolution in spiritual matters, and completely addling the heads of the young men. This is narrated in a sadly profane style, and excites a doubt as to Lackington's real frame of mind, for truly religious persons rarely permit themselves to joke on sacred subjects. He proceeds:—

> I had a great desire for knowledge, that I might learn who was right and who was wrong, but, to my great mortification, I could not read. Knowing most of the letters and a few easy words, I set about learning with all my

might. Mistress would sometimes instruct me; and, having threehalfpence from my mother, I gave it to young Master John, who, for every threehalfpence, taught me to spell one hour. This was done in the dark, as we were not allowed a candle when we went to bed.

This is followed by a wretched attempt at merriment, in a description of how he was born again. What we now give is deeply interesting:—

I was soon able to read easy parts of the Bible and Wesley's Hymns; every leisure minute was so employed. I worked from six to ten, yet managed to read ten chapters every day, as well as some sermons. My eyes were good, and I could often read by moonlight. I was far gone in enthusiasm, and on a Sunday, being locked in my room to prevent my going to meeting, I opened the Bible for direction, and read, "He has given His angels charge concerning thee, and in their hands shall they bear thee up, lest at any time thou shouldest dash thy foot against a stone." Whereupon, I threw myself out of window, and ran to the meeting-house, though quickly carried back to bed, where it was a month before I recovered the use of my limbs. I was ignorant enough (he adds) to think that the Lord had not used me very well, and resolved not to put so much trust in Him for the future.

Is this a truthful account? He tells several very doubtful tales. His mental culture went on:—

My memory was tenacious; all I read became my own. I repeated volumes of hymns; and after a sermon, could preach it again. I was thought quite a champion of Methodism.

But as his intellect was developed, it became corrupted, and he fell into the practice of open vice. Having a vote in his native place, he was induced to drink freely, though he would not take a bribe. Beginning to work on his own account, he lost his little money, about £3, and part of his clothes among sharpers. He then quitted Wellington, having formed a disreputable intrigue, and travelled about the country, intending to visit Bristol. His love of reading continued, and at Taunton he laid out all his spare money for books, of which he gives a very miscellaneous list, though they were chiefly devotional. He persuaded some shopmates to read alternately with him, not allowing themselves above three hours' sleep out of the twenty-four. For many months they were not all in bed at the same time. One sat up to work till the others awoke, lest they should sleep too long. This scheme had nearly ended in a fatal manner, for some bedding caught fire, and was extinguished with great difficulty. While at Bristol, he practised great abstinence, having read deeply some translations from the Stoic philosophers; and he says:—

> I can scarcely help thinking that I received more real benefit from studying Plato on "The Immortality of the Soul," the morals of Plutarch, Seneca, and Epicurus, together with Confucius and Epictetus, than from all other books that I had read before, or have ever read since that time. I read those fine productions at the age of twenty-two.

At this period he lived almost wholly on bread and tea, and he persevered in this self-denial till he left Bristol, 1769. He then removed to Kingsbridge, near Exeter, where he was employed by a Mr. Taylor.

I refrain from inflicting any of Lackington's poetry on the reader, for it is neither elegant, amusing, or instructive. He left Kingsbridge in 1770, and returned to Bristol. Here he married his first wife, Nancy Smith:—

> I told her (he informs us) that my attachment to books, and my disregard for money, had prevented me from saving any; and that while single, I was never likely to make any savings. We were married at St. Peter's Church, and took furnished lodgings at 2s. 6d. per week. We had just cash enough for the day; for, next morning, we found we had but one halfpenny to begin the world with; still we had a supply of eatables for a day or two, and might earn more before we wanted it. I only earned 9s. per week, and my wife could earn but little at binding shoes. We made 4s. 6d. per week pay for all we consumed in eating and drinking. Strong beer we had none, nor liquor, and instead of tea or coffee we toasted a piece of bread; at other times we fried wheat, which, when boiled in water, made a tolerable substitute for coffee. As for meat, we made little use of it. My wife proved very ailing, and, with a view to a better price for my work, I resolved to visit London. I left her all the money I could spare, and arrived in the

metropolis in August, 1773, with 2s. 6d. in my pocket. I took lodgings in Whitecross Street, and found work with Mr. Heath, of Fore Street.

> I laughed then, and whistled, and sang, too, most sweet,
> Saying, just to a hair I've made both ends to meet.

In a month I saved enough to bring up my wife. Having now plenty of work and better wages, we procured a few clothes; my wife had done well enough with a broadcloth cloak, but now I prevailed on her to have one of silk. In November, a relation left me £10. How could it be brought to town? I resolved to make a long journey for it. I lost or spent more than half of it on the road; but Seneca says, "A wise and good man is proof against all accidents," and that "a brave man is a match for fortune;" and knowing myself to be equally wise, good, and brave, I bore my losses with the temper of a Stoic. With the residue we bought household goods, and furnished our own room. I did not forget the bookstalls, often pinching my stomach to buy books. One Christmas-eve we had but 2s. 6d. for our Christmas dinner. I went out to purchase it; but on the way, saw a copy of "Young's Night Thoughts;" forgot my errand, spent the silver on the precious volume, and went home provisionless. At June, 1774, I heard of a small shop and parlour to let in Featherstone Street. Suddenly it struck me that I might sell books there. How delightful! for then I should always have plenty of books to read. I possessed about twenty volumes, and bought for a guinea a large bagful, chiefly of divinity. With this stock, and some scraps of leather, which, with my books, were worth about £5, I opened shop on Midsummer-day. It was pleasant to see my name over it; Nebuchadnezzar did not rejoice more when he said, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built?" Mr. Wesley's people had a lending fund for those who wanted temporary relief, and I borrowed £5 for three months, without interest, which was of great use to me. We lived very frugally, and in six months my stock increased from £5 to £25. I would not bury this immense capital in Featherstone Street, but finding a shop and parlour to let at No. 46, Chiswell Street, I took them. Then, and for fourteen years, it was a dull and obscure situation; few passed through it besides Spitalfields weavers on hanging days, and Methodists on preaching nights. I now gave up shoemaking. I turned my all into old books; and a great sale I had, considering my small stock, and its little variety. In my ignorance, at first, I would not sell the works of Freethinkers, for I thought them dictated by his Sable Highness, and would neither read them myself, nor sell them to others. I went on prosperously until, in September, 1775, my wife and I were taken ill of a dreadful fever. We kept only a boy in the shop, and I fear my wife had too much anxiety, for, before she was confined to her bed, she walked about in a delirious state, and died, in a raving condition, on the 9th of November. She was one of the best of women; and though ill for nearly four years, which involved me in the depth of poverty, yet I never repented having married her. I remained ill for many weeks, and must have perished, but for the kind care of my sisters. My recovery was very slow. Fortunately, a friend had saved me from ruin by locking up my shop, which contained my all. I got rid of my sorrow as fast as I could, thinking I could give no better proof of having loved my former wife than by getting another. Miss Dorcas Tuston was of a good family, though much reduced. She kept a school, and worked hard at plain work, to support her father. The old gentleman was now dead. She was very fond of books, and I was enraptured with the thought of having a woman to read with, and also to read to me. So we were married, January 30th, 1776.

The book trade in Lackington's day was very different from what he made it, and still more from what it is now. London was satisfied with some half-dozen respectable publishers; and there were one or two libraries, where superior collections of learned works were brought together for sale; but there were no universal book-stores, where a student might repair, with a reasonable certainty of finding the particular treatises he required. There was no Brown, no Tegg, no Mudie then. Street book-stalls were frequently enriched with priceless literary treasures, which the ignorant book-hawkers had found among house-sweepings, and were willing to sell for the price of waste paper. Scholars not uncommonly traversed the town with the hope of hunting out first editions, choice Caxtons, unique works of Aldus or Stevens, degraded into worm-eaten bindings, and foul with dust. It was a happy idea of James Lackington to make a general gathering of such neglected gems. His early notions on the subject were imperfect. He began with sectarian theology; then took in divinity in all forms and languages; then added science in its multiform shapes; and, ultimately, with commendable ambition, included the classics, poetry, the drama, and works of imagination. With this he combined the sale of books in sheets, remaining over from heavy editions, and thus was able to supply the public with reading at once cheap and good. He shall speak for himself as to his success; and without claiming too much honour for him, we shall surely not mistake if we place the name of

Lackington high in the list of those plodding, but useful citizens, who, without any pretensions to genius, have yet rendered essential service to their fellow-men. Chiswell Street—now a centre of business—was then a quiet neighbourhood, for Finsbury Square was but newly built, and Moorfields was still uncovered. The daring bookseller, who, though he could scarcely write his own name, was anxious to disseminate the wisdom of the learned in all languages, was contented for many years with a shop in an unpaved street, where he could hardly claim the privileges of a London citizen:—

> My new wife's attachment to books was fortunate. She delighted to be in the shop, and could readily get any article that was asked for. Such constant attention procured me many customers. I wanted a larger stock, but had no capital. Mr. John Dennis, an oilman, of Cannon Street, offered to be my partner, and to advance money in proportion to the stock. We soon laid out the cash in second-hand books, which at once doubled them. In 1779, we published a catalogue of 12,000 volumes. We took £20 the first week.

This partnership was dissolved in 1780. In that year Lackington determined to give no credit; and though he admits he had some difficulties in carrying out the plan, he says it fully answered. His business steadily increased; the catalogue for 1784 contained 30,000 volumes. He declares he sold at a very small profit, and, ultimately, was able to give a larger price when purchasing than other booksellers. At the trade sales there were often 80,000 volumes sold in an afternoon. It was common to destroy one-half or three-fourths of them in order to keep up the prices. This Lackington did for some time, but soon resolved not to destroy any good books, but to sell them off at half or a quarter of the publication prices.

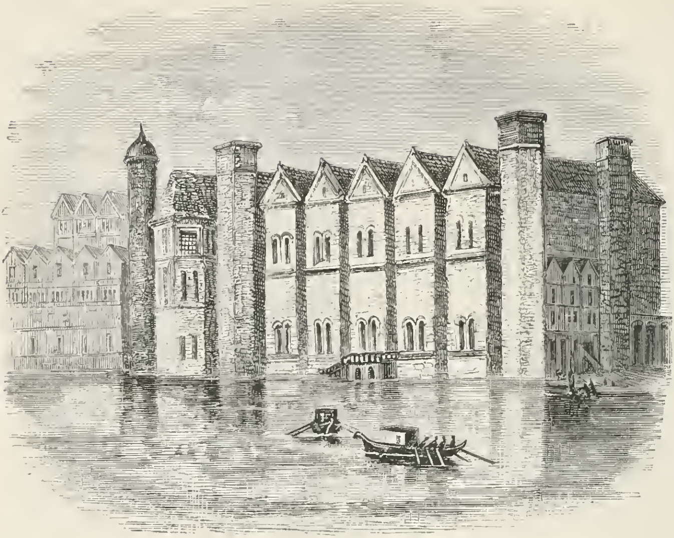
Lackington contends that authors obtained fair prices for their works in his day—instancing Dr. Johnson, Hume, and Gibbon; yet compared with similar remuneration now, the terms given were extremely low. Still, we should remember that readers were comparatively few, and though books bore a high price, the editions seldom exceeded a few hundred copies.

My purchases (says he) were now very large. I have purchased 6,000 copies of one book, and at one time have had 10,000 copies of Watts's Hymns and as many of his Psalms in my possession. At one trade sale I have purchased books to the amount of £5,000. To remind me of what has led to my prosperity, I have put for a motto on the doors of my carriage, "Small Profits do Great Things." I used always to write my own catalogues, and used to put a price on every book sold in my shop, though I had many assistants; the necessary knowledge I gained from incessant reading. I have read most English books, and translations from Greek, Latin, Italian, and French poets. When I sometimes blundered in grammar, my customers kindly considered it a venial fault, and bought the books notwithstanding. There is no place to acquire knowledge equal to a bookseller's shop. A bookseller feeds his mind on books, as cooks get fat by the smell of meat. My rivals often said I should fail, and when I was in the country, asked about my return, as if they believed I should never come back. How were they astonished when I sent home several waggon-loads of books.

For many years I have expended two-thirds of my profits, but never more. Once I beckoned across the way for a pot of porter; then a dinner—roast veal; then with an addition of ham; and then a wind-up of pudding. Once a glass of brandy and water was a luxury; raisin wine followed; then good red port; nor was sherry long behind. It was long before the country was a necessity once a-year; lodgings first, then my own mansion; and at length the inconveniences of a stage coach were remedied by a chariot. For four years Upper Holloway was an elysium; then Surrey looked charming, and Merton was the sweetest part of Surrey. My profits in 1791, were £4,000; in 1792, they were about £5,000. Those profits will be doubled in a few years. For fourteen years I have kept a strict account of my profits. Every book has a private mark of its cost, and a public mark of what it must sell for; and every book, whether sold for 6d. or £60, is instantly entered in the day-book. Each night the day's profits are cast up. My accounts are open to all; I regulate my expenses by my profits, but I do not put down every outlay for a bunch of matches, or a penny at the turnpike. I have a cashier. If Mrs. Lackington wants house-money, or if I need it for hobby-horses, we take five or ten guineas, spend it, and then come for more, but never put down the items. I remain in business because I have fifty poor relations, some very young, some old and infirm. I can manage better for them than they could for themselves. I maintain my good old mother, who is still alive at Wellington. I support two aged men and one woman. I also maintain and educate four children. I now sell fully 100,000 volumes annually. I publish two catalogues yearly, and of each 3,000 copies.

Mr. Lackington now commenced his travels; visited Scotland twice, and various parts of England, which brought him up to 1790; and in the following year he returned to his old haunts at Bristol and Wellington, taking great pleasure in seeking out his old masters and companions—their astonishment at his wealth affording him infinite satisfaction. Arriving at Merton, September 11, 1791, he writes, "Should the fine air of Merton preserve my stock of health and spirits, I intend to spend a few hours three or four times a-week in Chiswell Street." Lackington did not give up business entirely until 1798, when he placed a cousin, George Lackington, at the head of the firm (he had partners previously), and took up his residence at Thornbury, in Gloucestershire. Soon after he built a Wesleyan chapel, and became the local preacher of that body. In 1806 he removed to Taunton, where he was apprenticed, and spent £3,000 in erecting a second chapel, with an endowment of £150 for the minister. In 1810 he quarrelled with the Wesleyans, and joined the New Connexion. In less than a year, however, he made fresh overtures to the Conference, but soon engaged in a paper war with the managers, who terminated the dispute by purchasing the chapel for £1,000. His final residence was Budleigh Salterton, Devon, where he built a third chapel, which cost £2,000, appointing one Hawkey, a retired army captain, his minister, with a stipend of £150 per annum. His health declining—he suffered from epileptic fits, and ultimately from apoplexy and paralysis—he died November 22, 1815, aged seventy, and his remains were interred in Budleigh churchyard.

Such was the singular career of this talented but eccentric man. His religious opinions were sadly unsettled, but we cannot doubt that he really desired to be useful in his generation. The "Temple of the Muses" was destroyed by fire many years since, and Lackington's favourite trade is no longer carried on there ; yet the annals of bookselling must long commemorate his remarkable enterprize and success, while London, of which he was a useful citizen, will not deny him a line in the golden registry of her commercial greatness.



BAYNARD'S CASTLE.

BAYNARD'S CASTLE.

THIS remarkable building, of which Mark Lemon gave a very pretty view at the Gallery of Illustration, was one of two castles built at the west end of the City, with walls and ramparts, as we are informed by Fitz-Stephen. It was named after Ralph Baynard, a nobleman, who, coming over from Normandy with the Conqueror, received many marks of his favour, including the barony of Dunmow. His grandson, to whom the fortress descended, forfeited it to the crown in 1111. Henry I. bestowed the barony of Baynard on Robert Fitz-Richard, grandson of Gilbert, Earl of Clare; his son Robert was Castellan and Standard-bearer of the City in 1213. Engaging in civil war with the barons, against King John, he was obliged to depart the realm, and the monarch, in his wrath, demolished Baynard Castle. King John, being in France (1214) with a great army, made a truce for five years; and, there being a river between the two hosts, an English knight challenged any one among those on the other side to come over and take a joust with him; whereupon Earl Robert, who was in the French army, ferried across, and, getting on horseback, faced the challenger, striking him so violently, at the first course, with his great spear, that both man and horse fell to the ground, and afterwards, his own spear breaking, he returned to his French friends. King John, witnessing this, exclaimed, "By God's troth (his usual oath), he were a king indeed who had such a knight;" upon which Robert's friends knelt down and said, "O King, he is your knight; it is Robert Fitz-Walter;" and next day, being summoned back, he was restored to the king's grace, receiving leave to repair Baynard Castle, and becoming governor of Hertford Castle. The earl, however, soon joined with the confederate lords, and on June 19, 1215, obtained at Runnymede, Magna Charta, that memorable security for English freedom. He afterwards was styled "Marshal of the Army of God and of the Church," ultimately rendering himself famous in the Crusades. In 1216, Louis, Dauphin of France, taking possession of Hertford Castle, the Earl alleged that by "ancient right and title, it pertained to him;" but the haughty prince answered, that "Englishmen were unworthy any posts of trust, because they did betray their own lord." Robert died in 1216, and was buried at Dunmow. During some years the barony of Baynard was held in ward by Henry III., during the minority of a grandchild, Robert Fitz-Walter, who, in 1303, claimed to be Castellan and Banner-bearer of London, before John Blondon, or Blount, Mayor and

Custos of the City, making his demand in the following terms:—

The said Robert and his heirs ought to be, and are, chief bannerers of London in fee, for the castellary, which he and his ancestors had by Castle Baynard in the said City. In time of war, the said Earl and his heirs, ought to serve the City in manner as followeth, that is:—The said Robert ought to come, he being the twentieth man of arms, on horseback, covered with cloth and armour, unto the great west door of St. Paul's with his banner displayed before him; and when he is so come, mounted and apparelled, the Mayor with his Aldermen and Sheriffs, armed with their arms, shall come out of the said church, with a banner in his hand, all on foot; which banner shall be gules, the image of St. Paul gold, the face, hands, feet, and sword of silver. And as soon as the Earl seeth the Mayor come on foot out of the church, bearing such a banner, he shall alight from his horse, and salute the Mayor, saying unto him, "Sir Mayor, I am come to do my service, which I owe to the City." And the Mayor and Aldermen shall reply, "We give to you, as to our banneret of fee in this City, the banner of this City, to bear and govern the honour of this City to your power." And the Earl, taking the banner in his hands, shall go on foot out of the gate, the Mayor and his company following to the door; and shall bring a horse to the said Robert, value £20, which horse shall be saddled, with a saddle of the arms of the said Earl, and shall be covered with sindals of the said arms. Also they shall present him a purse of £20, delivering it to his Chamberlain, for his charges that day. Then Robert, being in his sell, as soon as he be mounted, shall say to the Mayor that he must cause a marshal to be chosen for the host, a man of the City; which done, the said Earl shall command the Mayor and burgesses to warn the Commons of the City to assemble, and all go under the banner of St. Paul; whereupon Robert shall bear it to Aldgate, and then the banner must be delivered to a proper custodian. If they need to leave London, Robert should choose two out of each Ward, the most sage persons, to keep the City after they depart from it, and this counsel shall be taken in the Priory of the Trinity, nigh unto Aldgate; and of the London host besieging any city for a year, the said Earl shall have for every siege of the commonalty of London one hundred shillings, and no more.

These be the rights of the said Robert in the time of war; and these following are his rights in the time of peace, namely:—The said Robert Fitz-Walter had a soke or ward in the City, where was a wall of the canonry of St. Paul, which led down by a brewhouse to the Thames, and so to the mill-side, which was in the water, coming down from Fleet Bridge, and went by London wall, betwixt the Friars-Preachers and Ludgate, and so returned to the canonry wall; that is, all the parish of St. Andrew, which was in the gift of his ancestors, by the said seigniority, and so the Earl had appendant to the said soke all the things underwritten:—"That he ought to have a sokeman, choosing what sokeman he will, for the said ward, and if any of the sokemanry be impleaded in the Guildhall, of anything that toucheth the body of the Mayor, or that toucheth the body of the Sheriff, it is lawful for the sokeman to demand a court of the said Robert, and the Mayor and citizens ought to grant it, and therein he ought to bring his judgments, as it is assented and agreed upon in the Guildhall. If any, therefore, be taken in his sokemanry, he must have his stocks and imprisonment in his soken, and he shall be brought before the Mayor and judgment given him, but it must not be published till he come into the court of the said Earl, and in his liberty: and if he have deserved death by treason, he is to be tied to a post in the Thames, at a good wharf, where boats are fastened, two ebbings and two flowings of the water. And if he be condemned for a common theft, he ought to be led to the elms, and there suffer his judgment as other thieves. And so the said Earl hath honour that he holdeth a great franchise within the City, that the Mayor must do him right,—and when he holdeth a great council, he ought to call the said Robert, who should be sworn thereof, against all people, saving the King and his heirs. And when he cometh to the hustings, at Guildhall, the Mayor ought to rise against him, and sit down near him, so long as he remaineth, all judgments being given by his mouth, according to the records of the said Guildhall; and the waifes that come while he stayeth, he ought to give them to the town bailiff, or to whom he will, by the counsel of the Mayor."

"These (says Stow) are the Earl's franchises in London, in times of war and peace, which, for the antiquity thereof, I have noticed out of an old record."

Baynard's Castle stood in Thames Street, and was close to the river, so as to secure a good landing-place. It must originally have been important as a stronghold, and, from its favourable position for defence, no doubt afforded a very effectual barrier against interlopers, who, in those early times, sought to plunder the citizens of London. No vestiges of the building remain above ground; but the massive foundations are still visible at low water. Some years ago the site was used as a timber-yard: an old engraving of the Castle represents a very extensive structure with three front-buttresses, with their basements in the river, and raised far above the roof; while, surmounting all, towards the centre, a lofty tower or steeple is shown. The buttresses and all the intervening projections, are pierced with long narrow lights, and the walls probably had openings in every direction for the discharge of missiles, and, after the introduction of gunpowder as a means of aggression, for the employment of gunnery, and even of mortars and small pieces of artillery.

It is not known how the place fell to the Crown, but, when destroyed by fire, in 1428, it was rebuilt by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. Henry VI. made it a royal residence, but ultimately granted it to Richard, Duke of York, who made it his head-quarters during the Wars of the Roses. A scene in Shakspeare's play of "Richard III." is laid in the Court of Baynard's Castle; and its importance as a military station must have been immense, as it would so readily control the artisans as to political manifestations, from its great strength, its situation in the centre of London, and from overlooking the Thames.

In 1468, the Earls of March and Warwick entered the City with a large body of men, "where they were joyfully received; and upon the 3rd of March the said Earl, son to Richard, Duke of York, mustered his people in St. John's Fields, proclaiming certain articles and points wherein King Henry, as they said, had offended, demanding of the commonalty whether the said king was worthy to reign any longer; whereunto the people cried, 'Nay.' Then it was asked whether they would have the Earl of March for their king, and they answered, 'Yea, yea!' Then captaines were appointed to report the matter to the said earl, then being lodged at his Castle of Baynard. And when he was advertised thereof, he thanked God and them for his election, notwithstanding he showed some countenance of insufficiency in him to occupy so great a charge, till, by exhortation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Exeter, and divers lords, he granted their petition; and on the next morrow, at Paul's, he went, on procession offered, and had *Te Deum* sung. Then he was conveyed, with great royalty, to Westminster; and in the great hall was set in the king's seat, with St. Edward's sceptre in his hand."

Richard III. first assumed the kingly office at Baynard's Castle. He was attended by the Duke of Buckingham, who had been to Guildhall, to bring the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. "If you thrive well, bring them hither, where you shall find me well accompanied with reverend fathers and learned bishops." Our great dramatist sets forth all these particulars, resuscitating the arch-hypocrite and his followers with marvellous skill; which, probably, never took so life-like a form as when the elder Kean strutted his little hour as the mighty hunchback. Henry VIII., who seemed to have a *penchant* for water residences, expended large sums in repairing and beautifying the castle: changing it, indeed, from a fortress to a palace, where he frequently lodged, and from whence he made various splendid processions; and, in 1505, entertained Philip of Austria, King of Castile, who was forced to seek hospitality in England by a storm.

In 1553, July 19th, a council, presided over by Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, who then occupied the place, assembled at Baynard Castle, and, after consultation, summoned the Lord Mayor, and rode to the cross in Cheapside, where Garter King of Arms proclaimed the Princess Mary Queen of England, with sound of trumpet. Queen Elizabeth also supped here with the earl, and afterwards embarked on the Thames to show herself to her loving people; whereupon her barge, brilliant with cloth of gold, but far more honoured by the presence of many of the noblest and greatest of the land, was surrounded by a vast fleet of row boats, whilst acclamations, music, fireworks, and every possible expression of delight, hailed the royal presence. This display took place in April, and it might be fancied went far into the night; but no, early hours were then fashionable, and her virgin Majesty returned to her home palace before ten o'clock. Think of delicate ladies breakfasting at six of the clock a.m., on salt herrings and strong beer; dining at twelve, undisguised, substantial joints of beef or mutton being the constant fare; and supping (there was no tea-drinking in those days) by seven or eight, all well-conducted folks being quiet in their beds in an hour or two after.

> Early to bed, and early to rise,
> Makes people healthy, wealthy, and wise.

When Elizabeth was on her journey to Tilbury, in order to review her troops assembled there, in readiness for the approaching Armada, she tarried on the road, according to the quaint old song—

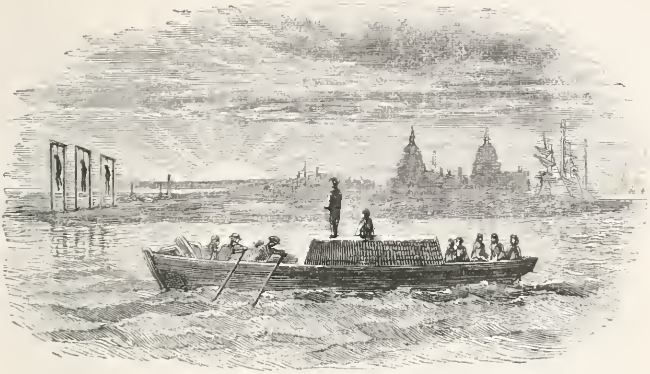
> To eat a nice beef-steak,
> All with her maids of honour;

and, without question, that genuine English food had much to do in prompting her glorious address to the warriors who hung enraptured on her lips.

The last inhabitants of Baynard Castle were the Earls of Shrewsbury. It had ceased to be a depôt for arms, and its character as a fortress was almost forgotten, when it finally perished in the awful conflagration of 1666. We have spoken of the timber-yard, which for many years covered the ground plan of the building, and was succeeded by the Carron Iron Works, and the Castle Baynard Copper Company's house and wharf. We recollect going over the stove warehouses in search of something cheap and elegant, which we did not find; and though, perhaps, the sheds and shops were modern enough, the light was so imperfect, the walls so dingy, and the connecting staircases of such a break-neck build, that we insensibly reverted to old-world histories, and thought of Castle

Baynard in the troublesome times of our civil wars, and peopled it again with Yorkists or Lancasterians—the splendour of a Tudor court, or the expiring glories of the house of Shrewsbury. Who knows? the terrible "setter-up and putter-down of kings" might have had a sleeping chamber in that dark nook, with little to light it but the blaze of his gorgeous armour. On to the right, there, on that long, narrow, bare strip, the baronial hall might have been laid out; and there Warwick and March, with their rebel retainers, might have plotted treason against our sixth Henry; whose "holy shade," according to Gray, "now walks in saintly calmness through the cloistered glades of Eton." Or, in yonder queer receptacle of Romford stoves, ranges, and bright steel-fronted grates, bluff Hal, and the imperious Cardinal (with occasional visits from Queen Catherine, or lovely Anne), might have taken pleasant counsel together, revelling in regal state, on the newly rush-strewn floor, around the rich but rude banquetting board; or engaged with obsequious but gorgeously dressed courtiers, and mirthful maids of honour, in torch dances and stately minuets. And then the gloomy, stern-minded Mary, whispering hard decrees against her luckless Protestant subjects, in willing accord with Bonner and his bigot satellites: a dismal scene, soon to be changed by our grand sovereign lady Elizabeth. Did Raleigh compliment her at Castle Baynard? Was Bacon at her elbow in those antique chambers, with a screed of philosophy? Did Chancellor Hatton dance a coranto in her presence here? or Walsingham and Burleigh shake their heads there, over the wise suggestions of their strong-minded mistress? And who came after her? Was King Jamie a guest here? or the hapless Charles, and his fair French wife? Did Cromwell's frown make the walls still darker? Or, when the Shrewsburies were in the ascendant, did the "Merry Monarch" sometimes look in, with Nell or the duchess on his arm, to lose or win broad pieces at speculation? Who can tell? Castle Baynard is a dream of the past.

Every year—nay, every month—obliterates some of the lingering traces of the past. The George and Blue Boar, one of the most ancient of old London hostelries, has disappeared under the ruthless hands of improvement. There is a tradition that in the yard of this inn Cromwell seized a pack-saddle, containing a letter from Charles I. to Queen Henrietta, which furnished evidence of the dissimulation of the king, and his intention to punish Oliver as a traitor, should he ever have the power; and the discovery, it is affirmed, led to the trial and execution of the writer.



BILLINGSGATE.

BILLINGSGATE MARKET.

John Brompton says, in his *Chronicon*, "If a small ship come up to Byllyngsgate it shall give one halfpenny of toll; if a greater one, which hath sails, one penny; if a small ship, or the hulk of a ship, come thereto, and shall lie there, it shall give fourpence for the toll; for ships which are filled with wood, one log of wood shall be given as a toll; in a week of bread, toll shall be paid for three days, the Lord's day, Tuesday, and Thursday." Hence we gather that at a very early period Billingsgate was not merely a fish-market, but for the sale of general commodities. Paying toll in kind is a curious fiscal regulation; though, doubtless, when barter was the ordinary mode of transacting business, taxes must have been collected in the form of an instalment of the goods brought to market. Originally the City had several water-gates. Of these, Billingsgate, opening from the Thames, where its commerce chiefly centred, was one of the most important. Our fanciful annalist, Geoffrey of Monmouth, gives a singular etymology for the name, certainly more marvellous than trustworthy. "Belin," he says, "was a king of Britain about 400 years previous to the Saviour's birth; and at his death, his body being burned, the ashes, in a vessel of brass, were set upon a high pinnacle of stone over the said gate, whence it was called Belin's Gate."

Stow informs us—

> That it is a port or harborough for ships and boats, commonly arriving there with fish, both fresh and salt, shell-fishes, salt, oranges, onions, and other fruits and roots; wheate, rie, and graine of divers sorts, for service of the City, and the parts of this realme adjoining. It is more frequented now than when the Queen's Hith was used, as being appointed by the kings of this realme to be the speciall or only port for taking up of all such merchandises, brought to this City by strangers or forreiners; because the drawbridge of timber at London Bridge was then to be raised, or drawn up for passage of ships, without toppes, thither.

Billingsgate was first made a free port by Act of Parliament, 1699. Our vernacular English has been much enriched by tributes from the peculiar dialect of the fishermen of this market. Coarse invective, rough scolding, and torrents of acid humour, in the plainest possible language, have been for ages termed Billingsgate. In Lupton's "Country and City Carbonadoed," the nymphs of the locality are thus described:—

> FISHERWOMEN.—These crying, wandering, and travelling creatures carry their shops on their heads, and their storehouse is ordinarily Billingsgate, or the Bridge foot; and their habitation Turnagain Lane. They set up every morning their trade afresh. They are easily furnished; get something, and spend it jovially and merrily. Five shillings, a basket, and a good cry, are a large stock for one of them. They are merriest when all their ware is gone. In the morning, they delight to have their shop full; at even, they desire to have it empty. Their shop is but little, some two yards compass, yet it holds all sorts of fish, or herbs, or roots, strawberries, apples, or plums, cucumbers, and such like ware. Nay, it is not destitute, often, of nuts, oranges, and lemons. They are free in all places, and pay nothing for rent, but only find repairs to it. If they drink out their whole stock, it is but pawning a petticoat in Long Lane, or themselves in Turnbull

Street, for to set up again. They change daily; for she that was for this day for fish, may be to-morrow for fruit, next day for herbs, another for roots; so that you must hear them cry before you know what they are furnished withal. When they have done their fair, they meet in mirth, singing, dancing, and in the middle (a parenthesis) they are scolding; but they do use to take and put upwards, and end not till either their money, or wit, or credit be clean spent out. Well, when on any evening they are not merry in a drinking-house, it is thought they have had bad return, or else have paid some old score, or else they are bankrupts: they are creatures soon up and soon down.

This quaint account of the ancient Billingsgate ladies answers exactly to the costermongers and their wives of the present day, who are just as careless and improvident; they are merry over their last rope of onions, and laugh over a basketful of stale herrings.

There was till very recently a colony of these singular people in the Lower Road, Islington, where (in Ward's Place) a student of human nature might learn much that books will not teach him. They have little religion, and less politeness. In person they are tolerably clean, but they are not at all particular as to decency, and are habitually foul-mouthed. Some of the younger men are tall, strong, and fearless; some of the girls are exceedingly good-looking, but quickly lose all modesty of demeanour, and become masculine both in word and deed. The older men and women are frequently reduced to the most deplorable wretchedness; while the children tumble in the filth that surrounds their dwellings, and learn to curse and swear as soon as they are weaned. At night, the donkey, the children, the mothers and fathers—for not uncommonly there were several families in one hovel—all huddled together in the same rooms. The stock-in-trade—fish, fruit, or vegetables—was stored, amidst miscellaneous filth, under the press bedsteads, to be hawked afresh the next day. They went to market very early in summer, and as soon as it was light in winter; purchasing the cheapest stock, fish, fruit, and vegetables, when there was a glut, or a better commodity when the price was reduced by its remaining on hand. They sold their bargains in the poorer streets, at a small profit, making their chief advantage by using false weights and measures. They were content to live very hardly, and were seldom habitual drunkards, though often, in extremely bad weather, they resorted to drinking in mere despair; and in absolute destitution, had no refuge but the workhouse, where they remained till the Guardians gave them a new start by advancing them a few shillings, frequently as little as 2s. 6d., and scarcely ever more than 7s. 6d. or 10s. On this they traded for months. When such advances were made by private hands, in the way of loans, they generally repaid them. Nor are these folks entirely useless to the community; for it is chiefly through their agency that cheap fish, fruit, and vegetables are brought to the doors of the working classes, who, in their absence, would seldom be able to benefit by the bounty of nature in abundant seasons.

My first recollections of Billingsgate Market are of an open space by the Thames side, dirty, and difficult of approach; where, in business hours, it needed some courage to venture, so coarse and rude were the dealers, and the buyers so mobbish and impudent. First-class fishmongers had the pick of the smacks as they came in. What they rejected or passed over, was then at the mercy of street dealers; who strove by crowding and violence, to prevent private customers from coming altogether, or forcing unreasonable bargains upon them when they did. The market folks connived at their tricks, and fancied they were benefitted by excluding the public. The police were not in those days; and if Billingsgate was under any control, it must have been of the loosest possible sort.

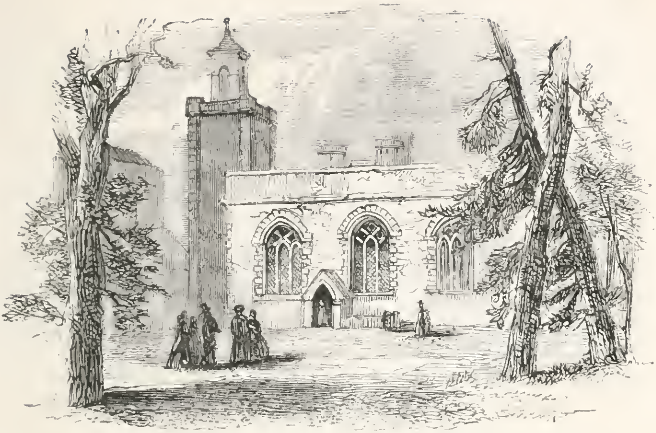
By rather a strange accident, I became acquainted with the humours of Billingsgate, as they were enacted in 1817;

and looking backward on the dark retreating vista of years, the whole scene is freshly renewed before me.

On the morning of a June day, I had gone to Gravesend, by coach. It was then a pleasant, thinly-inhabited country village, with no Rosherville to tempt Cockney travellers, no booths on Windmill Hill, no pretentious houses of refreshment to attract the weary. The Margate hoy called there once a-day, and there were boats to and from London, which, in the height of the summer, made the voyage twice in the twenty-four hours; but during fully eight months of the year, a single journey *per diem* was all that could be attempted, for the number of passengers rarely exceeded a dozen. Gravesend had many charms then; its vicinity was extremely picturesque, and the view down or up the river, in bright weather, extremely fine. I wished to return to town before night, and at two o'clock p.m. reached the deck of a small, fast-sailing boat (so it was thought), fully expecting to reach London Bridge by six o'clock. For the first two hours of the voyage, we six travellers, two women and four of the nobler sex (why is it so denominated?), might have reasonably looked for a quick passage. About four o'clock, however, our hopes were dashed, for our little ark entered into a dense fog, very unusual at the season; whereupon the good blue-jacket in charge thought it wisest to lay-to, and wait for clearer weather. It wouldn't come. If the sun peeped out at all, it was only to aggravate the disappointment, when its deep-red face was eclipsed again in the mist. To all our inquiries of "Can't you go on?" Master Captain curtly answered, "Do you wish me to scuttle my boat?" About six o'clock the fog banks began to dissolve, the clouds were breaking, and we moved once more. By this time most of us were getting hungry. We had had a slight lunch at starting; but now there was a general demand for dinner. Alas! the boat was only victualled for three, and there were nine on board; so that a hard crust each and some sour beer (I took water) was all we could procure. Perhaps we might reach Billingsgate by eight, so it did not much matter. At eight o'clock, unfortunately, we were still on the wrong side of Blackwall. The tide was turning, and would soon be dead against us, and what wind there was would help us back to Gravesend, but opposed our progress to London. Presently it began to grow dark, and there would be no moon to cheer us. We were getting very chilly. The crew comforted themselves with short pipes, and appeared to bear the protracted journey with perfect *nonchalance;* while the passengers, abandoning themselves to the blues, harboured all sorts of gloomy anticipations. Ten o'clock, the boat did not move a mile in an hour; midnight, we had just passed Blackwall. At last, at half-past two a.m., much to our astonishment, we arrived at Billingsgate, and got to land, six as hungry and weary creatures as ever left a Gravesend sailing boat. We had been nearly thirteen hours on the river. It was beginning to dawn; my five companions slunk away in the uncertain light, and "I saw them no more." Cold, sleepy, hungry as I was, the walk home, to find all friends fast asleep, was distasteful. There was a nighthouse already open, where a fire blazed invitingly. Going in, I asked, Could they give me supper and a bed? "Yes." The supper was a failure; the sleeping-room quite a temple of unrest. The cleanliness of the lodging was more than doubtful; so I wrapped myself in the coverlid and lay down in my clothes. Dozing from sheer fatigue, I was unpleasantly aroused by a sensation of heat, and as if something crept on the skin. Jumping up in disgust, and raising the dirty blind, I found it was broad day, and that the market-place was beginning to fill with dealers: men and women with baskets; some surrounding coffee-stalls or sipping hot elder wine or far stronger liquids; while, more distant, a noise of fishing vessels, as their bottoms grated at the landing-place, showed that business would soon commence.

Then, as herring-boat or mackerel-smack came in, the clamour waxed "fast and furious," for the petticoated worthies of Billingsgate gave tongue in all the astounding varieties of the flash dialect. Costermonger elbowed costermonger. It was lobster season, and as the tiny black-mailed militia of the deep were unpacked, a perfect storm of Babylonish expletives rang in my ears. Eyes and limbs were devoted by their owners to destruction in the most wanton manner, and the recognised form of salutation was an oath. I strove to escape from my ill-chosen inn and from the market, but it was not to be done easily. Mixing with the crowd, and known as an interloper, I was speedily beset by half a score of fish-wives, who mockingly invited me to make a purchase. "Want a Dutch plaice, old fellow?" "Buy a hundred of live herrings?" They smelt confoundedly. "Take a few lobsters, young 'un?" Just at this moment, my handkerchief was adroitly borne off; and feeling for my watch, I found it was in the very act of *going*: this I was able to prevent, and after much struggling, was permitted to dive down a neighbouring lane, and save myself from further damage. I encountered a half-blind, half-drunk Charley in my retreat, who laughed hoarsely when I told him of my troubles.

I avoided the unsavoury locality of Billingsgate for years, and could not even be tempted to revisit it by the cheap and excellent fish dinner provided there for all comers. One day, however—quite recently—business led me into Thames Street, and I was surprised to discover that the dirty, disorderly market I had shunned was transformed into a clean, well-governed exchange for Neptune's fishy treasures, where the most delicate customer might walk without abuse or obstruction. Even the ill-famed sisterhood, if not absolutely polite, were become, in comparison, quiet and good-humoured; and you might ask the price of cod or salmon, without any risk of having a tail or a jowl flung in your face. Still, I do not recommend buyers to make purchases unless they are good judges of fish, since innocents as to the signs of finny freshness may chance to invest their money in woolly cod or tainted salmon.



PLACE OF EXECUTION WITHIN THE TOWER.

THE PRISON LIFE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

A.D. 1611.

SCENE.—*A Chamber in the Tower of London—A Table covered with Maps and Charts—A Portrait of Queen Elizabeth over the chimney—On a side table a folio Bible, and a Parcel of MSS.—Oaken Chairs.*

CHARACTERS.—HENRY PRINCE OF WALES; SIR W. RALEIGH; LADY RALEIGH; CAREW RALEIGH; *the Lieutenant of the Tower*, SIR ALLEN APSLEY.

The Prince and Sir Walter Raleigh occupied at the table.

Prince.—Of a surety this place is not so dismal to-day as it is wont to be. Mr. Lieutenant has taken good order in the matter, and it rejoices me to think that your restraint will now be less irksome. Yet what king but my royal father would keep such a bird in a cage?

Raleigh.—Dear Prince, I owe you much; the rigours of captivity are now softened, and I can behold God's blessed light, and feel His reviving air without hinderance; yet the iron bondage has entered into my very soul. There is a sad cell-chamber, deep in the foundation, hewn into the ancient wall, whence no sound can issue, and where no wholesome light can enter, and there I tasted all the bitterness of imprisonment. The stone walls are thickly inscribed with the names and sorrows of hapless captives. In a fit of depression I added my own; and, long years hence, some purblind antiquary may trace it out, and wonder at my dungeon life.

Prince.—My gallant friend, such wrongs will not be renewed. The Queen honours you; she is never weary of praising the excellent cordial you sent her. It did her more good than all the doctors.

Raleigh.—Had I wronged his Majesty, the prison and the block were justly my wages; but a more loyal heart than his poor soldier's here, throbs not in his dominions.

Prince.—I will move him yet further for your ease. But now, my noble Walter, tell me something of your past story; you have often promised.

Raleigh.—I will recount a few passages. The whole narrative were too long for your patience or my peace. I am this day fifty-nine years old. Until this dreary bondage began, life was strong in me, and few men of like age could bear equal fatigue. The chase, gymnastic exercises, the toils of war, the camp, or the ship-deck, were all pleasant; but now the prison damp has taken hold of my joints, and ofttimes I suffer with a grievous quartan; so that, when I looked only for a sharp cure—the axe—it vexed me, lest the fit should make me shake on the scaffold, and men might fancy I was afraid.

Prince.—Alas! thou wert evil rewarded for thy patriotic labours.

Raleigh.—I love my native village in Devonshire, and, among other dreams, hoped I might die there. Haye's Farm was a pleasant place; I had a natural disposition for it, being born in that house. I was a boy in Mary's gloomy days. At Oriel they called me witty and studious; but I longed to mix in the busy world, for I had read many books of travels, and especially of the New World, and the bloody foot-prints of the Spaniard there. I have traced for you the map of those lands.

Prince.—Aye; nor are your instructions lost. Methinks I should rejoice to cross that bright ocean, and tread those golden shores.

Raleigh.—My mother—praise be to God who gave me so excellent a mother!—fostered in my young heart every noble desire. When only sixteen I fought with the Huguenots in France. I remember well that when Condé was slain, the Protestants mourned for him, by reason of faith, person, and birth; yet they comforted themselves in the wisdom of Coligni. I was also with Count Ludovich of Nassau, when, in his able retreat, he saved half the army, of which I was myself an eye-witness. But nothing more struck my young fancy than this: I saw in the third civil war, certain caves in Languedoc, which had but one narrow entrance cut in the high rocks, which we knew not how to enter by any ladder or engine; 'till, at last, by bundles of straw lowered by a chain, with a weighty stone in their midst, those that defended it were so smothered, as they rendered themselves with their plate, money, and other goods.

Prince.—Snared like foxes!

Raleigh.—There was a Colonel Richard Bingham, with whom I companioned in the Netherlands, who had a scheme for a plantation in America. We gathered a band of adventurers, and, led by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, tried our fortune, but failed, for there was discord amongst us.

We returned home, with the loss of a "tall ship." Then, in my twenty-fifth year, I served in Ireland; and, in one skirmish, a Kerne being made prisoner, and having in his hand a bundle of willow ropes, was asked what they were for. "Why, to hang up the English churls!" "Then," was my answer, "they will do for an Irish Kerne;" and the bold thief was hanged in one of his own collars. Edmund Spenser, that sweetest of all poets, was with us in the camp, and he begged for the man's life. We heeded him not. Was he right?

Prince.—Yes, for human life is a precious thing; but our stern war code would scarce allow of his pardon.

Raleigh.—I commanded at York, and, I hope, atoned for the Kerne's fate, by twice saving soldiers of my company from what seemed inevitable death. You have heard of the incomparable Sir Philip Sidney; we were friends. He read his "Arcadia" to me, but it liked me not so well as his "Valour Anatomised." Read it, Prince; the words of so great a man are worth careful study. And now I will tell you how I first found grace with our great Queen. Would that she lived still! for then I should not waste existence in captivity. There is her effigy; a poor work, considering the subject, and yet the likeness is good enough to be reverenced, though, as brilliant Will the playwright saith—

> After life's fitful fever, she sleeps well.

In her progress from the royal barge to the palace, the Queen came to a spot, where the ground was so moist, that she scrupled for a moment to advance. I was standing by, devouring her august presence, and, stepping forward, took off and spread over the miry spot a richly embroidered cloak which I then wore. Her Majesty smiled, and after a momentary pause, passed over the costly footcloth. I was sent for soon after, and taken into her service. Hence all my good and evil in public life; for Elizabeth loved stalwart soldiers, and this is no self-flattery, for Providence and my mother's care had given me a noble figure—how miserably marred now, you know.

Prince.—None of our court roysterers are half so grand-looking. I saw you, when I was but a child, passing to the Tower, and called you King Raleigh.

Raleigh.—I would have gone to the Americas with Gilbert in 1583, but court chains kept me at home. It was a fatal expedition, yet it would have been glory and happiness to die like Sir Humphrey. Just before they were cast away, he was seen sitting on deck with a Bible in his hand, and was heard to say, as if encouraging his men, "Be of good heart, my friends, we are as near to heaven on the ocean as on the land;" and thus he died, like a resolute soldier of Jesus Christ! There was another voyage in 1584. I longed to join in the venture, but dared not. One of the brave gallants wrote me word, "As we neared the Canaries, we discerned the delicious fragrance with which the air was loaded, as if we had been in the midst of some delicate garden, abounding with all kinds of odoriferous flowers." It was a fairy-land—the soil rich, the air mild and healthy. They counted fourteen sorts of sweet-smelling trees, besides an underwood of laurels and box, with oaks whose girth was greater than in England. The fruits were as rich as the flowers were delicate. Oh, to live and die in such a paradise! The ships returned safe with some of the natives.

Prince.—A delightful country, truly. I sometimes, after a masque of learned Ben, dream of such a delicious place, and wish myself king there.

Raleigh.—Nay, Henry, thou shalt be an English monarch: thou canst not fill a nobler throne than that so lately filled by our imperial mistress.

Prince.—I spoke vainly. I shall never be king. Dr. Dee, it is whispered, foretells my early death.

Raleigh.—Dee is mad. We are not the servants of the stars, but of Him who made them! My next advance was one which many desired, but few attained, for the Queen was chary in conferring honours. I received the dignity of knighthood, and as I rose from my knees "Sir Walter," I anticipated a glorious and happy career; but "all is vanity!" Again brave fleets went out to seek a north-west passage, and to colonise Virginia; and again they failed, though their toils were not in vain, but have laid a solid foundation for our country's future triumphs. Thou wilt laugh at a tale I remember anent these things. A worthy Spaniard planted a colony in the Straits of Magellan. He was my prisoner, and asking him about a certain island in those Straits, he told me merrily that it was to be called the Painter's Island, saying that while the fellow drew the map we were tracing, his wife, sitting by, desired him to put in one country for her, that she, in imagination, might have an island of her own. These voyagers brought home samples of the herb tobacco, against which your royal father hath written his ingenious book, the "Counterblast." When I first smoked it, my servant coming into my study with a tankard of ale, seeing smoke issuing from my mouth, threw the liquor in my face, because he thought I was on fire: not more ridiculous than the mistake of the Virginians, who sowed a quantity of gunpowder for grain. I once posed the Queen by saying I could tell her the exact weight of tobacco smoke. Her Majesty wagered it could not be done. I caused a pound to be thoroughly smoked, and, weighing the ashes, declared the weight of the smoke to be the overplús; whereupon the Queen, paying her money, remarked that she had heard of persons turning gold into smoke, but I was the first who had turned smoke into gold!

Prince.—I have tried to smoke tobacco chiefly, I blush to say, because the King forbade me. Why do we hanker so after forbidden pleasures?

Raleigh.—It is our nature, Prince. Half the things we covet would have no charm were they cast into our laps. After this, I served against the Spaniard, and I will be bold to say did good service. If ever thou holdest the sceptre, make much of your fleet; ships, without putting themselves out of breath, easily outrun soldiers. Armies neither fly nor go post. A fleet may be seen at sundown at the Lizard, and by morning recover Portland, whereas an army would not march it in six days. I need not speak of the Armada, and the gallant labours of our Effingham and Drake, or the grand words of our great Elizabeth: they are graven on the rock of memory, and will be read until the end of time. About this period I would have set up "an office of address," where the wants and wishes of the wise and learned might be made known to each other, that their efforts might no longer be as so many scattered lights, which, without union, are soon quenched, but being brought together would yield a steady beacon fire. I had few or no helpers. Perhaps two or three centuries hence the plan may succeed. Then I went forth with Norris and the Earl of Essex to restore Don Antonio to the throne of Portugal. He did well, but dissension among the commanders marred our success. Essex was a brave man: I honoured him, but loved him not. There were party feuds between us. At his downfall there might have been an evil joy in my heart; yet, when he laid his noble head on the block, I could not bear to witness his death, but, stepping aside, shed tears. Has God punished me on his account? And shall I, too, die under the headsman?

Prince.—What a sad book our history is; and how many of our noblest heroes have bled on the scaffold!

Raleigh.—Being in great favour with the Queen, I often importuned her on behalf of worthy men in distress, and once she said to me, rather impatiently, "When, Sir Walter, will you cease to be a beggar?" I think I was happy enough to make the right answer: "When your gracious Majesty ceases to be a benefactor." Sir Richard Grenville had been foully aspersed; have you read my vindication of him? Hear how he ended. His ship was a naked hull, having received 800 shot of great artillery; her deck covered with the limbs and carcases of forty valiant men—the rest wounded, and painted with their own blood; her masts beat overboard; all her tackle cut asunder; her upper works level with the water, and she herself incapable of any motion save that given by the billows. Grenville wished to sink the vessel, but he was compelled to surrender. Faint with loss of blood, and, like his ship, shattered with many wounds, he expired uttering these words, "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true sailor ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion, and honour." I was at sea on a Spanish expedition, when I was summoned back to England, and sent to the Tower. It was my first visit here. Shortly previous, I had plighted my troth to dear Elizabeth Throgmorton, then a maid of honour. The Queen liked not matrimony among her favourites; and in this only was a woman, that she loved to engross all the admiration of her courtiers. I wrote my imperial mistress an epistle of sugared words, and was pardoned. Not long after, my sweet Bessy became my wife, and we dwelt a few blessed months in retirement. That brief period was the sole verdant oasis in the desert of my life.

Prince.—There shall be good days for you yet, if I may prophesy. England owes you much, and it shall not be my fault if she fails to pay you!

Raleigh.—And now I dreamed of the conquest of Guiana, my greatest adventure in the New World. Making shipwreck of my newly-found domestic comfort, in 1595, with many bold gentlemen, I sailed in the "Lion's Whelp"—we were five vessels in all, with barges and wherries. Our success was great. The simple natives would have made me king, but were content to worship the Queen's picture, calling it Carrepuna Aquerewana—Elizabeth the mighty Princess. But our sufferings were severe; we lay for weeks at the mouth of the Orinoco, and were often attacked by the natives. At one time we were 400 miles from the ships; our clothes were in rags, our food was scanty, and often disgusting. My enemies, too, were busy at home, and I was forced to return, having lost a large part of my private fortune. Again I strove against the Spaniard, and taught him that Englishmen were worthy foes. Again I sent out ships to Guiana, but how could a mere subject prosper? The Queen helped me not. I had many disputes with Essex about the taking of Fayal, and we could not secure the Plate fleet.

Prince.—You touch too lightly on your own achievements; but they are matter of history.

Raleigh.—I had some solace in London from the company of my learned friends Spelman, Selden, Cotton, Camden, and many more now lost; and there was a literary club at the Mermaid, where the meetings were intellectual festivals worthy the highest genius. Jonson, Shakspeare, Donne, Carew, Fletcher, and Beaumont were of the members. Prince, you have read their works, and may judge what their company was. Those were gay days, when I was the Queen's most favoured knight, and competed in splendour with Essex and the noblest knights at court—a court then the most magnificent in Europe. The Queen fell into a hopeless melancholy after the death of Essex. I grew popular in Parliament, but my star had declined from the ascendant, and grew pale at the advent of King James.

Prince.—Yes, I do fear me the Stuart dynasty has been your stumbling-block; yet, brave heart, faint not; all may be well again.

Raleigh.—I will not dwell on what followed. Charged with a string of strange treasons—the work of a madman to invent, and of a fool to execute—I was tried and condemned. Suffering all the bitterness of death in apprehension, I was at length respited, and finally shut up in this fortress, where I have already rotted away eight years of my life. Whether I shall ever breathe as a freeman again, the great God only knoweth, as He doth that I am wholly innocent of the treasons laid to my charge.

Prince.—Be of good cheer, Sir Walter, the tide is turning; and as you have "sown in tears, you shall reap in joy."

Raleigh.—Let me not be unreasonable in my complaints. The good lieutenant and your princely kindness have made this prison endurable. Bessy and my sweet little Carew are with me. "The mind to all a kingdom is," if they will make it so. I had my pen, and began my "History of the World." See you not how well it advances? I doubt not it will live when I am in the grave. I have a chemical laboratory in the Tower garden, where your Highness often experiments. I spend whole days "in distillations;" and though I neither seek the philosopher's stone, nor the elixir vitæ, I find a new universe in science, and things fairer and more beautiful in the same ideal world of poesy, than could ever be met with even in Guiana. Here are some verses which you have not heard:—

THE PILGRIMAGE.

Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
  My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
  My bottle of salvation,

My gown of glory (hope's true gage);
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer;
  No other balm will here be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
  Travels to the land of heaven,
Over all the silver mountains
Where do spring those nectar fountains.

And I there will sweetly kiss
The happy bowl of peaceful bliss,
Drinking mine eternal fill,
Flowing on each milky hill.
My soul will be adry before,
But after it will thirst no more.

[*A door opens.* CAREW RALEIGH *entering, runs to the* PRINCE; LADY RALEIGH *and* SIR APSLEY ALLEN *follow.*]

Lady.—Your gracious Highness will pardon the poor child. He is not awed by your greatness, because he has so often tasted your kindness.

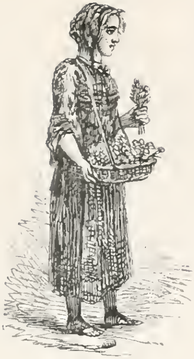
Prince [*putting a coral chain round Carew's neck*].—Happy, innocent boy! I love him too well to grudge him a kiss!

Sir Apsley Allen.—Sir Walter, we have a plot to celebrate your birthday: Lady Raleigh is a chief conspirator. There is a poor banquet toward, with store of good wine; please you to receive our poor endeavours kindly. And would your Highness be so gracious as to share our humble treat, it would be doubly honoured.

Prince.—I have yet two hours' leisure, and, if I may partake your good cheer, shall be the favoured rather than the honoured guest.

Raleigh.—Nay, dear pet Carew, fear not to climb the man of war's knees, nor shrink from his grisled beard: the white hairs will soon outnumber the black. I have not such soft hands as Bessie—mother's; but my heart, I warrant, is, to you at least, as tender as a woman's. Aye, child, it is a bonny chain. I have been where such coral grows, and have seen the whole sea-bottom red with coral branches. Most excellent Lady Bess, will you celebrate a landless prisoner's birthday? I have proved a costly husband to you, for they have forfeited all your worldly goods for my sake. Sir Apsley, my good master, you are a gentle gaoler, and I owe you more than I can pay. As for my Prince here, who humbles himself into a broken soldier's companion, I will not thank him: his own heart will do it much better. So let us to this pleasant meal; a cup of old wine will brighten the image chamber in my brain; and, while the nation's hope is my guest, and this true lady wife smiles on her captive lord, and our keeper warrants the feast, the heavy curtain of sorrow will vanish, and the stage be peopled with all that is bright and beautiful.

NOTE.—Those who are familiar with the history of Sir Walter Raleigh will not need to be told that, through the whole course of the dream, my phantom hero has continually made use of his own words, as set down by himself in his works. Lady Raleigh was allowed to reside with him in the Tower for several years, and their youngest child, Carew, was born there.



FLOWER GIRL.

THE SMALL TRADES OF LONDON.

The queenly City of London has many strange servants. She has a long train of merchant princes, but a yet more numerous retaining of humble traders, who, with much more ado, earn their daily bread. A perpetual jumble of deep poverty and abounding wealth takes place in our streets. The millionaire from Capel Court, and the orange-girl from Houndsditch, walk together. The broad waggon, with its mighty team of Flanders horses, divides the roadway with the costermonger's truck. Luxury, swollen with a thousand delicately-cooked dinners, elbows the sharp-boned pauper who only exists from meal to meal. The metropolis is a wonderful hive of work and wealth, where, though there are numerous drones, the labouring bees are far in excess, and queen bee Industry is the recognised mistress of all. We worship capital. Can anything be done without it? Much! Many thousands rise from their flock or straw beds every morning to toil for food, and to win it, whose capital is restricted to a few poor coppers, and yet battle with their difficulties without a murmur. Nor are these despised members of society useless. Each in his turn contributes something to the general good; and not seldom, while starving himself, increases the full abundance of the rich. We hardly class the costermonger's trade in fish and vegetables with small trades, for probably two-thirds of all the fish and vegetables brought to market is distributed to the countless consumers by them. When the choicer specimens of cod, turbot, and salmon are appropriated by well-to-do dealers; when the carefully pulled peas, beans, and broccoli have found buyers, Bob and his donkey, Bet and her basket, Tim and his truck, come into play; and all the cheaper second-rate articles are carried off. When there is a glut of mackerel or herrings, when strawberries are dead-ripe, or cherries a penny a pound, there is gladness in costerdom—capital fish-dinners for thousands of poor families, and luscious fruit puddings, that need no sugar, for half the ragged-schools within the bills of mortality. Without these rough but patiently-enduring and hard-working ministers of trade, a large portion of the people would never taste fresh fish, fruit, or vegetables.

While the money employed by itinerant vendors of such necessary supplies would represent in the aggregate a large sum, most of them are extremely poor, many of them in abject want. A substantial costermonger owns a donkey, a barrow, a stable, a home of some sort; but his needy brother hires a donkey or barrow by the week, and trusts to Providence for his sleeping apartment. Should a fit of illness incapacitate them for a time, they fall into absolute starvation, and on their recovery must petition the Board of Guardians for a start—5s., 7s., or 10s., to begin life anew. This small supply is often the nucleus of fresh prosperity, and they seldom ask for relief again in less than six or eight months. Nothing can be wilder or rougher than the habits of these men and women. They live apart, encountering hardships we can scarcely understand; and they die apart, too often without the consolations of religion, but not without the affectionate attendance of their own class.

I have had some knowledge of their ways, vices, virtues, and sufferings, for several years, and am certain that there is a large amount of good and kindly feeling among them. A costermonger often, however ignorant, makes a fond father, an attached husband, and is kind to his beast. No doubt there are numerous exceptions, but shall we not find them in higher classes also?

Here are a few specimens of street traffic:—

June, bright and warm—Houndsditch—Gubbins and barrow: "Mackerel, all alive, oh! six a shilling." Customer at shop door: "Why, Beka, what are you about? I must have eight for my shilling, master." "Yes, mem, if you like to have Saturday's; some folks prefers the flavour. The fresh ones are only six." Gubbins extinguished by Chaffinch, donkey, and panniers: "Peas, fresh malefat peas, sixpence a peck; mint for nothing." Woman from the first floor: "Those peas are stale; take a peck at fourpence?" Chaffinch "wishes you may get them." "Strawberries, fresh-gathered strawberries, threepence a pottle." A pleasant, clean-looking young woman, with a basket of "bigaroon" cherries, warbling in a sweet voice—

"Cherry ripe, cherry ripe, cherry ripe, I cry;
Full and fair ones, come and buy."

Old woman, from lane round the corner: "Have you any black-hearts? Peter likes that sort. No matter, give us a pound: all sound, though." "Can't, mum; they grows perverse; you must have two soft to four sound—it's natural."

October—Whitechapel—rainy day; Higgins, with a pyramid of sprats piled on a truck: "Sprats, fresh sprats, fit for my Lord Mayor, three-halfpence a pound; now's your time." Little girl wants a pound for a penny. Oyster-man at the post offers her two natives for her penny. Stalwart operative arrives for his lunch. "Got a new roll, Jack?" "Fourpence a dozen, fresh." "Open us two dozen." The barrow over the way has a copious dressing of rather suspicious-looking soles, which the proprietor declares to be "dainty live soles." "Why, missus, they smells, and I can't abear tainted fish." "Quite wrong, mem, it's the smell of the sea." Presently you may hear from various pedestrian traders a mingling cry of "Red cabbages to pickle," "Onions, keeping onions," "Sweet marjoram; want any savoury herbs?" "Coals, best coals," "Gas coke," "Wood, O!" while rumbling along the street comes a four-wheeled cart, formed into a building, first-floor high, and covered on all sides with mats, rugs, brooms, pails, brushes, fire-irons, cinder-sifters, and other articles too numerous to mention. The careful proprietor has his "parlour, kitchen, and all" inside; where, with "wife and children three," he lives happily, independent of landlord and tax-gatherer. Then follows a miniature pony, drawing a miniature cart filled with "Gravesend shrimps." "Have a relish for tea, ladies? Only twopence a pint." But the tasteful public are more attracted by the full-bass roar of "Eels, live eels! threepence a pound, eels—as big as the sea-sarpent."

This hum of untiring industry should be musical to a Londoner's ear. His noble City will continue great so long as such busy, restless sounds are heard, whether from street, shop, or factory. Be gentle to these poor traffickers under "the canopy," good Master Magistrate! I heard Sir Richard Mayne declare that it was quite lawful to vend one's chattels in the open air, wherever a customer could be found. Do not you, Mr. Beak, read the law differently!

Protect the shopkeepers, but spare the toiling costermonger and the friendless apple-woman.

I love flowers, and have a *penchant* for flower-girls. Even a cleverly-tinted artificial pink or geranium excites my sympathy. Spring and summer would be imperfect without flowers. The citizens are of my humour in this respect, and liberally patronise the floral merchants in petticoats, who are never wanting at the season in the busiest London thoroughfares, and especially about the Exchange, in the shadow of the Great Duke's statue. Little girl—Corporal Violet never fails to hail the early bright days of April with sweet-smelling liliputian bouquets; nor when the broad beams of a midsummer sun bake the granite of Cornhill, are dainty budding moss-roses, the deeply-tinted damask, or the full-blown pride of the garden absent. With hands full of twin roses on stalk, or knit together by dozens in liberal beauty, and edged with a delicate laced paper, the not uncomely priestess of May or July (albeit her gown be of coarse russet or threadbare white) woos the smiling man of business, who longs to transfer the tempting flowers to his buttonhole. Some well-known banker or broker passes by, and poor Jenny presents her violets or roses with a lowly curtsey; or should March winds be yet untamed, there she stands with pale primrose or fragile snowdrop, meekly beseeching the great man's custom. Yes, Sir Thomas, pay her well for the offering, and may the queenly dame in your luxurious home transfer it from your coat to her bosom with a kindly smile! There was a poor, pretty little maid who sold flowers about Newgate Street, often noticed by me when I lived in Ivy Lane. She began her rounds with violets, and ended them with "Sweet lavender—six bunches a penny." Prissy Fane (for so they called her) was probably some thirteen years old, and herself but a frail blossom. On business days she stood at the lane entrance to the market with her flowers. She commonly wore a plain print frock, a plain Irish linen collar, a coarse straw bonnet, and light grey mittens. Even the rude slaughtermen, as they passed candle in hat, and axe or knife in hand, felt a touch of pity for her, and left their halfpence, though they did not want flowers. Folks said she was an orphan, and many of the small shopkeepers' wives were very kind to her. Occasionally she sang snatches of old songs, and the last time I saw her was late on a dark November day, when she had nothing for her customers but "Sweet lavender." She looked out of spirits, and was crooning this simple ditty:—

I am poor, and my friends are all dead,
  Nor mother nor father have I;
Cold charity finds me in bread,
  And thus as I wander, I cry—
            Sweet lavender!

I'm sad, and no comfort is mine;
  I'm tired, and no home have to rest;
In sorrow, neglected, I pine,
  With a wearisome load at my breast.
            Sweet lavender!

In vain through the day do I grieve,
  While taking my rounds, as you see;
The folks who are rich ne'er relieve
  Or pity a poor girl like me.
            Sweet lavender!

Cold, cold blows the winterly wind,
  The rain-drops they beat on my head;
When, when in the grave shall I find
  Repose with my friends who are dead?
            Sweet lavender!

Soon, soon may that hour come, I pray,
  The time that sound slumber shall bring;
When no more in my grief I shall stray,
  When no more with faint voice I shall sing—
            Sweet lavender!

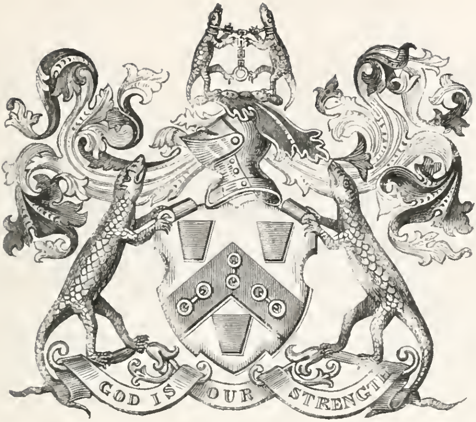
The muffin bell tinkles up the Row. "Muffins, crumpets; all hot from the stove! They are two and three a penny, fine crumpets." Truly, that man had a musical voice, and his commodities were well enough, but then I remembered the muffins and crumpets of Hanway Yard, where in the old days you saw the batter spread on the stove, and the baking process completed while you waited. Certainly no other tea bread could equal them.

We have an unlimited control over the seasons on paper; let it be summer again, while we take a peep in "Change Alley," a sort of open-air drawing-room, and the very paradise of stall-keepers. This business is carried on entirely by the fair sex; and judging by their dark tresses and brilliant eyes (dark as night too), with a masculine broadness of face and prominence of nose, they must be of Jewish origin. Here, showily dressed, they preside over fruit-stalls rich in the finest treasures of Pomona pears, apples, peaches, grapes, and pines, all of the choicest, and by no means for needy customers—a Rothschild may purchase his dessert here, and not find it a saving. If nature is so well represented in fruits, art may rejoice in a supply of richly-framed engravings, and even oil paintings, principally landscapes or marine views, which are exposed for sale by peripatetic dealers, who, should you covet a specimen of the old masters, can gratify you at a moment's notice. Then there are dog merchants (though they often ply about the Bank also), who tempt you with the minutest King Charles's, or silken-coated spaniels with trailing ears, that are constantly whining for a master or mistress, and seem through their imploring eyes to say, "Come, buy me, please;" or if you would rather transport to the villa at Clapham a piping bullfinch, or chattering parrot, or lark in full song, or a love of a tame canary, here you can be accommodated on the most advantageous terms: only take care you are not bamboozled. A friend of mine cheapened and bought, as he fancied, a pair of love birds, absolutely radiant in emerald green and bright scarlet. How the family at Laurel Cottage were amazed and delighted! Yet the birds moped; when, lo, at a week's end, the brilliant colours wearing off, nothing remained but a pair of common sparrows. Or perhaps you desiderate a globe of gold-fishes, all ready to place among the fuchsias in the bow-window at Barnes. Our ingenious small traders will meet your wishes in any of these ways; nay, if you are looking for articles of *vertu*—bronze statuettes, medals, Parian group, alabaster Apollo, Eve, or Cupid—they court your possession on the easiest terms.

"Oranges and lemons—Seville oranges; real St. Michael's, as sweet as sugar—two a penny." When does the orange season begin? In my young days you got no oranges before Christmas, and the first arrivals were terribly sour; but now, thanks to the steamboats, the first pale yellows are exposed early in November, up to which time the old season fruit may still be procured, so that the orange season lasts all the year round. What a priceless boon is this golden fruit, so cool and refreshing to the fever-parched mouth! Grapes are pleasant, but oranges are both meat and drink to the restless invalid. The flavour of the pine is vaunted, and the richness of the melon, but can either be justly preferred to a fine orange? No fruit supplies so much employment to the poor as the orange. From the great depots in Thames Street, the itinerant vendors—men, women, boys, and girls—procure their stores. Happy he or she that can secure a whole chest. Soon in every street, lane, and alley the orange stall or basket is inevitable. The weary bank collector sucks his orange; Mrs. Fidfad, from the country, while she seems gazing through Everington's plate glass, sucks her orange; old Participle, as he turns out of the cloisters of St. Paul's School, sucks an orange; and Buckram, his pupil, forgets his trouble anent the Greek roots, while he munches an orange. Think how many workers this incessant demand must create! What would Mr. Bull do if there was an orange famine?

"Want a comb?—smoothing, small-tooth, or back-hair comb?" We did not, and crossing over to the Poultry, regaled our eyes with the curious old-world stall for copper toys, located at the corner by the church: copper kettles in their babyhood, teapots, coffeepots, saucepans—all of a size for a fairy's kitchen, and so brilliant that they are almost as good as gold. I used to linger about this stall when I was a lad, and now that I am on the verge of second childhood it still attracts me. Here are three nondescript traders, one with a bag of damaged sponges, a masquerading Turk with genuine root rhubarb, a draggletailed woman with skins of wash-leather, two poor children, one with crochet-work, the other with leather slippers. Let us dive down some of the lanes, and make a short cut to the bridge on our way to Southwark. This is the High Street: how changed! how unlike, and yet how suggestive of, the Borough of 1825! Here comes a man and truck with salt: "Rock salt for horses;" and two Italians with image boards: Cupid and Psyche for the classical—pussykins, with loose, nodding heads, for the infant population. Ensconsed in a wide doorway, never used, sits a motherly-looking woman, with pillow and bobbins, making lace; and within sight a man with a kettle of preserved pears, which he dispenses to the juveniles at one halfpenny apiece. From an alley close to St. George the Martyr's church darts a man with a tray, shouting, "Hot sheep's heads!" while a rival relies on the attractiveness of "Hot baked potatoes." A forlorn dealer in envelopes, steel-pens, and note-paper, has no chance after such appetising viands. The short day is over, for we are in December; the grinder is wheeling his barrow homeward, and has covered his pot of charcoal; as the light fades out, a gorgeous display of abbeys and cathedrals, bright with a candle-end, and rich in stained glass, demands attention. A tempting transparent label offers "hot elder wine" at twopence a gill, and the ancient coffee-woman by Blackman Street displays her brimming cups and thick layers of bread and butter—how cheap and how refreshing; while her *vis-à-vis*, a countryman, quite a character, in a brown smock-frock, and a broad slouched hat, stands sentry over an odd tabernacle of evergreen leaves, sheltering a clip-winged owl, who looks "unutterable things" at the passers-by.

My paper is full, but I might fill it over again with fresh oddities from the small trades of the metropolis. The enumeration grows comical; yet each of these seeming eccentricities is a really serious matter to the chief actor. If that owl blinks for nothing, the proprietor will have no supper. If the mistress of the pillow and bobbins yonder sells none of her lace, her sick daughter at home will fare sadly to-night. Do business with the sheep's-head man, and taste the elder wine, or woe to the cook and the dispenser of spiced cordial. Wonderful London! A human heart beats strongly in connexion with these and a thousand other equally unconsidered things. Let us be wary whose corns we tread upon, and never, in our vain fastidiousness, think any trade too small (if only it be honest) for our aid and sympathy.



ARMS OF THE IRONMONGERS' COMPANY.

EXHIBITION AT IRONMONGERS' HALL.

This ancient company has distinguished itself so favourably by its liberality and taste, in the noble exhibition it has recently placed before the public, that a few brief notices will not be unacceptable. I had an opportunity of visiting the spacious hall on Thursday, the 9th of May, 1861, and though but a careless spectator at first, my curiosity was soon excited by a collection of splendid or interesting specimens of art and *vertu*, perhaps never before equalled at one point of view. The Exhibition of 1851 might have exceeded it in variety, but the bewildering assemblage of "things rich and beautiful," in the present instance, was quite unrivalled. The press having abounded with notices on the subject, those that follow may be regarded as gleanings in a wide field, carelessly or hastily passed over by others. A complete catalogue of the exhibition would be extremely valuable.

The ivory carvings, of which there were various specimens, besides having high claims as works of art, were exceedingly tasteful and attractive. A group of Adam and Eve, about fifteen inches in height, and wrought out of a single piece of ivory, struck me as unique; while a pastoral staff, most elaborately carved, brought back the days of the potent Abbots of Glastonbury and Westminster. A perplexing assortment of keys in all conceivable shapes, proved that the science of making "locks, bolts, and bars" secure, is by no means a modern one. Some of them were awkward looking implements, no doubt, but not a few were as delicate and complex as any ever invented by Bramah or Chubb. Curiously preserved in a case by themselves were two most elaborately worked locks with keys, evidently prepared to be attached *pro re nata* to the earl's donjon keep, or my lady's chamber. We were assured that they were travelling companions of Henry VIII., who used them in his progresses to ensure personal safety, and that he had last employed them at Hever, then the abode of Anne Boleyn.

In a side room there was an exquisite series of coral ornaments of all shades and forms, polished or carved so elaborately that they must excite the envy and despair of the modern jeweller. There was a wonderful display of gems and rings, from the clumsy gold hoop of Alfred the Great to the delicate cameos and richly diamonded circlets of queens regnant or queens of hearts. The gold and silver plate, in every varied shape, ornamental and useful, left the precious metal fashioners of the nineteenth century far behind. Many of the gold dishes, enriched with mimic flowers, fruits, or figures, or with *historiettes* from classic lore, were quite inestimable as works of art. The marvellous silver shield given by Francis II. to our Henry VIII., on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and exhibited by permission of Queen Victoria, could only be studied under difficulties, arising out of the presence of a constant bevy of ladies; still, enough was visible to justify our praise of the ancient armourer's skill. Among dented casques, morions, and time-blackened corslets, chain suits of mail and hacked swords, eloquent in silence, there were some fine modern works in metal, especially a helmet fashioned of the new ore, aluminum—so chaste in design, and so impressive from its pale, unpretending colour, that Cellini himself might have admired it.

The collection of apostle spoons was enough to break the heart of a disappointed antiquary, one perfect set of twelve being the only complete set in existence. Then the spoons believed to have been engraved by Hogarth have a deep interest for the lover of genius, which, once known, is privileged to give additional value to all it touches. The porcelain Chinese and Dresden vases—the first winningly hideous; the latter, both in design and execution, faultless; many of them doubly precious from the paintings by which they are embellished. And the miniatures (who would care to be photographed after seeing them?), many less than a half-a-crown in size, as in the famous Buccleuch cases; while others, as in the likenesses of Oliver Cromwell, took larger proportions, but lost none of their beauty. Certainly the art of miniature painting is dying out, and who can contend that we have a sufficient substitute? We happened to notice two pairs of hunting gloves in a comparatively obscure case, which were far from remarkable, either in material or shape, yet they at once arrested our attention; a pair of them had been worn by Charles I. on the morning of his execution, and as he drew them off he handed them to Bishop Juxon just previous to his laying his head on the block. The other pair had been worn by James II. Not far from these relics stood a small altar of Diana, dug up from the site of Goldsmiths' Hall; and in contiguity with this were several fine old mosaics, and the remains of tesselated bath floors. At intervals were displayed the original charters of several City companies, a few valuable portraits and paintings—variety and contrast increasing the charm. Nor must we forget a holograph of the Protector's, being a letter to his "Dear Dick," approving his study of "Raleigh's History of the World;" and one of Wellington's, being an answer to a request for an interview from some City admirers, expressing their horror at the attempt on his life.

What a pity that this splendid collection, brought together at so much pains and cost, should be so soon dispersed. If all the splendid things enumerated were thrown without care into a single heap, the wonder and beauty would be entirely obscured. But on this occasion the hand of discriminating taste had brought every example of triumphant art into its right place, and it became more impressive and seemed more perfect from the position it occupied. It is really quite lamentable that the brilliant show proved but a three days' wonder, and faded like Aladdin's palace, or Milton's pandemonium, from Fancy's kaleidoscope—a lovely vision, too short-lived to be estimated as it deserved. A very elaborate catalogue of this remarkable exhibition has been promised, and when published will gladden the heart of the antiquary.* The matchless shield of Henry VIII. is now at Windsor, but is comparatively unnoticed in its present position. For several months, together with many other gems of the City collection, it was the chief source of attraction at South Kensington. The goldsmiths' work, especially, was justly considered superior in beauty to any similar specimens from modern artists. Yet these matchless ornaments were wrought in the dark ages.

---

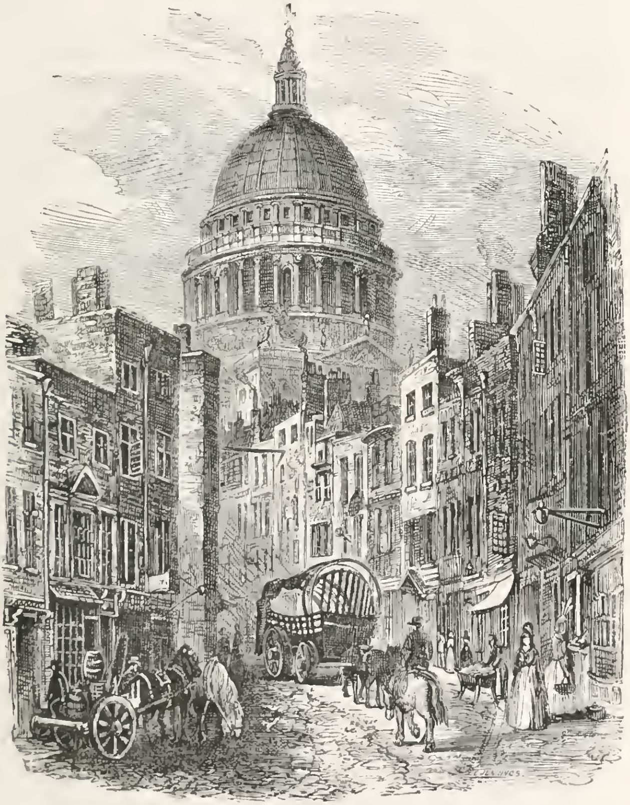
* The first part has been recently published.

SPECIAL SERVICES AT ST. PAUL'S.

THE special Sunday evening services at the metropolitan church, which were suggested and have been so zealously fostered by the venerable Dean, may now be considered a great success; and it must be a subject of deep regret that their continuance is endangered by a want of funds. Every service, it appears, costs the Chapter upwards of £20, and it is obvious that such a weekly outlay must require liberal subscriptions, though for a great city like London the amount is very small, especially when we consider the results contemplated. From the building of the cathedral up to the last three or four years, no adequate use has been made of its vast area; and now when the mighty structure is filled with the praises of our almighty Father, it is a dreary thing to anticipate that these consecrated walls should be again reduced to silence and desertion, because a comparatively trifling sum is not forthcoming. Dean Milman has read the lessons (how admirably we shall presently say) at almost all the special services. Mr. Goss, the talented organist, has been indefatigable in promoting the grand musical effects; while 400 choristers, with Mr. Buckland for their leader, have attended constantly, without any remuneration.

A fund for carrying out Wren's design for the decoration of the cathedral was formed, and the work has been partially executed, with the addition of a noble organ. About £7,000 is the amount subscribed, but this falls very far short of what is needed; and while more worldly plans are quickly carried out with little or no pecuniary difficulty, a scheme, the embodiment of which would be alike honourable to the present generation, and acceptable to posterity, is allowed to languish in the strangest manner. I am almost tempted to sermonize on the Scripture text, "Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!"

I was early at the south door on this occasion, and had ample time to survey the building and its occupants. Choosing a seat on a bench forming an extemporised barrier to an open space some six feet wide, intended for the transit of the Bishop and Dean from the choir to the pulpit and reading-desk, my observations were commencing, when a lady, who formed the goodly centre of an enormous crinoline, proceeded to establish herself near me, occupying at least three seats, and completely overshadowing the whole reserved space. A verger politely intimated that ladies must not use that bench. "Why?" "Because the Dean and clergy would pass that way." "Well, what does it signify? shall I hurt your Dean?" Madam did not stir. Other ladies were warned off, with a promise of better seats, but ultimately the prohibition was ignored, and the form was almost entirely engrossed by ladies. In the next seat to me, there was a prodigious crinoline, and the fair owner was so civil that I could not avoid responding to her politeness; so we read from one book, and in a short time I had no seat left, or at best only half a seat for my right leg, with the imminent peril of a seat still more uncomfortable on the kamptulicon. Looking round the cathedral, it was delightful to observe the whole area open. When these services commenced, the dome space was to no small extent enclosed by curtains, to the height of 15 or 20 feet, and the vast proportions of the building were lost. But now at a single glance the eye receives an impression of its whole extent and marvellous symmetry—the glorious cupola crowns nave, choir, transept, and aisles with a golden ring of unique grandeur. The tasteful gilding has advanced considerably, and the air of blank coldness, so invariably felt on a survey of the roof, is beginning to dis-



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

appear, but much, very much, remains to be done. Several of the City companies have subscribed to this good work; if the others would copy their liberality, the suggested improvement would soon be an accomplished fact. Sixteen months ago, the great organ (at the performance of the "Messiah") was an absolute eyesore, from its nakedness. An appropriate case was planned, but where could the funds be found? Well, the gilded pipes are in part mounted, and probably in two or three years' time the case may be completed. The citizens do not manage their secular works in so dilatory a style. The re-fitting and decoration of the Egyptian Hall and entrance corridor has been completed in a couple of months. What does this strange contrast prove?

Busy among the congregation, now pouring in on all sides in a continuous stream, vergers and officials might be noticed on all sides. One patriarchal verger I particularly noticed, a very old man, certainly not above five feet in height, scrupulously clean in person, feeble, but upright, and most sedulous in performing his duties. Everybody knew him: a brother verger promised, should he feel tired or unwell before the conclusion of the service, to see him safe home; all assured him that he looked quite hearty, and he evidently fancied the success of the service depended on his presence. "I was here until five o'clock last evening. The trumpets were refreshed for the 'Hallelujah;' Winn and Buckland will do their best, and everything will go well." I lost sight of him immediately after the Dean's entrance, whose procession he headed, with infinite dignity. Then there was a prodigiously tall "gent.," six feet three inches at least, who bustled about in a most remarkable manner, and was literally everywhere at once. This son of Anak was quite a young man, and wished to be particularly courteous to the ladies. "No, mem, there's not a chair vacant: better go into the choir; it's your only chance." Now, the unfortunates at the back of the chapel (the place indicated) might hear pretty well, but could see little or nothing. It wanted ten minutes to seven o'clock; crowds were still coming in, though nearly every available seat was occupied. There was a rumour on my bench that "if the Lord Mayor were better this afternoon, the Lady Mayoress would come." And I am glad to say she came in a few minutes, for Mr. Cubitt's illness would be quite a calamity. *

At about five minutes previous to the commencement of divine service, the gas, which had been kept low, was raised. The general appearance of the church, previous to this, was rather gloomy; yet this gave work to the imagination, for the dimness imparted an air of mystery to the whole scene. The statuary (very dirty, I grieve to say) loomed in the semi-darkness, with a threatening, or rather mournful air. Dr. Johnson looked like a huge negro, and the hero of Trafalgar seemed to be doing penance in a sheet. The effect of the gas, when fully turned on, was truly dazzling, though beautiful. The dome, with its brilliantly scintillating coronal of light, its golden gallery (for the rails have been gilded), and the tongues of fire, quivering by reflection in the rich border below—the far-stretching area rendered more striking by its comparative darkness, and the congregation, numbered by thousands, most reverentially attentive—combined to form a scene seldom witnessed, and never to be excelled.

The people were quite unlike ordinary church-goers. Up to the moment of the first organ burst, they amused themselves without stint, chatting in anything but a hushed tone; but when the voluntary commenced, and filled the cathedral with its awful harmonies, a marked change came over them. Some bent their heads in reverential silence;

---

* This venerable gentleman, a truly model Lord Mayor, since the above was written, has been gathered to his fathers, full of days and honours.

many sank on their knees; others opened their prayer-books; and all preserved a religious silence. A minute previous the clergy and choristers were hurrying in, but now all were in their places; and as the priest (Rev. W. S. Simpson, M.A.) uttered the solemn words, "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him," the appearance of the vast assemblage was devotional in the extreme. The proper Psalms, cxiii., cxiv., cxviii., were given with single chants, and the music of the responses was by Tallis. The Psalms were most admirably chanted, and the effect was awfully impressive, in such passages as "Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the God of Jacob!" the low, deep thunder of the organ permeating the whole space, and dying away in a soul-subduing echo. The "Magnificat" and the "Nunc Dimittis" were matchless specimens of choral harmony, and were not at all injured in effect by a large portion of the worshippers joining in the strain. Nothing, however, was so stirring as the old Easter Hymn, "Jesus Christ is risen to-day." The familiar tune was instantly caught up by fully two-thirds of the congregation, and the effect of the oft-repeated "Hallelujah!" as it rolled in overwhelming bursts of sound through the lofty corridors, and seemed concentrated in the surpassingly magnificent dome, to be, after a momentary pause, echoed and re-echoed in softer and sweeter tones, was indescribably sublime. The hymn before sermon, "Son of God, to Thee I cry!" was set to a comparatively unknown air, and did not produce anything like the same effect. The success of congregational singing unquestionably depends on the people being thoroughly acquainted with the themes chosen. Taking the service as a whole, it was in the highest degree impressive, and every individual present must have had a vivid sense that he was worshipping his Creator in one of His grandest temples. It was, indeed, a triumphant Easter-day at St. Paul's;

and who can calculate the amount of moral good such celebrations may ultimately accomplish?

The men of London may well be proud of their Dean. We were close to him as he passed to the Lectory. He is a very old man, a mere physical wreck. His hair, white and thin; his face shrunk, the cheek bones almost breaking through the wrinkled skin, and nothing left but the bright, commanding eye, to speak of the lofty spirit still inhabiting that frail clay cottage. His spine has given way, so that the back is painfully arched; and his tread is so unsteady, that you think he would fall but for the energy of his will. He opened the Bible to read the lessons—the wonderful narrative of the passing of the Red Sea, and St. Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost. Why does he task himself thus in his old age? Hark! how distinctly and impressively he reads; how exquisitely he modulates his voice; how understandable he makes every sentence of the sacred book. Which of the younger ministers in the cathedral could perform his portion of the service half so well? While he reads, our recollections travel back to his earlier, more vigorous, but not more intellectual days. We think of Milman, the author of "Samor, Lord of the Bright City," of the "Fall of Jerusalem," and the "Martyr of Antioch." Or, much more recently, of him who gave to his countrymen the researches of a thoughtful life in the "History of Latin Christianity." When the Bishop had ended his sermon, and the marvellous "Hallelujah Chorus" had been performed, the Dean, leaning over the rails of the choir, pronounced the final benediction. How soft, full, and richly-toned was the rendering of that short prayer! It was an admirable example of sacred elocution, and made Dr. Thomson's (the preacher) harsh voice sound still harsher. When it ended, we thought, and it was with deep sadness, will this be the last time we shall hear Dean Milman?

Dr. Thomson, now Archbishop of York, is tall, strongly built, manly looking, and quite in the prime of life. His features and general bearing indicate firmness, but his countenance is not remarkable for intellectual expression; and while he seems fully to estimate his own importance, his appearance to the bystander is not dignified. Most clergymen deliver the prayer previous to the sermon in a subdued tone, but the Bishop gave it in a very loud voice, and not at all in the accent of supplication. In doing so, his voice was raised so much above the natural pitch, that it split, and became exceedingly harsh and unmusical. He sustained his tone, however, and though frequently obliged to moisten his mouth with water, and on the point of wholly breaking down, was loud and distinct to the termination of his discourse. A marked echo followed the close of each sentence of the Bishop's sermon. The loud tone and emphatic pronunciation no doubt produced it. He does not use much gesture, but it is appropriate. He has long been considered a superior preacher, both at Oxford and in London, but the address on this occasion scarcely entitled him to that character. His subject was the Resurrection—a grand and commanding one, but, with a few exceptions, he did not evince any striking eloquence. His text (Luke xxiv. 2, 3: "And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre. And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus") afforded a truly noble theme, and might have tasked the most exalted talents; yet much of the discourse was dry and uninteresting, while the style was often careless and colloquial: "wouldn't," "couldn't," "shouldn't," "didn't," were continually employed; and once he spoke of "the disciples seeing Jesus in the *clutches* of his enemies." Now, Dr. Thomson, who is principal of Queen's College, Oxford, would hardly sanction such looseness of speech in his undergraduates, and should be careful how he gives them so bad an example. Here are some of his best sentences:—

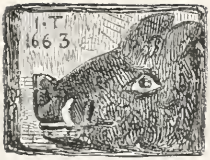
"Nearly two thousand years have rolled away since that awfully-important Easter-day. Jerusalem has almost vanished from the face of the earth, and we cannot with certainty point even to the locality of the holy tomb. What then? the stone has been rolled away; 'Christ is risen,' and our faith and our hope are alike secure." "In vain do sceptics and hair-splitting reasoners strive to distract us with doubts and difficulties as to the sacred text: the very rumour of which it tells us, that the disciples had stolen away the Lord's body to deceive the people, only convinces us of its exceeding truthfulness; and we rise from the perusal of the touching narrative of the resurrection, as assured of that all-important fact, as if the sepulchre itself were preserved under this noble church." "It is the intensity of the proofs, rather than their numerical power, that carries conviction to our minds. We may have followed to the grave some mighty warrior, or great civil hero, over whose remains a nation's gratitude has raised some grand marble trophy. Do we doubt that the dead shall live again? Has not one such marble cerement been broken down? 'He is risen.'" "If, then, ye be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God; and then, when we commit our loved ones to the dust, we may confidently cherish a sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, for 'He is risen!'"

Dr. Thomson is earnest in manner, but does not evince much deep feeling, and his sermon was more like a studied exercise than the expression of his own settled convictions; and no congregation can be much impressed by a preacher who does not seem to speak from the heart.

Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" was a fit *finale* to the praises and thanksgivings of the evening. Mr. Goss's organ-playing (and he had a really fine instrument) did it ample justice. But the organ, employed alone, lacks much of the power and variety of a complete vocal and instrumental orchestra, which, led by a Costa, has all its multiform sources of expression melted into one sublime utterance. The little army of unpaid choristers, too, did wonderfully well, but could hardly satisfy those who had heard the work at Exeter Hall. Still, the want of absolute perfection was more than atoned for by the feelings of a large Christian assembly, awed by the sacred services in which they had participated, and kneeling under the roof of a sanctuary, on the site of which, from the days of Augustine, prayers have been continuously offered to our God and Saviour.

I left the Cathedral (or rather I stumbled down the steps from the south door, which the want of light makes absolutely dangerous) in a quiet, humble frame of mind, which I cannot doubt was fully shared by others. May we trust that these grand and most useful services will soon be renewed, and carried on without interruption? It would be disgraceful to the metropolis, and indeed to the whole country, were they to be discontinued on account of diminishing funds.

The adornment of the Cathedral, we grieve to say, has not been completed; the organ is still unfinished; and the continuance of the special services is still uncertain, owing to the lack of funds. The Dean—that marvellous old man—still appears in his place; but he is a year older, and his voice begins to lose distinctness. King Death has been very busy among our grand seigniors of late: Lord Clyde, Archbishop Whately, and Lord Lyndhurst are gone. Who will be summoned next?



SIGN OF THE BOAR'S HEAD INN.

THE BOAR'S HEAD, EASTCHEAP.

How wonderful is the power of genius! After the lapse of three hundred years, a City tavern, not one stone of which now remains, is so familiar to our thoughts that we still dwell on its wild revels with interest. Many an old baronial hall, where mighty nobles, warriors, and even renowned monarchs, indulged in wine and wassail, is entirely wiped out of remembrance, while a house of entertainment, nothing remarkable for either splendour or refinement, excites the curiosity of antiquarians and *literati* to recover, if possible, some relics of the rude temple of Momus, where Jack Falstaff and Prince Henry heard the chimes at midnight. We know little more of the Boar's Head than that there certainly was such a tavern; but as for the scenes localized there, and for which alone it is remarkable, what are they but the poet's dreams? Even the notices we painfully cull from the chroniclers were, perhaps, suggested to them by the great dramatist. On the front wall of No. 2, Eastcheap, is a stone carving of a boar's head, which we desire to think identifies the exact site of the far-famed wine-house; indeed, there is evidence that this stone was once let into the wall over the chimney-piece while it was still a tavern. In Miles Lane is another stone (bas-relief) of a mermaid; and we learn from Pennant that in his day, on an adjoining dwelling, "was a swan cut in stone," probably the sign of an inn; so that the whole neighbourhood was, to all appearance, the favourite haunt of the choice spirits of a former generation. "Taverns," says a quaint old writer, "are the busy man's recreation, the idle man's business, the melancholy man's sanctuary, and the stranger's welcome;" and a once-admired poet (Shenstone)—

> Sighed to think how oft he found
> His warmest welcome at an inn.

"Shall I not take mine ease at mine inn?" was no uncommon sentiment in an age when domestic comforts were fewer, and a man, though he might love his home, did not so necessarily connect it with his every-day enjoyments. Nor were taverns solely restricted to the indulgence of mirth. Gossips of all ranks crowded there—physicians, pamphlet-writers, newsmongers. It was the paradise of the idle. "A tavern was a broacher of more news than hogsheads, and more jests than news, which are sucked up here by some spongy brain, and from thence squeezed into a comedy." Business, too, was constantly transacted in such places; and it is matter of record, that at the Crown, near the Royal Exchange, it was not unusual, in the course of a single morning, to draw a butt of mountain, or a hundred and twenty gallons, in gills. These slight refreshers of the weary and anxious were whets and seals to bargains; the profits were greater, and the losses better borne, owing to their imbibition.

There has been much and bitter controversy as to what wine was meant by "sack"—Falstaff's darling drink. Mr. Phelps settles the matter by adding after the word "sherry" as the definition. There seems very little doubt that dry sherry is intended, the French word *sec* (dry) being corrupted into sack. In Pasquil's "Palentia," printed in 1619, sack and sherry are used synonymously, every twelfth stanza ending thus:—

> Give me sack, old sack, boys,
> To make the Muses merry;
> The life of mirth, and the joy of earth,
> Is a cup of old sherry.

That the Boar's Head was a haunt for wassailers beyond the ordinary rank, may be gathered from a passage in Stow:—

> In 1410, the 11th of Henry IV., upon the even of St. John the Baptist, the King's sonnes, Thomas and John, being in Eastcheap at supper (or rather breakfast, for it was after the watch had broken up, betwixt two and three o'clock after midnight), a great debate happened between their men and other of the Court, which lasted an hour, till the Maior and Sheriffs, with other citizens, appeased the same; for which afterwards, the said Maior, Aldermen, and Sheriffs were called to answer before the King, his sonnes and divers lords being highly moved against the City. At which time William Gascoigne, Chief Justice, required the Maior and Aldermen, for the citizens, to put them in the King's grace; whereunto they answered, that they had not offended, but (according to lawe) had done their best in stinting debate, and maintaining of the peace; upon which answer the King remitted all his ire, and dismissed them.

At this early period, wild young noblemen, breaking from the grave rule of the family mansion, where the discipline was often most uncomfortably strict, found it a pleasant change to unbend over the brimming cups of mine host. Nay, much later, in Shakspeare's own time, the same unbridled kind of tavern enjoyment prevailed, and he, doubtless, gives us a vivid picture of his own experiences. Ben Jonson entered freely into those "keen encounters of wit," when "the tongue was never sheathed for lack of argument." The Devil and Mermaid Taverns were his favourite haunts, and in a MS. preserved at Dulwich, said to be his journal, he ascribes the failure of some of his plays to bad wine: "I and my boys drank bad wine at the Devil." But this was not invariably the case, for afterwards he says, "The first speech in my

'Cataline,' spoken to Sylla's Ghost, was writ after I had parted with my friends at the Devil Tavern; I had drank well that night, and had brave notions." Our early essayists, the "Tatler" and "Spectator," allude constantly to the tavern meetings of men of genius in that day—Wills' and Button's were almost their homes. Sir Richard Steele, writing from a tavern, assures his wife he will be with her, not in half an hour, but "within half a bottle of wine." Dr. Johnson was the oracle of his tavern, and drew around him there the most remarkable men of the period, as Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, and Goldsmith: old Slaughter's Coffee House was continually redolent with their grand sayings or rich witticisms. A certain box at the Chapter Coffee House was once designated the Wittenagemote, on account of the *literati* who assembled there. Even within the memory of some ancient quidnuncs still surviving, Sheridan cracked his jokes at taverns, and the heir-apparent condescended to laugh at them.

Modern club-houses by no means supply the place of these free-and-easy houses of entertainment. Stately and elegant, with a first-rate French cook, and a well-chosen cellar of choice wine, they may be a great boon to lounging Church dignitaries, quiet members of Parliament, half-pay officers, and well-paid editors of popular periodicals; but whoever has the *entrée* must be upon his good behaviour, and a comedy concocted from club-talk would be insufferably dull. Whether the change is for the better or not, who shall decide? But wit or humour from talkers in full dress is not of the racy character which hung upon the lips of the roystering gentlemen at the Boar's Head. Antiquated fun is for the most part sadly heavy reading. There is a reprint of *Punch*, it seems, and it may be well enough as a record of past politics, fashions, and follies; but who would deliberately take up such a volume for recreation? There is an amusing tale of some great

French wit, who, being upon his trial for some minor offence, was sentenced to read through in court a folio volume of some exceedingly dull book. He commenced, yawned through one page, and then giving way to his uncontrollable disgust, exclaimed, "No; it is impossible! hang me, if you please, but I cannot read any further." Yet, who ever wearied of the humours of Falstaff, Prince Hal, Poins, and Mrs. Quickly, though the wit is three hundred years old?

"Fat Jack" is among the most original of Skakspeare's characters, and has never been imitated with the least success, unless it be in Scott's "Dugald Dalgetty." Occasionally, he is coarse and prurient, but if we make allowance for the age when Shakspeare wrote, the exceptionable passages are singularly few. There is more grossness in one page of Beaumont and Fletcher than in the two parts of "Henry IV." Few actors have been able to embody the difficult part of Falstaff. In general, he is made a mere foul-mouthed, fat old libertine. The bard, however, meant to make him far more than this; and he is never out of place or borne down by the presence of the highest authorities in the realm, but asserts and maintains his equality with them. Quick was remarkable in the character; Stephen Kemble did it some justice; John Philip Kemble studied it, but shrunk from the task as too difficult; and, certainly, no performer of our day has gained any fame by attempting it.

There was an historical Sir John Falstaff, and it is curious that the poet should have chosen to caricature him on the stage, for as he was a public character, he must have heard of him. He was a benefactor to Magdalen College, Oxford, for which he is celebrated in an annual speech; and though the particulars are now lost, the Boar's Head in Southwark, which still retains the name, though divided into tenements yielding £150 per year, and

Culdicot Manor, in Suffolk, were part of the lands he bestowed. The Boar's Head was fitly selected as the scene of Prince Henry's revellings, as it was close to his residence; for we read in Rymer, "A mansion called Cold Harbour (near Allhallows' Church, Upper Thames Street), was granted to the Prince of Wales, 11th Henry IV., in 1410." The dramatist must have passed the tavern daily on his way to the Globe Theatre.

Is it not probable that the Mrs. Quickly of the play was a real woman, with whom he was familiar during his London life? May not his own hostess have had some of the very rich peculiarities ascribed to the mistress of the Boar's Head, which, taking life and shape in the fertile alembic of his fancy, were to become realities for all time, in the marvellous workshop of his teeming brain? Our knight is described, while enjoying himself at his inn, as putting sugar in his sack; and some critics have imagined it could not be sherry on that account. But it was once a common practice to sweeten all wines. Thus, Fynes Moryson says, "Clownes and vulgar men only use large drinking of beere or ale, but gentlemen garawse only in wine, with which they mix sugar, which I never observed in any other place or kingdom to be used for that purpose." Waiters in taverns carried papers of sugar about them, to supply those who took *sack*. So in the Gull's Horn Booke, 1609: "Inquire what gallants sup in the next room, and if they be any of your acquaintance, do not you (after the City fashion) send them in a pottle of wine, and your name sweetened in two pitiful papers of sugar, with some filthy apology crammed into the mouth of a drawer."

Falstaff complains that there was lime in his sack—a common mode of adulterating the almost universal drink. Eliot, speaking of sack and Rhenish, says, "The vintners in London put in lime, and thence proceed infinite maladies." Guests in taverns used to send presents of sack, which was sometimes mulled, from one to the other. Yet the poet committed an anachronism in furnishing such wine for revels in the reign of Henry IV. Taylor writes: "The vintners sold no other sacks, muscadels, malvoisies, alicants, nor any other wines but white and claret, till the thirty-third year of Henry VIII. All those sweet wines were sold, till that time, at the apothecaries, for no other use but medicines. Two gallons of sack cost Falstaff 5s. 8d., and the price is very accurate. Claret wine, red and white, is sold for 5d. the quart, and sack for 6d.; muscadel and malmsey for 8d."—*Florio's First Fruites*, 1578. Twenty years later, sack had probably risen to 8d. or 8½d. per quart, at which rate two gallons would cost 5s. 8d. What Sir John says as to the effect of sack on the intellect was then seriously believed. "These wines are goode for men of cold and flegmaticke complexion, for such wines redresse and amend the coldness of complexion." —*Regiment of Health*, 1634. The price of Falstaff's linen has been thought absurdly high. Holland of 8s. an ell would make a shirt cost about 22s., and we read, in Stubbe's "Anatomie of Abuses": "I have heard of shirts that have cost some 10s., some 20s., some 40s., some £5, and some 20 nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare) some £10 apiece. Yea, the meanest shirt that commonly is worn of any doest cost a crowne, or a noble at the least, and yet this is scarcely thought fine enough for the simplest person that is."

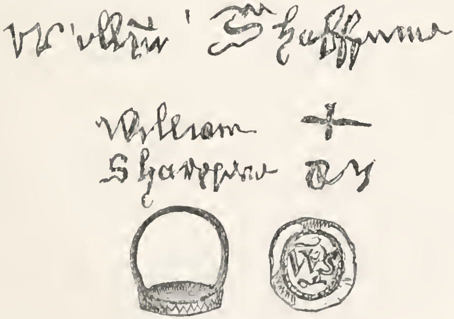
When Falstaff is first seen in "Henry IV." (Part I.), it is with the Prince, in a room of the palace. He could not, therefore, have meant to represent him as in circumstances of degradation; and when "Sir John Sack and Sugar" proposes taking a purse at Gadshill, he evidently treats it as a merry expedition, not in the least objectionable on the score of the Prince's high rank. Our experience of the witty company at the Boar's Head is inimitably humorous, and drawn with surprising truthfulness, so that we can scarce refrain from believing that such people really existed —or, "if they never did, they ought to have done." The whole scene stands out with a strength and vitality quite astonishing; and especially "Fat Jack's" personation of the King, with the mock serious advice to consort chiefly with himself, "a good, portly man, 'i faith, and a corpulent —of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage, and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r Lady, inclining to threescore." . . . . "If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me, for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks!" The Prince's rejoinder is equally admirable.

No doubt the old rafters in the best room of the Boar's Head often rang cheerily to the mirthful shouts of these joyous spirits, who never forgot, in their intemperance, that intellectual quickness was essential to give a flavour to the richest cup. The interruption to this wild revel by the Sheriff and his "most monstrous watch," and the demand made for "the gross, fat man, as fat as butter," throws a yet more natural colouring over the whole scene, which, from the first moment we read or witness, is impressed so vividly on our recollection, that many of the actual passages of our own existence will be forgotten before it. Nor is it solely the Prince and Falstaff who exercise this power. Bardolph, and his nose—"the perpetual triumph, the everlasting bonfire," that saved the fat knight "a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with him in the night between tavern and tavern," but who, unfortunately, "drank him so much sack that it would have bought lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe!" Poins, too; no waiter in Eastcheap could out-do him in alacrity; "Anon, anon, sir," suited him fully as well as any Francis of them all.

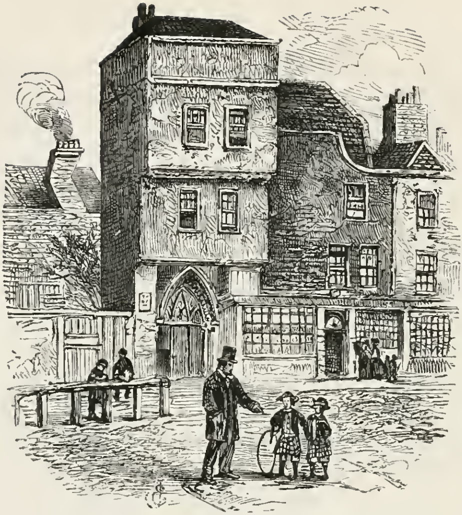
The comic scenes in the second part of the play have always struck me as inferior, though they make us more intimate with Mrs. Quickly and her not very creditable companion, Doll Tearsheet. Perhaps Shakspeare sacrificed, in some of these particulars, to the bad taste of his age.

Our last visit to the Boar's Head is to hear the dame's narrative of Falstaff's death. Listen: "A made a finer end, and went away, as it had been any Christian child. A parted just between twelve and one, e'en at turning of the tide; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pin, and a 'babbled of green fields.' . . . . . So a bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone!"

This, in spite of its ludicrous touches, is deeply pathetic, and quite appropriate for the speaker. When I pass down Eastcheap, I find myself in a brown study opposite No. 2, and mentally inquire on what floor "Sir John" died. The boar's head on the wall seems alive; it holds fast with its teeth a fresh lemon, and I hear the shout of revellers within.



RELICS OF SHAKSPEARE.



ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT, SMITHFIELD.

RAHERE, THE MINSTREL, AND HIS GOOD WORKS.

It is an injury to our common nature when deeds of charity and beneficence are suffered to die out of recollection. Such examples have a powerful influence. Nor should we too narrowly scrutinize motives, but be ready to accept the kind action or the munificent gift as dictated by the noblest feelings. The ultimate value of such actions must be left to the almighty Searcher of hearts.

Rahere, the minstrel, and Alleyne, the player, were both public benefactors; and albeit one or both might be excepted against as dissolute and idle persons, their profession excluding them (it would be urged) from the sympathy of the religious community, the excellent institutions which they founded must surely entitle them to our warm gratitude.

The chronicles describe Rahere as a worthy gentleman, who, about the year 1102, was chosen by Henry I. as his jester and minstrel. Such an officer was common at Court during several preceding reigns, and so late as the time of Elizabeth the fool or jester was to be met with at Whitehall, as well as generally in the mansions of the nobility. Rahere was the more honoured in his post because, to the gift of humour, he added the accomplishments of a superior vocalist and musician. He was probably a man of brilliant talents, and under the humble garb of a merry-andrew could exercise intellectual aptitude of an unusual order. No doubt he was a good courtier, and managed at an early age to secure many pecuniary advantages through the favour of the King. The account we possess of him is in substance as follows. As a youth, he had sung and jested in the houses of the great lords, and being allowed to appear before the King soon after his accession, was promoted to the royal palace, where his pleasant behaviour and melodious voice made him agreeable to warriors, priests, and courtiers. Perhaps his life was wild or licentious, but no special faults are charged against him. On rising to middle age, however, being smitten with remorse for the follies of his youth, and anxious to be absolved from all his sins, he undertook a journey to Rome, where, bewailing his past errors, and promising amendment, he obtained absolution. Then he fell sick, and imagining the pangs of death distressed him, he vowed solemnly to build an hospital for the poor if God graciously restored him to health. Being somewhat recovered, and on his homeward journey to fulfil his obligation, one night being asleep at an inn, he had a strange dream, in which he seemed to be carried by a monstrous creature, with four feet and two wings, and placed on a lofty precipice leaning over a horrible pit, which appeared to have no bottom. Thinking he should fall therein, he cried for help in his terror, when there came to him a celestial being majestical in face, and of wonderful beauty, who asked him what he would give to be rescued from death. He answered, "All that he had." The heavenly visitor then declared that he was Batholomew the Apostle, and could give him succour, as well as inform him of a Divine mystery. "Know then," said he, "that by command of the Holy Trinity I have selected a place at Smithfield where thou shalt build a church and hospital in my name." Then he encouraged him by saying that all faithful people worshipping in that place should have an answer to their prayers; that he, Rahere, need not trouble himself as to the cost; and, with a promise that he would be patron of the new sanctuary, vanished. When Rahere awoke, he doubted whether this was a fantastic illusion or a heavenly oracle, but finally determined to obey the command. Reaching England, he consulted with his friends, to whom he revealed his dream, how so vast a work was to be accomplished. Some of them, citizens of London, recommended him to solicit the king's licence, because the ground chosen was Crown property. This he did, and with the aid of the Bishop of London obtained the king's gift of the land, and permission to build thereon. Strong in this success, he commenced clearing the place, which was moorish, muddy, and often overflowed with water; it was also in ill repute, for on the portion where the ground was dry, public executions commonly took place. Then he purchased great store of stone and building materials. To help the work forward, he feigned himself an idiot, or lunatic, and by counterfeiting the changeling, attracted a great company of rabble, who, following his example, zealously cleared the ground, and brought wood and stone to Smithfield; but when all was prepared to his hand, he made known his real purpose. He first erected the hospital, and afterwards, in obedience to St. Bartholomew, finished the church and priory, in 1123, both being named in honour of the Apostle, and consecrated by Richard de Belmées, Bishop of London. He placed canons regular of St. Augustine in his sanctuary, of which he became the first prior. He filled the office nearly twenty-two years, died universally reverenced for his unaffected piety and great liberality, and was buried in the north chancel of his own church. Over him a fine monument was raised, renewed by Prior Bolton shortly previous to the dissolution, and still in excellent preservation. He is represented reposing on his tomb in the monastic habit, with a Bible in his hands, and a kneeling monk on each side. The book is open at the 51st chapter of Isaiah; an angel, at his feet, bears a shield and coronet, and on the edge of the slab is inscribed—

> Hic jacet Raherus, primus canonicus et primus prior istius ecclesiæ.

Rahere had many powerful enemies; and discovering that there was a confederacy to destroy him, he petitioned the King (Henry I.), who granted him a charter, in which the following clauses occur:—

> Know ye, that I have granted, and by my charter confirmed, to the church of Bartholomew, and to Rahere the prior, and to the poor of the hospital of the same church, that they be free from all earthly servitude, power, and subjection. As any church in all England is free, so shall this be free, and with all lands acquired, or to be acquired. I will maintain and defend it, as free as my crown, against all men. I also deliver prior Rahere from all charges and claims whatsoever, and let none presume to usurp any dominion in the place.
>
> Done at Westminster, A.D. 1133, in the 33rd year of our reign.

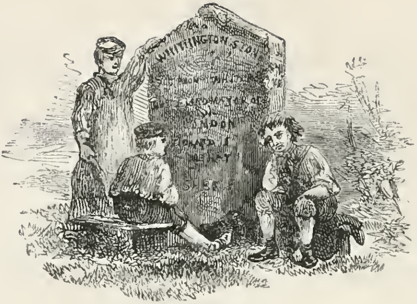
Thus one man, originally a poor jester, was able to establish for his countrymen at that day, and we fervently trust for all time, a house of mercy—an hospital for the reception of the diseased, or those who suffer from accidental causes, where they receive the most skilful treatment, and are nursed with a degree of care not exceeded in kings' houses. Besides this, Rahere was anxious for men's souls, and provided in his church and priory, according to the best lights of that age, sanctuary for those who were in trouble, instruction for the ignorant, peace and consolation for mourners. Rahere's church was not the earliest religious building on the site, where, there is little doubt, a Saxon monastery once stood. Rahere's grounds enclosing the priory were extensive. Besides a fine hall and cloisters, it possessed very beautiful gardens, and, in particular, a famous mulberry garden. The priory was rebuilt in 1410. Prior Bolton was a great builder. He erected a manor house at Canonbury, which was the property of his canons. In the wall at Islington, and also in several parts of the church, his device, a bolt through a tun, may be traced. In Stow's days, on Church festivals, the London schoolmasters assembled with their scholars in certain of the City churches, to dispute on the principles of grammar, all the arguments being conducted with a rigid regard to logical correctness. "I yearly saw," says he, "on the eve of St. Bartholomew, the scholars of divers grammar schools repair unto the priory in Smithfield, where, upon a bank, boarded about, under a tree, some scholar hath stepped up, and there hath opposed and answered, till he were by some better scholar overcome and put down; and then the overcomer did the like as the first, and in the end, the best scholars had rewards, which made good schoolmasters and also good scholars diligently against such times to prepare for obtaining of this garland." There came to these exercises scholars from St. Paul's School, from St. Peter's, Westminster, and from St. Thomas Acon's Hospital. The best pupils were commonly from the last school; they were rewarded with bows and arrows of silver, given by Sir Martin Bowes, goldsmith. They frequently quarrelled:

St. Paul's boys called their opponents "Anthony's pigs;" who often rejoined, "Ye are Paul's pigeons!" Many pigeons then bred in St. Paul's Churchyard, and St. Anthony was usually painted with a pig following him.

What remains of the ancient church of St. Bartholomew proves that it possessed extraordinary architectural merit. The east part of the beautiful cloister, consisting of eight arches, may still be seen, though now desecrated into a stable; the stonework is most elaborately carved. An engraving of a portion of the choir, and of the south transept, evinces equal grandeur and finish. The interior of the present church is a singular mixture of new and old, which at first sight is rather disagreeable; but on a close inspection, the visitor cannot fail to find many points for admiration.

This is an age for testimonials, and statues are daily set up to worthies of past generations; might not Rahere claim a share of these posthumous honours? Jenner has a statue —he deserved it; Hunter rests in the Abbey, and will have a statue at the College; the surgeons who subscribed towards it do honour to him, but more to themselves; and should not the governors of the best endowed hospital in the world commemorate the founder?

There seems just now some chance of the restoration of the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great. A subscription for the purpose has been commenced, and it will be grievous if the want of a few thousand pounds should hinder so good a work. The ancient monuments of a great nation should be zealously preserved.



THE THREE 'PRENTICES.

THREE LONDON 'PRENTICES.

There is no market in the world where industry, integrity, and perseverance bring so high a reward as in our vast commercial emporium. The gold pavement of London town is mythical, no doubt, and sovereigns do not drop into the mouth of every hungry expectant; but, whenever boy or man, with health, moderate talent, and honesty, offers his bone, muscle, and strong will to the best bidder, he will not long remain without remunerative work. If it is the glory of England that the poorest peasant's son may fight or plod his way to the woolsack, so is it an honourable boast that in London there are no insuperable hinderances to prevent a labouring pavior or a friendless warehouse drudge becoming Lord Mayor, even at middle age. The lives and adventures of many of our Chief Magistrates fully confirm this fact; and among that class of citizens who shun civic honours, and are content with the elegancies of a private fortune, we need not seek far to find many who have risen from sweeping the office, or cleaning the shop-windows, to be heads of influential firms, and closed their career with all the dignity of millionaires.

Take an example—one is as good as a thousand, though most of our readers could readily multiply them.

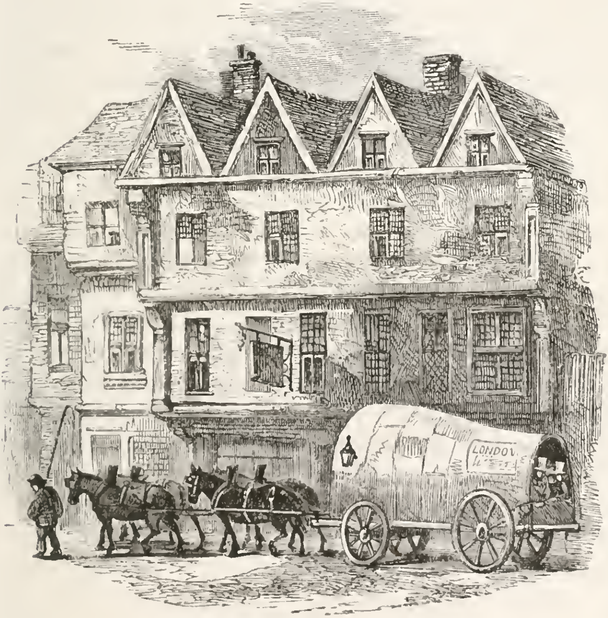
At Leighton Buzzard, in 1780, dwelt a hard-working man named Greville. He was very poor—his wages as a day labourer never exceeding 12s. per week, and frequently in the winter falling as low as 9s. He had to maintain a wife and family on this pittance; but never murmuring at the privations his lot involved, he manfully made the best of it, kept a well-brushed coat for Sundays, and managed to get a clean shirt and a hot dinner once a week. Yet he was independent, for he never troubled the relieving officer. He had six small children, who commenced life by running wild on the common with the ducks and geese, and as for education, getting the scantiest modicum at the nearest dame-school. The three eldest—Benjamin, David, and Jonathan—were triplets; but whereas you might expect they must have been miserable, puny little boylings, they were from the first remarkably well-built fellows, growing up to be each above six feet in height. At the age of eight years they were sent to the fields—Benjamin as companion to some pigs, David to weed, and Jonathan to scare crows; each at 4d. per week. They left home by 6 a.m., furnished with a stuff bag rich in scraps of stale bread and mouldy cheese, to be moistened *ad libitum* at the next brook. Not being expected back before nightfall, they had ample time for reflection. But bearing their early trials bravely, they grew stouter and stronger every day. Hunger was their sorest foe, but perhaps it sharpened their wits, for we learn on high authority that

> Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
> Make rich the ribs, but banker out the wits.

Of learning, these lads did not boast. They could read, by pausing to spell the hard words, and were able to make pothooks and hangers, dipping a skewer into the ink instead of a pen. Still they had no inconsiderable share of ambition. David had read in father’s old Bible how a namesake had been brought from the sheepfold to marry a king’s daughter; Jonathan longed for a friend as truthful as the son of Jesse; and Benjamin, the gravest of them all, wondered whether he should ever wear a coat of many colours.

One day, when they had reached their tenth birthday, a copy of “The Goodly History of Whyttington and his Cat” came into their hands—a well-thumbed duodecimo, resplendent with cuts, *not* by Bewick. The narrative, when fully mastered, kindled their imaginations, and led to impatience at the turnip-field, the flaunting tares on which they made war, and the crows that battled with them. A thousand suggestions and inquiries arose in their minds. Where was London? Were Cheapside and Bow-bell parcel of it? Could they walk to this El Dorado of promise without shoes? or must they get a lift in the carrier’s cart? They had saved pence at odd times, and had amongst them a common purse of one shilling and ninepence. Should they emigrate to the brilliant City, and seek work for their strong right hands? They must not worry poor father and mother on the subject. Their motto should be “God will provide,” and the almighty Being who watched over boy Whyttington in the olden times would not fail to remember His servants, Benjamin, David, and Jonathan! So, on a calm, bright summer morning, when the sun was beginning to “run his course,” they paused at the cottage door to ask a parting benediction from their parents. David was spokesman. “Dear dad and mam, we will not trouble you any more. It be hard to find bread for sisters; let us be working for ourselves. We be told that Lonon has labour for all that will ask; we shall surely not die of hunger, and when we can earn four loaves a day, we’ll send you one. So kiss us and say ‘God-speed,' and let us go." Mother and father knew that the lads were right, so they sent them away without many words, but the sisters cried as if their hearts would break at losing their playfellows.

It cost them three days to get to the great City; a hayrick commonly supplied their bed; breakfast and dinner were but repetitions of stale scraps, moistened with brook water; and they flattered their uneasy stomachs with anticipations of fuller meals in the great metropolis. The sun was fast declining as they entered Aldersgate Street, hot and dusty, late on the third evening. Very ill-shod in old cast shoes, they were sadly foot-sore, and spent their



OLD STAGE WAGGON.

last coppers for the wretched privilege of resting in a tramp lodging-house.

Straying into the City next day, their uncouth, countrified appearance caused much uncivil mirth, till a benevolent tea merchant found them near the East India House, and obtained for them a job in the warehouses. Each obtained eightpence for his day's toil, which made them as rich and happy as kings. Civility and good conduct opened the door for them again, and they continued at this work for several weeks, each boy sending per carrier twelvepence of his money every Saturday. A good time was coming. A kindly-tempered silk merchant took David into his service; Jonathan and Benjamin were received into the business premises of a wealthy cotton broker; and to these gentlemen, after a satisfactory trial, they were apprenticed. Partly instructing themselves, and partly taught by a poor schoolmaster, they rapidly progressed in arithmetic, and were soon able to read plainly, and write a fair business hand. People did not then exact so much in the way of book-knowledge, and reckoned it more useful to know a little well than a great many things imperfectly. I am far from despising even the most Greekish of the ologies, but I have seen pretentious folks so deficient in genuine information, that I have sometimes grumbled to myself—

> Let all the foreign tongues alone,
> Till you can read and spell your own.

The period of apprenticeship passed pleasantly. They grew up into really noble specimens of young men. Jonathan was slightly knock-kneed, but his frame was well knit; he could run a mile in five minutes, and walk five miles an hour; while Judith, the parlour-maid, had been heard to say, "Jonathan's the goodest-looking young man in the house." David was the beau of the brothers, never tolerating a speck of dirt on his clothes, and keeping his hair well combed, not without a slight oil polish; besides, by making himself acceptable to a laundress in the neighbourhood (Mincing Lane), he was able to have a clean shirt twice a week. As for Benjamin, he was a bit of a philosopher—studied books on political economy, and was deep in Rapin, though it should be said to his credit that he never neglected his Bible, and owned an odd volume of "Blair's Sermons." They did not neglect the remittances to Leighton Buzzard, though a post letter was a rare luxury; indeed the heavy charge laid it almost under an interdict.

By the time their indentures had run out, each received 10s. weekly, which, as they neither smoked, drank, nor used any locomotive but their own limbs, proved quite a fortune. Clerkships at a guinea per week followed, whereupon David, who dearly loved his elder sister Mary, invited her to town to keep his two rooms. Thus commenced a companionship of over forty years, for he never married during her life; and though she once had a flirtation with an apothecary in Newgate Street, her state of single blessedness continued, and she devoted her whole existence to the happiness of her brother, tidying his humble home, and adorning the more costly dwelling his talents and industry ensured. I was acquainted with them at this transition period, and truly delightful it was to watch the graceful ease and quiet enjoyment that distinguished them.

Mary, albeit scantily instructed in her country home, had learned to be a lady (how soon women accommodate themselves to altered circumstances!); and David, though far from a courtier, possessed a hearty John Bullism which suited him surprisingly well. Mary's tonguo "had a kind of a tang," and occasionally, especially after the dismission of Hippocrates, she scolded the servant girl, and criticised her "darling David;" but if she found fault with him herself, she would never suffer anybody else to do so. David passed his evenings at the London Institution (when his increasing prosperity warranted the expense) with great dignity; and once I saw him in full dress for John Kemble's Hamlet, wearing short tights and black silk stockings, and carrying an opera hat under his arm. Always affectionate to his sister, his naturally grave habits were laid aside at odd times for her sake. At her death he married, and became a thriving paterfamilias. Several of his sons and daughters, now themselves ancients, still flourish in aristocratic neighbourhoods, while a host of goodly grandchildren are rapidly developing. David ultimately, after many years of successful industry, became the head of a lucrative silk firm; and had he coveted civic honours might have attained them with ease. When I saw him last, in 1845, he was still upright, though rather stout —most persons would have called him a fine-looking man; while, better than this, he was honoured in all the relations of life, and a real Christian.

Benjamin and Jonathan were inseparable, and flourished in the hosiery line. A small store grew under their steady manipulations into a noble series of warehouses. Their "women's blacks" were notorious in the far swamps of the West and the burning plains of Africa; while, nearer home, the delicacy of their "ladies' whites" became generally famous. Both the brothers married early, both had large families, and Jonathan, after sorely bewailing a first wife, found consolation in a second. His first wife had been of humble station and humble attainments; the second was every inch a lady, and seemed rather to tolerate than love her elderly husband. Yet the villa at Camberwell rang with the merry voices of joyous children, and if he was not quite happy amidst his new family honours, surely he ought to have been. Jonathan did not linger long after

David: "They were lovely in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

Benjamin, the latest survivor, in his eightieth year, surrounded by fifty children or grandchildren, looked quite patriarchal. Never pretending to ultra-gentility, he was widely reverenced on the score of his upright bearing through a long life. Singularly cheerful, if the gout teased him, as it too often did, he laughed the enemy from his stronghold, and would by no means acknowledge that "pain was an evil." "A little suffering, now and then," he would say, "is humanizing. If we were always well and prosperous, we should be liable to forget the claims of our poorer brethren, like the foolish body who, coming in from a walk on a frosty day, ordered coals and soup for the needy, but growing comfortable by the drawing-room fire, countermanded the order, saying that she was certain it had grown warmer." He was fond of a merrymaking at Christmas and other Church festivals, for he insisted that mirth was as good a quality as wisdom, since "God gave us all things richly to enjoy." A great family dance was his favourite amusement; not on the exclusive fashionable principle, however, for all the workers and all the servants he employed were guests. Nor did they waltz or polk. Country dances and Scotch reels were his hobbies; and up to eighty-four he untiringly joined in them —young with the young, cheerful among the aged, liberal to the poor, sympathizing with the sick and suffering. The old gentleman had a trick of humour, too; once, when his beautiful granddaughters were dressed for a fashionable ball, he said with an arch smile, "Well, I hope you may always have shoes and stockings, but stockings at all events." His wife desired a diamond necklace— "Margaret," was the reply, "indulge your fancy by all means, but do not grow up so much of a fine lady as to be ashamed of the husband who once travelled from

Leighton Buzzard to London with a few coppers in his pocket, and with no shoes on his feet!"

And thus my three London 'prentices built themselves a house, and from poor friendless lads grew to be good on 'Change, to have a capital balance on the credit side of their banker's book, and to be in good odour with the wealthy of the land. And thus our noble City nurses as its pets many a poor rustic from Yorkshire or Lincolnshire, to figure among her Greshams and Skinners and Cubitts; though they have no ancestral honours, no demised gold, no well-to-do friends—nothing, in short, but strength and health, a clear head and a clear conscience.

SION COLLEGE.

Of the many memorials of the piety and philanthropy of our citizen ancestors, few are more interesting than the collegiate foundation of Dr. Thomas White. From various causes, however, its usefulness has been cramped; but it is highly probable that in a few years, when its mortgaged possessions are emancipated, it will once more enlarge its sphere of action, and fully vindicate the honours so justly due to the memory of its benevolent founder.

The seal of Sion College is impressed with the effigies of the Hebrew who fell wounded among thieves, and the kindly-hearted Samaritan who pitied and relieved him, when the priest and Levite had "looked on him, and passed by on the other side;" and thus even its dryest official documents impart a touching lesson. The facts I am about to give are taken from a pamphlet entitled "Sion College," printed by Mr. Clay, of Bread Street Hill, in 1859, which is faithfully and carefully arranged, besides being very elegantly got up, and every way suitable for the antiquarian's book-shelf.

The College was founded under letters patent, originally granted by Charles I., in 1630, and afterwards by Charles II., in 1664, to give effect to the will of the Rev. Thomas White, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and Vicar of St. Dunstan-in-the-West, London, who died in 1623. We have no detailed biography of this good man; he passed his useful life in comparative privacy, but has left behind him a truly honourable remembrance, and "being dead, yet speaketh." The plan of this by no means his only noble foundation—(Bristol, his native place, as well as London, the scene of his ministerial labours, owes much to his judicious liberality)—deserves the highest praise, since, apart from its charitable object, it aimed at supplying to all his clerical brethren in the metropolis an ever-increasing library, enriched with the most valuable literary treasures of ancient and modern times, as well as a tranquil retreat where they might profitably employ their leisure hours. The college is governed by a president, two deans, and four assistants, elected annually by the Fellows from their own body. There is an almshouse attached, for ten men and ten women (single). Dr. White had not fully established the library at his death, but it was brought into form and established by the Rev. John Simpson, one of his executors, who contributed about £2,000 to the work.

The property consists of the college site and adjoining premises, a portion of the rent of a farm and manor at Bradwell, Essex, the manor and farm at Beaches, in the same county, a farm at Tyler's Causeway, Herts, and £203 3s. 6d. Three per Cent. Consols. A copy of each book entered at Stationers' Hall was given to Sion College by Acts 8 Anne and 54 George III.; but in 1836 this privilege was taken away, compensation being awarded of £363 15s. 2d., payable yearly from the Treasury. By an order of the Rolls Court, 1836, it was settled that all rents from Bradwell manor should be first applied in maintaining and repairing the college and almshouse; that the surplus should belong to the college, exclusive of the pensioners; while the rents from Beaches and Tyler's Causeway, with the dividends from the stock, should belong to the alms-people, exclusive of the college.

The order also appointed rules for the choosing, residence, and general management of the pensioners. Rooms for them were originally built on a space extending 120 feet from north to south, with a breadth of 25 feet. Ten rooms opened to the east and ten to the west, the library being ultimately erected over them. This was found objectionable, since half the rooms opened into the lane outside the college; besides which, the library was endangered by the chimney flues of the alms-people. Two houses, of ten rooms each, were therefore built south of the library, in 1845, at a cost of £2,500. For safety, the library was warmed by hot-air pipes, and the space below afforded additional accommodation for books. The hall, too, was improved, and these further alterations cost £2,000. These charges could only be met by borrowing on the property. An Act of Parliament became necessary, involving a larger expense. Under its provisions £5,500 was borrowed on a terminable annuity of £330, payable for forty-three years. The rents from the London and Bradwell estates are therefore paid to a receiver appointed by the Court of Chancery, who is charged with the maintenance, repairs, and insurance of the college, with the payment of the annuity, and a further payment annually of £150, if the receipts admit, to the Court—the surplus only, should there be any, going to the college treasurers. Extreme economy has ensured a small income to meet the general expenses, but the intentions of the founder cannot be fully carried out until the annuity ceases in 1889. Indeed, the Fellows now subscribe for the payment of the librarian's salary, £100. The compensation awarded by Parliament when the grant from Stationers' Hall was taken away is, however, strictly applied to augment the library. The money is not paid till an information has been laid before the Lords of the Treasury, showing how the grant last received has been expended. £360 yearly laid out in books must ensure the ultimate possession of a fine collection; at present it probably amounts to 50,000 volumes. Many valuable modern volumes have been added recently, and under the admirable management of the librarian, Mr. W. H. Milman, a large accession of valuable theological literature has been made, in addition to the original stock. There are not many manuscripts; one relating to the Kirk of Scotland that was very valuable had been borrowed for official use (so we were informed) just previous to the destruction of the House of Commons by fire, where it was destroyed. The library is not much frequented by readers, owing, doubtless, to the fact that the Fellows are allowed to peruse the books at their own homes. Possibly a few bachelor clergymen occasionally study there, but few of them are so solitary or unsocial as not to prefer their own pleasant rooms.

Here are a few particulars relative to Dr. White, from notices by Anthony Wood and Richard Newcourt:—He was born at Bristol; entered of Magdalen Hall, Oxon, about 1566, and became a popular preacher. Settling in London, he was chosen minister of St. Gregory's by St. Paul's, and afterwards Vicar of St. Dunstan's, where he was greatly esteemed. In 1588, he was Prebend of Mora, in St. Paul's Cathedral; 1590, Treasurer of the Church of Salisbury; 1591, Canon of Christ Church, Oxon; and in 1593, Canon of Windsor—dying March, 1623. He was buried in the chancel of St. Dunstan's, where, by his will, a gravestone should have been placed, but it was neglected, for no such monument appears. He was honest, generous, a great encourager of learning, and very bountiful to the poor, bestowing much of his wealth on such good works in his lifetime. Thus in 1613 he built a hospital at Bristol, endowing it with £92 per annum. In 1621 he founded a moral philosophy lecture at Oxford, with a stipend of £100 yearly. He also gave five exhibitions to Magdalen scholars of £8 per year, and £4 to the Principal of the hall. He published several sermons, one especially preached at the funeral of Sir H. Sidney. Here is an extract from his will :—

> Being in perfect memorie, and aboute the age of threescore and twelve, on the 20th of Februarie, in the raigne of King James I., 1622 (a year and eight days before his death), I do give for the buyeing of a fair house and backside, fitt to make a colledge for a corporacion of all the ministers, parsons, vicars, lecturers, and curates, within London and suburbs thereof. As allso for a convenient house or place fast buy, to make a convenient almshouse for twentye persons—viz., tenne men and tenne women, and one of the discreetest to be chosen every three yeres by the masters, as also a widow woman to be matrone, to govern—I say I give three thousand poundes. I would have the Lord Bishop of London for a visitor, he and his successor for ever, to mayntaine truthe in doctrine, love in conversing together, and to represse such sinnes as follow us as menne. I will have romes for twenty poore, six men and women to be taken out of St. Dunst.-in-the-West's parish, three men and three women, and so to be renewed when anie of them doe die or deserve expulsion for evell manners; two oute of St. Gregorie's parish, and four out of Bristowe, and the residue out of the Company of Merchant Taylers. And if any of my poor kindred, or any of my late wives' kindred, Fortune and Elizabeth White, being honest and qualified, I wolde have them unto the nombre of four, and no more at any one time together, that they should be preferred before the other formerlie spoken of.

The letters patent of Charles (1664), containing an amplification of the charter granted by Charles I. (1630), are in Latin, and very lengthy. There have been various legal discussions as to who could claim to be Fellows of Sion College. The final decision of the visitor runs thus :—

> I am of opinion that all incumbent ministers of churches in London and its suburbs, to which districts have been assigned under the provisions of any of the Church Building Acts, are Fellows, in as full and ample a manner as if they were rectors or vicars, and I hereby determine accordingly.
>
> Fulham, 15th June, 1846. C. J. LONDON.

An extract from a report of the Charity Commissioners (1834) will give some further information as to the college :—

> Dr. Thomas White gave £3,000 for buying a house to make a college and almshouse. The executors purchased a site for £2,450, in 1627, within the parishes of St. Mary, Aldermanbury, and St. Alphage Within, Cripplegate.

There is no incumbrance but an annual rent of £4, and a similar charge of 37s. 2d. Probably the £550 surplus of the £3,000 was employed in defraying the expense of building. In 1631 the executors conveyed to the President and Fellows the whole of the premises and site. In an old vellum register it is stated that Mr. Simpson, one of the executors, endowed both the library and college with yearly revenues, but we find no deeds of such endowments. In 1672 a final settlement of the income was made, and the trustees have ever since remained in possession. The college and library were destroyed in the Great Fire, 1660, but were rebuilt (in part by voluntary subscription) in 1707.

In the great vellum register, preserved in the library, of which the silver clasps were stolen by Cromwell's soldiers, are some curious entries. We select a few of them:—

1656. Abraham Colfe gave 20s. yearly, for ever, to buy one, two, or three divinity books, with 1s. per annum to the librarian.

1676. John Winn's executors gave £5 yearly to purchase books.

1684. Samuel Brewer gave all his lands for the benefit of the alms-people; also he gave all his books to the library. "The college never had one of them."

1724. Thomas Sheppard gave £40 to be put out at interest, for the benefit of the pensioners.

1797. Rev. W. Clement gave £50 to repair the library, and the like sum on trust for the alms-folks.

1768. Thomas Reading gave £100—South Sea Annuities—the interest to be divided yearly, at Christmas, among the resident pensioners.

Paul and Anne Bayning, Viscount and Viscountess Sudbury, gave £50 each to the library.

1629. Rev. G. Walker, B.D., Rector of St. John the Evangelist, Watling Street, President, gave, and procured to be given by his parishioners and other citizens, £110.

1630. John Greenhough, citizen and woolman, gave £30.

1632. Sir Paul Pindar and others, chief farmers of the Customs, gave £200, to be laid out in books.

1633. Nathaniel Torperley, M.A., gave upwards of 170 printed works, besides nine manuscripts, and a clock.

1636. Walter Travers, minister of God's Word, gave near 200 works. He also gave plate and £50 to the college, on condition that the preacher of the quarterly Latin sermon should receive 10s. for each discourse.

1658. Ann, relict of Sir Thomas Moulson, some time Lord Mayor, gave £100.

1659. Brian Walton, whilst Bishop of Chester, gave a copy of his Polyglot Bible.

1666. "And here, by reason of the dismal fire, which consumed this famous City of London, and in it this college, with the library and a third part of the books, therein conteyned, a sad stop was put to the registry of benefactors."

1682. George, Earl of Berkeley, gave his library (above 700 separate works), which was at first collected by Sir R. Cook, for the use of the London clergy in the troublesome times.

1704. The library repaired and beautified at the sole cost of the London clergy.

1705. John Lawson, M.D., left his whole library (containing 1,100 works).

1711. Richard Chiswell, bookseller, St. Paul's Churchyard, had, while living, set apart for the college a copy of every book he printed. They were not mentioned in his will, but Benjamin Cowse, his successor, delivered them up (upwards of 200 works).

In the same year, the Jamesian Library (3,000 volumes in all faculties) was set up. They were the property of Thomas James, a printer in Minchin Lane, who by his last will left them for the service of the public; and Mrs. Eleanor James, his widow, did, out of singular respect and affection for the London clergy, send them to be placed, as aforesaid, in Sion College. She also gave pictures of herself, her husband (Dr. Thomas James, first keeper of the Bodleian Library, Oxford), with two paintings of Charles II., a clock, a Turkey carpet, three Turkey chairs, and two tables.

1712. Rev. Edward Waple, B.D., Vicar of St. Sepulchre's, and Archdeacon of Taunton, President, 1704, left his books (upwards of 1,800), besides duplicates, which were directed to be sold, and fetched £155. A note is here appended:—"The 'forementioned books are now (1718) all in the library, but some others have been stolen, notwithstanding the chains and all possible care besides."

1714. Dr. Henry Compton, Bishop of London, left all his commentators on the Scriptures, about eighty in number, besides duplicates, which sold for £36.

1799. Executors of Edmund Gibson, Bishop of London, gave 17 volumes of tracts in folio, 105 in quarto, and 236 in octavo and duodecimo. Same year Rev. William Clements, librarian of the college, gave by will all his printed books, 500 and more.

1858. Rev. W. Scott, M.A., Perpetual Curate of Christ Church, Hoxton, and President (now Vicar of St. Olave's, Jewry), gave 173 volumes of pamphlets and tracts, containing upwards of 4,000 items.

Other remarkable names are recorded as benefactors: we may mention Bishop Beveridge, Bray, Calamy, Castell, White, Kennet, Newton, Dean Prideaux, Bishop Reynolds, Strype, Walton, Sherlock, Whiston, Wilson, Granville, Sharpe, Bishops Lowth, Porteus, Van Mildert, Dean Vincent, Lancelot Sharpe, and Hartwell Horne.

For many years four of the alms-people at Bristol, the founder's native place, received £4 a year more than those who were resident. A gross yearly sum of £569 appears to be applicable to the almshouse part of the charity, but not more than £176 was distributed to the pensioners, the surplus being spent in the general management of the college. The final decree of the Rolls Court forbade any out-pensioners in future, though the selection was still to be made in conformity with Dr. White's will. Pensioners must be widows or widowers; none must be chosen under the age of fifty. Alms-people, in pursuance of the Governor's order (1846), must attend prayers twice a day, in the hall, and at the parish church (St. Alphage), whenever there is service. Pensioners shall not be out of their rooms after ten p.m., between Lady Day and Michaelmas, nor after nine between Michaelmas and Lady Day. They shall not sleep out of their rooms, nor allow a stranger to sleep in them, without the President's leave. If they break these rules after three admonitions, on the offence being repeated they shall be expelled.

The pension received by each alms-man or woman had been for many years only £15, but they now receive £17, and on certain festival days an allowance of 5s. for dinner.

Strangers are allowed to read in the library, on the recommendation of Fellows. Cards of admission are given for six months only, but are renewable.

Such in substance, though much condensed, is the account compiled by Dr. Russell, President, 1845, and brought down to 1858 by Mr. Scott. But being anxious to view Sion College for myself, I made a pilgrimage to the district of Aldermanbury, which is rather difficult to navigate, and passing by Brewers' Hall, *en route*, I felt desirous to inspect it, for the wicket was invitingly open. So I pulled the bell; but the wire was rusted, and the clapper would not act. There was no response; and, remembering the nursery line,

> Pull the latch, and the door will open,

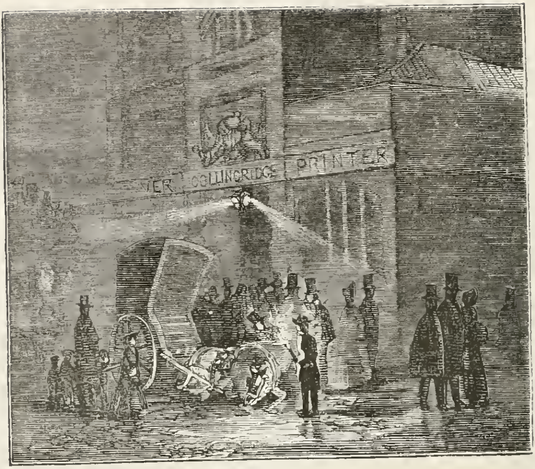
I walked into the court-yard, and knocked at a door in the right-hand corner. No answer; and, on examination, I discovered a cobweb near the upper hinge. Were the premises to let? Then mounting a flight of stone steps to the first floor, and rattling several door-handles, but with the same success, I peeped through the windows, but all seemed silent and deserted. What had become of the good folks? Perhaps they were gone holiday making. How would it be at the college? I tried my luck, opened an iron gate, and rattled the hall knocker. Mr. Beadle May answered the summons. "Could I see the library?" "No; it was Whit-Tuesday; but I might to-morrow." Representing the hardness of the case, as I came from far, the key was produced, and ascending a flight of stairs I stood in the library. It is a long narrow gallery, receiving light from several side windows, around each of which a recess is formed by bookshelves, and a table and chair being furnished, a very pleasant studious nook is formed. The books, in excellent order and well dusted, reach to the ceiling; nor are they all theological or classical. I did not notice any novels, but several shelves full of recently published histories and memoirs. Reviews, magazines, and newspapers were on some of the tables, and I pounced upon a huge pile of the *Times* bound up; so that our friends, the clergy, do not read divinity exclusively. Comfort is studied, for the chamber is warmed by hot air. It is really a great boon for a scantily-paid curate to have such a snuggery at his command, not to speak of the privilege of being permitted to take the volumes home.

Leisurely traversing the library, stopping every minute to inspect tall copies of elaborate treatises by the erudite authors of old times, I came at length to the south end of the gallery; and looking over the narrow lane that bounds it, and the dead wall beyond, I was surprised to notice a strip of green sward, broken by irregular patches, and hemmed in by a mouldering embankment of stone. It was the burial-ground of St. Alphage Church, disused since the destruction of that sanctuary in the Great Fire; and the crumbling white mound was one of the few remaining fragments of London Wall, raised long ages before the kindly heart of Dr. White had grown warm with the scheme of endowing a college. Will the ancient cemetery remain untouched much longer? We hope so; but what capital warehouse room it would afford. In 1880 will there be the same prospect from this window? It will be a pity to obstruct it; but the library is filling fast, and when the trustees are in funds, a plan has been broached for covering the gallery with a glass roof, blocking up the side-lights, and thus securing abundance of book room.

But we must adjourn to the college hall, a neat wainscoted chamber, nearly square, and not palatial in size. The oriel window contains a large number of armorial bearings, in stained glass, chiefly of the presidents and visitors, while the walls are hung with oil paintings, some not deficient in merit. We mention a few:—Dr. Thomas White, the founder. The original was burnt in 1666. This was the gift of the Corporation of Bristol, and is equally authentic. —The Head of Christ, on panel. On the reverse, the Decollation of St. John Baptist. There is a tradition that it belonged to the old Priory Church.—King Charles I.; a very beautiful portrait, apparently ancient.—Two portraits of Charles II., in fine preservation.—Dr. Thomas James, first Librarian of the Bodleian Collection.—Thomas James (his grandson) and his wife Eleanor.—Thomas Tennison, Archbishop of Canterbury.—Thomas Lecher, ditto.—William Howley, Bishop of London.—Charles James Blomfield, ditto.

There are not many social gatherings in this hall; when a dinner does take place, the Fellows pay their own expenses. We trust the hospitality of the college will increase with its means.

A few steps brought us to the almshouses. The plan is far from liberal. Each pensioner is restricted to a single room (about 8 feet by 6), which must serve for parlour, kitchen, and bedroom. The sleeping accommodation occupies fully half the space, and as the ceiling is not lofty, the supply of fresh air, especially at night, must be scanty. The rooms have but one door. It took only a single step from the yard into the chamber of a male pensioner; he was about sixty, decently dressed, and appeared in health. "Are you comfortable?" I asked. "Yes; but the pay is too little;" and as it is under 7s. per week, the alms-people can have no funds for luxuries. We sincerely hope "the good time coming" will remedy this and the other grievances of the college. I paused in the small gravelled court previous to leaving those quiet precincts. Two or three well-grown trees are in full leaf, "looking tranquillity" within a few feet of the noisy London world. Such cool, silent spots are daily becoming fewer; they fill the mind with suggestive thoughts, and preach forcibly on the solemn text, "Vanity of vanities! all is vanity!" May Sion College be an heirloom to our posterity!



A LONDON FOG.

LONDON IN A NOVEMBER FOG.

Among the eccentricities of our London atmosphere, none are more troublesome to invalids, or more disagreeable to pedestrians in general, than the fogs which so persistently visit us from October to February. Even during the best months of summer the metropolis is never entirely free from mist, which may be defined a compound of coal smoke and aqueous vapour. Climb to the lantern over the dome of St. Paul's, by three or four o'clock a.m. on a fine July morning, and you will be surprised to find how bright and clear the whole prospect looks. Except a thin white haze, marking the course of the river, every object, whether man's work or nature's, comes out sharply and without disguise. Church steeples and factory chimneys still wear their sooty tippets; the streets retain their greasy surface; but the sunbeams shed such a golden halo around them that London grows as brilliant as the city of Kubla Khan. This evanescent splendour is easily explained. The million fires of London are yet unkindled. Only wait on your lofty perch till the housemaids are all awake, and then as the innumerable chimneys contribute their black and fœtid smoke, the beauty of the prospect will be lost in a moment. Our old enemy, coal-fog, will attack both eyes and nostrils, and we must hasten to shut our mouths against the intruder.

It may be as well to give some explanation of the cause of fogs, and their ordinary mode of action. The following particulars are abridged from various scientific sources. Fog is the name of a cloud when it rests on the ground, or when it envelops the spectator. Clouds are commonly considerably elevated, that is, from one-quarter of a mile to one mile, and in warm countries or seasons to two or three miles; but over the whole earth they are sometimes found on the surface, causing a degree of opacity in the atmosphere, light or dense, according to circumstances. There is little doubt that fogs and clouds consist of minute drops or molecules of water precipitated by cold from the steam or vapour diffused through the great mass of air. When a large volume of elastic steam rises from a boiler, a cloud is instantly produced, occasioned, no doubt, by the coldness of the air. Fogs are most common in cold weather, and are rare in hot climates. When the thermometer is below 32 degrees at the surface of the earth, dense clouds cannot be formed in high regions, because the watery vapour is not copious; but at 80 degrees or upwards, they may form at the height of two or three miles. The temperature diminishes at every hundred yards of perpendicular ascent; and the aqueous vapour is in proportion to the heat or cold. Fogs are most frequent on sea-coasts and near great rivers. Water has a greater capacity for heat than land; consequently the former is more slow in cooling than the latter. In winter, changes of wind produce sudden cold; the air is coldest on land, and least on the water. Hence it throws off a quantity of vapour, which, condensed by the cold air, becomes fog. On this account the fogs observed by mariners on approaching land during frost; and hence they are so common in London, and other places where the tide penetrates inland. It was noticed of a river thirty or forty yards wide, that often in summer, after sunset, a dense fog followed the course of the water, but that this only happened when the temperature of the water was fully 10 degrees above that of land.

The effect of fogs in apparently magnifying distant objects is notorious, but it is an optical deception. Fog diminishes the brightness of objects, and consequently suggests a greater distance; but when the visual angle remains the same, the greater the distance, the greater is the magnitude; hence, objects at a moderate distance appear to be magnified. The density of the atmosphere in heavy fogs fully accounts for the fact that sound is greatly deadened, because the medium through which vibrations are conveyed, interposes, in proportion to its opacity, a greater or less degree of resistance. Deaf persons should not venture into crowded thoroughfares during the continuance of dense fogs. Fogs are ordinarily prevalent during the winter months, over marshy grounds. The moist, warm vapour eliminated from them is condensed by the coldness of the superficial atmosphere, and converted into fog. A familiar illustration of this may be offered. The imperfectly drained field between Highbury Place and Crescent, in the warmest days of summer, before sunrise, is often covered with a dense fog, which is only dissipated when the moisture is absorbed by the sun. That fogs follow water-courses is certain. Take an instance: the writer used to traverse the banks of the New River after nightfall, and could readily make out their circuitous line by the fringing of white fog which almost invariably marked it from October to March. Even the presence of any large sheet of standing water will in general be indicated in the same manner. Why fog clouds should assume so many shades of colours, though for the most part only variations of orange and deep blue, may be more difficult to explain; but as the clouds usually distinguished in higher atmospheric regions no doubt owe their beautiful tints to the sun's rays, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the dingy colouring of fogs is but a reflection, under unfavourable circumstances, of the same universal light. The fairy hues of the rainbow and the repulsive yellow of a pea-soup fog may have the same origin.

Not many days since, when I left Islington for a City walk (not of pleasure), the prospect behind me was tolerably bright and clear for November; but long before Hatton Garden was reached, a blanket of white fog enveloped me, and I shivered from the subtly permeating cold. It had grown frosty during the previous night, and that wonderful goblin artist who pencils landscapes on windows with such delicate fingers, had set his mark on the gutters, and rendered the carriage roads bone-dry. Turning on to Holborn Hill, all the discomfort of the scene became apparent: shop-fronts were whitened with hoarfrost; the flagged way was as slippery as glass; carriages and carts toiled painfully upward from Farringdon Street, or were in danger of an overturn at every inch of downward progress. The sun was struggling in the mist, and looked (forgive the homely simile) like a half-cooked muffin. Just by Ely Place, a costermonger's cart had broken down; the worn-out donkey had fallen beneath his last load, and was evidently struggling with the death agony. Who cared? Nobody! Yes, one, his master; yet not for the poor brute, but his own loss. Nearer Shoe

Lane a powerful dray-horse had slipped and fallen—his struggles were terrific. Throwing out his hind legs with desperate strength, he strove to free himself from the encumbering harness; the driver would have helped him, but dared not approach. I did not stay for the upshot. Holborn Hill and Skinner Street are both absolutely murderous to horses. Philanthropists and speculators have proposed various plans to mitigate the difficulty, but hitherto scarcely anything has been done. The Corporation are now, however, about to bridge over the Holborn Valley.

The fog grew denser, and the thin white cloud began to thicken and grow yellow, emitting an odour not in the least resembling that of roses; you sneezed while inhaling it, and your smarting eyelids ran over with involuntary tears. The Old Bailey, always dreary, seemed more dreary than ever. Passing close to it, the outline of the ill-omened door or window from which, a few days before, Catherine Wilson came forth to die, might be distinguished. Even while I write, another wretched human being may be issuing to expiate his guilt. May he find mercy. The gallows is an awful necessity: murder must be punished with the sternest penalty of outraged law; nor should any lachrymose pity for criminals sheath the sword of justice. There was a poor little shoeless girl, in grievously tattered clothes, on the footway, selling water-cresses; her teeth chattered as she besought custom; a gentleman stopped and purchased two pennyworth. What could he want with them? He paused at the cab-stand, and fed a weary hack; the jaded creature relished the green morsel amazingly.

Eleven o'clock! What a heavy, dull sound follows each stroke on the great bell! Every vibration distresses the aural nerve; and yet ordinary noises are so deadened, that you hardly notice cart or omnibus till you are nearly under the wheels. The fog-cloud grew darker and darker; a deep purple-black tinge began to mix with the thick ochre colour. On Ludgate Hill all the gas jets were kindled, and the long line of shops on either side of the narrow acclivity presented an extraordinary scene. The public lamps, though closely placed, could not be distinguished from post to post; and in the semi-darkness you risked breaking your shins against them, as they suddenly started up before the passenger, when he was only a few feet from them. Had they been lighted, their feeble glimmer would have been of little or no benefit. The display of goods in the shop windows had a very odd effect. Here a pile of choice cheeses resembled so many flint stones, while tempting pats of butter, prepared for some aldermanic dinner, looked like half-decayed turnips. The jeweller, a few doors off, sighed over his brilliants, rendered as dead and rayless as decomposing fish eyes. The splendid shawls at Everington's dangled limp and out of fold, more like soiled rags than adornments for lady aristocrats. At a newspaper shop, the outside lamp revealed, through the almost palpable opaque mist, the saddening announcements, "Terrible News from America," "Starvation and Typhus in Lancashire," "Shocking Case of Garotting." The church by the London Coffee House reared itself up in the gloom (seeming twice as tall as the reality), taking the form of a fossil African giant, the weathercock simulating a fancy cap with a black fowl's plume. It was good not to stare too much, lest you should measure your length in the gutter. London pedestrians are always in a hurry. Recklessly shouldering their way onward—onward! none paused to inquire who suffered from their speed. Look to your feet, and bear the apostolical injunction in mind, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." But who can forbear gazing and wondering as St. Paul's reveals itself among the clouds? The basement is lost in an ocean of vapour, but the campanile towers, grand and gaunt, are mysteriously revealed amidst the sublime shadows around them, and aptly represent the guardian genii of our glorious City. Far sublimer even than this is the marvellous dome above—a perfect circle, momentarily interrupted by fog-banks, and surmounted, at a dizzy height, by the goodly lantern and cross of gold (seen in a struggling sunbeam), a physical sign of hope and peace to the vast metropolis it seems to protect—as the true spiritual cross, the symbol of man's redemption, is the pledge and assurance of reconcilement with heaven and eternal life. Will there be any matrimonial business transacted in the Commons to-day? Will Cupid's torch yield light enough to guide impatient bridegrooms to the proctor's door? Oh, yes; "Love will find out the way." Yonder smug-looking young man, who has just flattened his nose against the projecting corner of No. 1, does not mean to purchase tea or coffee; his last purchase was a "plain gold ring," and now his explorations are after "a licence." May his expectant bride reward his courage this foggy morning with a pleasant welcome at home.

Our way is by Cannon Street to Billingsgate, but really every step grows more uncertain; we can no longer make out the ball and cross, and even the dome resembles a solid globe of pitchy matter. "No sun," "total eclipse," all dark! Let us be careful; we have slid into one of the side lanes, and are rapidly descending towards Thames Street. Yes, this must be the Carron Wharf; you may hear the sullen plash of the river against the shore-way. Houses and people—all have such a spectral air, that it would be scarcely a surprise to meet some of the old lords of Baynard's Castle out on leave. Take care! this is not a ghost, but a very substantial iron truck; only slip under the wheels, and you will be made mincemeat of in a moment. After a full hour of "marching and counter-marching," turning down one street and up another, quite as often in a wrong as in a right direction, the line to London Bridge was safely crossed, and we were close upon the world's fish market. It was in full business, much later than usual, owing to the dense fog, and all the lamps were lighted. It is a curious thing in cold weather to watch the cloud of breath condensed, as soon as it issues from the lungs, into a thousand white, airy spirals. In the present instance, there was a second cloudlet of tobacco smoke, of which your nose gave warning long previous to your mixing with the busy assembly. It was difficult to say whether the pipe odour or the smell of fish preponderated. The costermongers were in great force; no doubt the well-to-do West-end dealers had been supplied already. No specimens of the more costly sorts of fish remained; but as you groped through the market, you encountered endless baskets of sprats, herrings, whitings, and in course of transport from the shore-lying smacks, an abundant supply of oysters. A strange Babylonish confusion of tongues denoted the earnest and often angry discussion as to the price demanded for the spoils of the waters. A large portion of the wordy war was carried on by the fish nymphs who, quite as much as the masculine priests of Billingsgate, take part in the purchase and sale of the finny tribes. Numerous places of public refreshment surround the market, among which it is satisfactory to find so many coffee-houses. The fish dinners provided by some of the licensed victuallers are excellent in kind, and extremely moderate in price.

The fog clouds are rapidly breaking up; some of them have an edge of sunlight. There is a fresh breeze from the Thames. It will soon be broad day again. "Truly, the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." We must not judge of London by what we can see of it in a November fog.

LONDON LIONS AT FEEDING TIME.

We cast up straws to ascertain the direction of the wind, and by observing the merest trifles we may become acquainted with the habits of a great community. Eating and drinking seem vulgar things, unworthy of much study; but then they are necessities, and, in old Homer's words,

> Necessity demands our daily bread;
> Hunger is obstinate, and will be fed.

Out of the imperious demands of "our inward monitor," the stomach, however, an infinite amount of good arises. Charity grows keener and more enlarged with a feast in prospect, and as the champagne froths in the kindly steward's glass, his purse-strings dilate, and his heart expands. No society should be without its annual dinner. Mere dry finance meetings will never be popular; but let the assembly be at the Albion or the London Tavern, and the generosity of your subscribers will be excited tenfold. Public breakfasts may be better than no festivals at all; even tea-meetings may have their value; but if you desire to attract the gentlemen, the best *open sesame* to their sympathies will be a cosy banquet. Yet, though supplies for the inner man are indispensable—to prove which we need only compare the same face before and after meals—the fixed seasons for gratifying its cravings have been remarkably various. If any ancient Briton blood still runs in our veins, our remote ancestors dined off "half-raw meat" at ten a.m., while eleven a.m. was a genteel time of repast among the Anglo-Saxons. Our courtly Norman conquerors seldom exceeded midday for consuming their principal supplies of food; and even so late as the era of the early Georges one o'clock p.m. was the fashionable dinner hour. We have reformed all this to some purpose. No well-to-do operative can dine earlier than one o'clock now; steady young tradesfolk, who still tarry within the sound of Bow bells, will scarcely sit down to their mutton before three or four; and the genteeler classes, including, of course, the whole of clerkdom and the mercantile interests, think five o'clock a respectable dinner hour. Indeed, there are ultra-gentilities who adjourn from 'Change or the Alley to Clapham or Camberwell, and dress for dinner at eight.

If there have been such extraordinary revolutions as to the dinner hour, not less strange has been the alteration as to the dishes in vogue. Our ancestors began with a steak, a red herring, or a plate of whale-blubber, washed down with mead, sack, or porter, according to the period; and as soon as twelve struck, plunged their knives or digits into the prodigious roast or boiled delicacy—boar's head, sturgeon, or peacock, as the case might be—swallowing each huge mouthful with an accompaniment of heady ale. Then the old nodded outright, and the young extemporized a doze, and afterwards sallied forth to business or pleasure like giants refreshed. At present, papa, or brother, or husband, or "my son John," the hope of the house, just rising seventeen, the recognized bread-winners of the family, start to business on a light meal of tea or coffee, with toast or muffin, varied in some comfortable houses with bacon, shrimps, or water-cresses. A curious phenomenon, quite new to modern times, generally accompanies these outgoings. Elders and juveniles, incipient desk and stool occupants—all, from grey-bearded Mr. Stonesend to Master Peter Liquorice—envelop themselves in a cloud of tobacco smoke; whether they humbly pace the flags, or ambitiously mount the omnibus knifeboard, each regales himself with pipe or cigar (pipes are most patronized at present), and woe to the innocent non-smoking pedestrian whose morning walk is at the rear of a band performing such matutinal fumigations. We might pity and avoid the half-clad labourer, toiling to his work through fog or icy rain, who indulged in a pinch of short-cut; but these self-satisfied consumers of the "Indian weed" would despise our pity, and cannot be avoided, for they crowd the Queen's highway, and pollute both omnibus and railway carriage. How strange that so many millions should be annually expended on mere smoke in this economical community! Fortunately the pipes are smoked out, and the cigars thrown by, at least a hundred yards before reaching shop or office. A suspicious smell continues to cling to the broadcloth, but the wearers assume a dignified unconsciousness of pipe or Havanna. The last lingering puff of cherished smoke dies out before the miscellaneous crowd of London workers enter on the duties of the day.

It seems a monstrous time to fast, from the thin morning meal at seven or eight o'clock, till four, five, or six o'clock, for the one substantial repast of the twenty-four hours. Yes; but on inquiry we shall find that this fast is by no means rigidly kept. When means are narrow, and the smart young wife is saving as well as amiable, she provides her Bank or Custom House hero with a packet of sandwiches, or a slice of cold meat, neatly arranged in a slender tin case, to satisfy the rebellious stomach, and prevent indigestion. "Jacob, dear (such is the parting word), be sure you remember your lunch. Dr. Fry says it's so bad to go long without food." Of course, the home-made sandwich, or cake, biscuit, or bun, is not the constant rule. Well-endowed clerks from Highbury, and substantial commercial men from Brixton, are independent of such helps, and know where the best soup, sandwich, or sherry can be obtained, while some well-to-do gents broach tins of potted meat for lunch. Still, in whatever mode the indulgence is sought, from twelve to two there will be unmistakable indications of that meal. The young lion-cubs of Threadneedle Street, and the old master-lions of the Exchange, begin to sniff the savoury viands afar off; and if the needed refreshment be long delayed, a practised ear will easily distinguish sundry half-suppressed growls from the well-fed, and timid sighs from the lean kine, among the lordly animals.

It is pleasant to watch the various feeding-places about 'Change. Here, within a stone's throw of the Bank, we have a butcher's shop and a public-house adjoining. The hungry citizen invests eightpence for a slice of rump-steak, or sixpence for a fraction of mutton, and, skewer in hand, enters the neighbouring kitchen to have it cooked. There, on a stupendous gridiron, traversing a noble sea-coal fire, you will find from noon until dusk divers appetizing morsels preparing for luncheon. Cooking your share of meat costs a penny; a hunch of bread a second penny; salt and pepper may be had free of charge; you get your frothing half-pint of malt for a third penny, which, with another penny to the waiter, if you are liberal, makes just one shilling for an excellent apology for dinner. I have tried the plan, and certainly of a cold or frosty day you cannot do better than dine from the hot pewter platter by the bright red stove. But you are extra genteel, and require lunch. In that case go to "Birch's," and call for a plate of mock-turtle, which, with a French roll and a glass of prime sherry, will form a capital half-way meal. Tyros, hardly emancipated from school, and green in City customs, commonly rush for bun, tart, or biscuit to Purssell's. Study human bipeds for ten minutes in that magazine of sweets, and you will be astounded at the keen unappeasable appetites of the young fry from the joint-stock banks and assurance offices. One day I paid my penny for a plain bun—I like Bath buns best, but they stick to one's fingers, and cost twopence—and, looking round, took note of the "high jinks" of my juvenile companions. A tall fair youth, fascinated by a tin of currant tarts, was making desperate inroads on the tempting pastry. He had despatched his sixth tart, when my attention was diverted to a ruddy-cheeked lad of fourteen, who was swallowing calves'-foot jelly at a surprising rate, while a lad, his junior, possibly his brother, was trying to bolt two-thirds of a Bath bun, preparatory to eating a pair of sausage rolls which he held ready in his hand. In a corner of the shop, endeavouring to get out of sight, stood a genteel young man in faded black, and sadly cadaverous-looking, eating with ill-disguised avidity an Abernethy biscuit. Was it breakfast, lunch, and dinner at once?

Let us call at Garraway's—they sell delicate sandwiches. Here is the receipt for compounding them:—Two slices of new white bread, buttered with most desirable fresh butter; ham, cut marvellously thin, to match, and a *soupcon* of mustard, artistically applied; the whole divided into four. If you merely seek to amuse your palate, you cannot do better than call for a plateful. If you take wine with them, they will give you full measure, and of superior quality. If you rejoice in teetotalism, cross over to the Jerusalem, where you will find an admirable cup of well-creamed coffee, with crumpet or French roll, quite irreproachable; or visit Lloyd's refreshment department, and choose a lunch to your own taste.

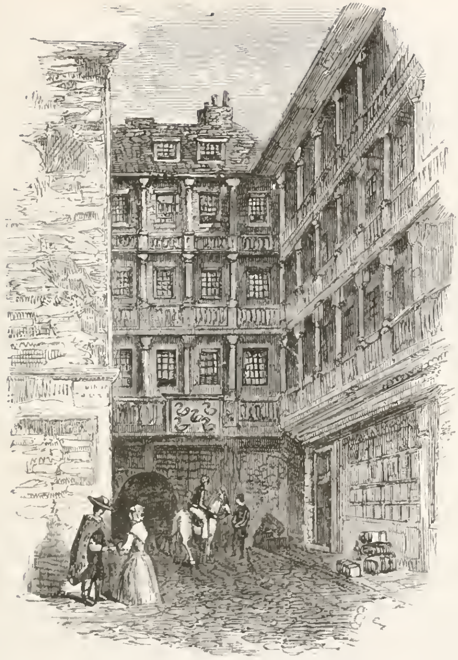
Alas for the departed glories of the Cock by the Exchange! Where are the well-filled, savoury-odoured soup-kettles? Where the handy, swift-footed waiters? Where the inviting tables, covered with spotless drapery? Where the faultless kitchen, for well-browned gravy and smooth mock-turtle soup, for inimitable *bouilli*, with a garnish of crisp celery? What ruthless barbarian hand has extinguished the fire, expelled the cooks, and shut the door? How many a busy son of commerce—how many a tired wayfarer has handled a spoon at the Cock, and been refreshed! The public have a warm interest in such places of welcome comfort. Is your home in the suburbs—Wandsworth, Pimlico, Hackney—how delightful to find a choice basin of soup smoking under Gresham's mystic grasshopper, or lunch for an emperor for a few coppers.

Not long since I was summoned to the City on purely business affairs; it was a pleasant, bright day, but rather cold. The great iron tongue of Father Paul struck the final stroke of twelve at noon as I turned into Lothbury. The street was unusually quiet, and the persons who passed had hungry countenances, and seemed hurrying on to satisfy some urgent want. The banks and public offices are thick in that locality, and clerks without cash-books were darkening the doors. One was returning with a whitey-brown paper bag, evidently containing a captain's biscuit or two; and a broad-backed, full-corporationed elder sallied from the London and Westminster, in a direct line for Birch's. Ascending the steps in the rear of the Wellington statue, I entered the Royal Exchange Fire Office. My business (to renew and alter a policy) took a considerable time. The capacious chamber was singularly tranquil; at one end a row of quill-drivers preserved the semblance of activity, but under cover in a corner, with his back to the desks, stood the messenger, evidently discussing a roll, while another official was refreshing himself with a draught of Barclay. Though there were no other applicants, I was obviously one too many. The account-books had got a holiday, but the clerks were not idle. I confess to a curious disposition, and watched my busy friends with great interest. Two thin but tall gentlemen (I fancied them brothers) were engaged in the mysteries of lunch. The one nearest me had opened and emptied his desk, converting it into a lunching cabinet: knife, fork, plate, cold meat, and bread were in requisition, but as the meal went on he grew aware that the operation was no secret. To remedy this, he set up a giant folio on end, to prevent further inspection. It did not answer, for the tell-tale fork still fetched and carried, and the mouth was in full work. Solids require the action of liquids, and I soon became aware, not of a "leathern bottel," but of a small circular decanter, from which issued at intervals a pale brown stream of Allsopp. After a few minutes the empty bottle was rather stealthily transferred to a convenient pocket, but the meal was in full progress when I left the place.

My next visit was to the Clerks' Office at Drapers' Hall. There was no lunching there, but everything looked hungry. The Assistant and his major-domo both seemed indulging in visions of savoury dishes; to the junior a plate of pea-soup would have been delectable, to the "grave and reverend" Governor a cut of haunch or saddle might have proved welcome. The office chairs are exceedingly gaunt and angular; they also seemed hungry. There was an old man in the paved forecourt, whose grey, straggling, uncombed beard looked hungry too. How could this happen? The company give capital dinners, and possess a first-rate kitchen. Well, it was lunch time.

My last business call was at the Bank. Certainly I never obtained my infinitesimal dividend so quickly. I did but mention my letter, and was assured in the blandest tone I should be waited upon directly—a strange contrast to the harsh monosyllables which often in the same establishment have made me examine my face to ascertain if the nose was left. There was no lunching in actual progress; but, who can tell, tit-bits might be fizzing at the moment on the Corporation gridiron, and eager fancy might be wandering among the pleasantnesses of the expected lunches. All living creatures—bipeds and quadrupeds—must eat; nor can the privilege of shovelling and weighing sovereigns, or counting thousand-pound notes, avail to control the gnawing sensation produced by a vacant stomach. Life is nothing but a system of lunching and dining.

It was 1.5 as I left the palatial (rather dirty) residence of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, and turned, for a snatch of meditation, on to the Exchange. Truly the spot "where merchants most do congregate" was exceedingly solitary. Here and there a thinly-clad urchin was inspecting a trade case, or a middle-aged captain by courtesy, or a Hebrew, was perambulating the corridors, with an eager expression of face, indicative of a restless conscience or an uneasy stomach. Occasionally there were hurried steps across the ambulatory, and it was apparent there was one thought uppermost with these good people: was it lunch? More than once, waiters with covered trenchers went hastily from side to side, and a tantalizing steam of pleasant food yet further increased the facial perplexity of my companions on 'Change. The old writers who speak of dining with "Duke Humphrey" do not recommend it, nor will a lunch with that great man be found more agreeable in our own times. A dozen steps, and I was again at the feet of the illustrious Field Marshal, and surrounded by a group of sturdy-looking shoeblacks in red tunics. It was lunch time with them also, with the exception of one lad, who was in the act of putting the final polish on a burly countryman's boots. The others were discussing each a monster hunch of bread, with just a taste of salt beef or a slice of Dutch cheese. Hunger renders the plainest food delicious. There can be no better sauce, and no more infallible promoter of digestion, than hard work. Many of our London lions live in enviable quarters, and "fare sumptuously every day," yet with the shoeblack's health and vigour not a few of them would be happier with the shoeblack's poor rations. The nobility of the lion is not always shown by the lordliness of his roar, nor his enjoyment by the extent of his hunting ground; and when we speak of London lions at feeding time, it is no paradox to assert that some of the poorest whelps among them may chance to be the happiest.



THE FIVE SWANS, BISHOPSGATE.

STREET ARCHITECTURE—NEW CANNON STREET.

Perhaps there is something more picturesque about this old inn than in the gayest modern mansion of Paris, justly denominated magnificent in the reign of Louis XIV., and still the show city of Europe. Under Louis Philippe, the ruin it had sustained during the revolution of 1789 —only partially repaired by Napoleon I.—was entirely effaced. A spirit of improvement was actively at work, and tourists justly wondered while they beheld the re-edified capital of France. All this, however, was nothing in comparison with the grand and beautiful architectural advances made in Paris by the strong will and uncontrollable power of Napoleon III. Every unsightly vestige of the old city is rapidly disappearing, and not only are comfort and utility considered for the benefit of the inhabitants, but the eye of taste is consulted, and the dwellings of a vast number of human beings arranged so admirably as to give positive pleasure as a spectacle. At our large theatres, when a city is to be represented, every offensive detail is carefully suppressed. Thus at the Princess's, during the representation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a view of Athens in its glory was given, and not a single point was brought forward that could diminish the general effect. The restored capital of Greece looked as fresh and fair as when recent from the creative hand of Phidias. Thus it is with Paris in 1864. The mighty despot has moulded even the most unpromising materials into symmetry and beauty, and every year adds to the attraction and completeness of the imperial city. If we contrast the progress of London with that of Paris in architectural fitness and display, our national vanity will be sadly wounded. In solidity and usefulness of construction we may challenge comparison with the whole world: we build with an object, and in general the end is well worked out. Our public buildings may stand for centuries, though the sites are often indifferently chosen; and a noble plan, well executed, is frequently so concealed from observation (as in the case of Goldsmiths' Hall) that a large portion of our citizens are ignorant of its existence. Even our glorious Cathedral is deplorably hemmed in by mean brick residences; and when an open space in the vicinity is procured—once in half a century—our resolutions for keeping it open are soon forgotten, and we build piles of warehouses taller and closer than ever. London, previous to the Great Fire, was a strange network of wooden bulks, made picturesque by their variety, while here and there a church, a red brick mansion, or a fantastically-shaped goods store, gave a singular but still attractive air to the place. Narrow streets and lofty houses, with gable roofs and lattice windows, oddly imagined symbols of trade dangling over each shop door, and not unfrequently shields with armorial bearings, indicating that the trader had superseded some noble family—all gave a romantic aspect to the City,—a busy place even in those days, but not, as now, embarrassed with a perpetual stream of pedestrians and vehicles. The Great Fire cleared the encumbered ground, and had the spirit of improvement, represented by Sir Christopher Wren, been permitted to employ it aright, our London would now have equalled Paris.

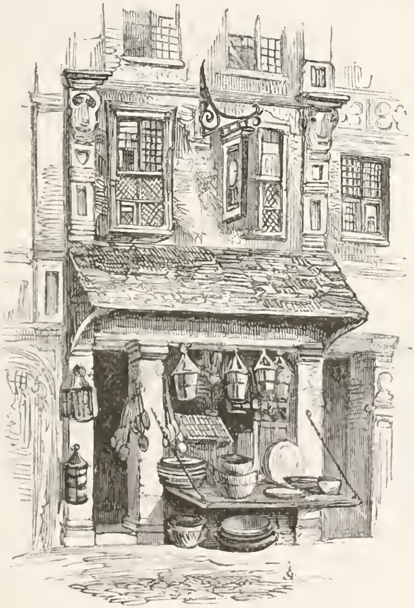
Unfortunately, each builder was allowed to set up what was pleasant in his own eyes, and as the immediate need was chiefly considered, the new City was neither more elegant nor more convenient than the old. Still in the chief streets there was some variety of style, and the practice of hanging out signs, though occasionally dangerous, broke the monotony of long lines of shops, and agreeably diversified the scene. As these disappeared, the naked bareness of the ordinary shops and dwellings grew more conspicuous. London, when it commenced "going out of town," was augmented by interminable rows of houses (Harley Street for instance), solid and well built, but each exactly like its neighbour, without the slightest elegance of proportion when viewed singly, and in a range of four or five score remarkable for their distressing sameness. This style will be found to prevail, with few or no exceptions, from the boundaries of London proper, through Holborn, Bloomsbury, and Oxford Street, with all the outlying squares and places towards Hyde Park and Paddington.

We may date a favourable change from the commencement of the Regency in 1810, the first grand improvement being the enclosure of a park at Marylebone, and the gradual formation of Regent Street. It began at Portland Place, and the noble width of that aristocratic locality has been preserved. It was unfortunate that Mr. Nash, the architect, would suffer his fine plan to be disfigured with stuccoed fronts: red or various coloured bricks would have been infinitely superior. The colonnade at Piccadilly, as first erected, was certainly heavy, but with the exception of the piazza at Covent Garden, it was the only open-air covered way in the metropolis, and had many advantages. Much more recently, the street through Leicester Fields to Long Acre, as well as New Oxford Street, were valuable improvements. In the latter the style is rather ambitious, and aims at imparting agreeable novelty to ordinary house fronts. In Chester, and a few of the more ancient towns of England, some fine specimens of domestic architecture may be found, not in respect to the mansions of the gentry merely, but as regards ordinary shops and houses; so that frequently, when the materials are both poor and in decay, the elegance of form makes them still respectable. This, too, is the enduring charm of most of the Italian cities—Ravenna, Venice, Verona, Florence, and many others, which, quite apart from the palatial buildings by which they are adorned, possess a charm even in their meanest dwellings, arising out of picturesque details which arrest the traveller's notice at every step, and leave a lasting impression on his memory. Structural change or improvement proceeds at a snail's gallop in England. The genius of the Circumlocution Office is always at hand to enforce his cardinal maxim, "How not to do it." If the Government plans a national gallery, or desires to make it useful, twenty years or more are consumed in talking about it; and if action is ever taken, it is sure to be done in the least efficient manner possible. How long have we been discussing in Parliament, or elsewhere, on the best plans for new law courts or Government offices? When the British lion growls for symbolical lions to keep watch at the base of the Nelson column, how many seasons must be wasted before anything is done, or even promised? The promise at length is, that a painter will make models of them; but he does not, and the work is as far from execution as ever.* The richest country in the world has only carried out one really grand architectural design during the last fifty years—the Palace at Westminster. Occasionally some wealthy and public-spirited individual makes an investment in bricks or stone, as witness Mr. Hope's noble mansion in Piccadilly, and a few splendid banking houses or offices in the City. As for the Corporation, they move, like all great bodies, with amazing slowness and decorum. Take as an instance the intended highway from Farringdon Street, which is actually in the same state we saw it—I am afraid to say how many years ago. Yet some admirable improvements have been effected.

The new street from Moorgate to the statue of William the Fourth is a vast public advantage, as whoever can recollect the old road through Gracechurch Street to London Bridge will readily admit. Cateaton Street, improved into Gresham Street, is a very creditable alteration indeed; and on this site, the buildings already finished, as well as the capacious depôt on the spot once known from an ancient inn, the Swan with Two Necks, are commendable for excellence of style as well as solidity of structure. There are also two or three vast commercial houses in Lothbury, which, could they command a more suitable approach, would have a very striking effect. By far the best specimen, however, of street architecture in modern London is New Cannon Street. Hearing much of its admirable and varied style—recalling in some degree what might have been sought, for example's sake, in Genoa, when its merchants were princes—I still delayed paying it a visit, expecting to find the praise too high, and mediocrity the prevailing genius, as it commonly is both east and west. At length, passing from the south side of St. Paul's, and admiring the enormous blocks of warehouses, tall enough for observatories, at the commencement, I entered the boasted locality, and am bound to say that my most favourable anticipations were abundantly satisfied. The eye is instantly struck with the size and evident strength of the new structures. In new streets, commonly, you may compare the modern tenements with card buildings—soon up, and soon down again. But here the architect has laboured for posterity. How many generations of London merchants may toil and grow rich here? A thousand years have fled since Watling Street was traversed by a mixed race, descended from Celts, Saxons, Danes, and the conquering Norman. Or look a little higher on the faint chronicle, and you will find the legionaries of Rome proudly marching on the eternal road which they had laid down. Time may shake his century glass often and often, and yet these colossal fabrics, raised by the men of the nineteenth hundred of our era, may still flourish; and when from decay or neglect they sink into ruins, the inquisitive New Zealander, when he arrives, will at least notice and commend the solidity of the walls. Nor has elegance been sacrificed to strength. The general outline satisfies the fastidious spectator, while the great variety of form and ornament excites and sustains curiosity. Here and there a middle age church keeps possession amidst the recent buildings, and agreeably rouses the mind to include at one thoughtful glance the present, with all its wealth and knowledge, and the past, with all its stern grandeur and lingering glory. Ruskin, the eloquent advocate for the exercise of superior artistic skill in the construction of domestic dwellings or commercial emporiums, must have surveyed New Cannon Street with great satisfaction, for here at least many of his suggestions are carried out, as to the plan, the style, and the reality of the work. (Hunt out an old London shop—how strange the contrast!) Similar arteries for our rapidly increasing commerce might surely be opened. Why should not Thames Street, both upper and lower, rival their neighbour? Why should not the perplexing, narrow, dark courts, alleys, and streets about Wood and Milk Streets, and Honey Lane Market, give place to

---

* We now hear that one is actually modelled, so that, perhaps, they will be completed by A.D. 1900.



OLD LONDON SHOP.

some such noble thoroughfare? Even millionaires might help in the work, without forgetting their mammon worship, for as a commercial speculation, changes, when really beneficial, will in general be found profitable. If London is the richest and most populous city in the civilized world, why should it not architecturally become the most noble? We are told that a despotic government possesses unbounded facilities for carrying out public improvements. There are no obstructives. People may murmur, but they are powerless to prevent. If imperial majesty has taste and energy, there can be no limit to his social ambition, especially when he idolizes peace as well as glory. Augustus found Rome of brick, and left it of marble. Louis XIV. transformed mediæval Paris from a dirty, intricate, thinly-populated city, into a model metropolis. The authority of Scripture also teaches that Nineveh, Babylon, and Jerusalem were all built under a system of absolutism. Must we conclude, then, that until power is centred in a single man, architectural triumphs will be rare, public buildings insignificant, and the residences of the people mean? History will tell us another tale. Athens, the greatest and most beautiful city that ever adorned the earth, was raised by a free nation. The love of liberty was a passion with Pericles and his brother statesmen, and not less so with Phidias and his accomplished colleagues; indestructible forms of symmetry and grace were originated by men who hated tyranny with intense earnestness. When Athens lost her freedom, her architectural splendour decayed. Corinth and the various cities of Greece, celebrated by Pausanius as rich in art embellishments, and edifices supremely noble in design, were equally the abodes of freedom, and only ceased to flourish when subjugated by the Romans. Nor ought we to forget that Genoa, Venice, and nearly all the more famous Italian states, so celebrated for works of art, were all in their best days free from the yoke, and did not begin to decline until subdued by their more powerful neighbours. We must not, therefore, excuse the defects of London as a capital, on the score of deficient central control; a nation of freemen, desiring to make itself a name in architecture and high art, as well as in world-wide possessions, wealth which can scarcely be reckoned, and commerce supplying the whole earth, need only to will it. Riches will then cater to genius without stint; the decaying or obstructive portions of the City will be superseded by more suitable structures; and London, with its thousand years of glory, become the grandest, as it is the mightiest, capital of the universe.

Such anticipations seem justified by the progress now rapidly making in the work of improvement. Most of the City public companies and banks are gradually vacating their ugly brick buildings, and luxuriating in mansions at once substantial and elegant. Gog and Magog are growing ambitious, and the Guildhall is being resuscitated, or rather rebuilt in a grand style of architecture.

A PUBLIC SUPPING AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

During a long series of years it was a custom of the kings of France to dine in public, for the delectation of their loving subjects. No doubt it was very agreeable to the courtiers and people of note to attend at and rejoice in the festivities of their sovereign. But it is less apparent what real gratification it could minister to the poorer sort (who, it seems, were also admitted), since it must have occasioned a strange and unseemly mingling of wealth and poverty in their greatest extremes. Still we can well understand that the scene was surpassingly brilliant; and no doubt all the more offensive manifestations of penury, as rags and dirt, were studiously kept out of sight, and nothing would court the eye but the very quintessence of royal pomp. All the French gossiping chroniclers, and many of the amusing letter-writers of the time, are loud and copious in descriptive particulars and loyal trumpetings. Especially when they speak of the Great King (Louis XIV.) feasting in his imperial hall, in the midst of his delighted people, their hearts seem overflowing with joy, and they are evidently ready to worship the mighty Bourbon. From the awful scene recorded in the Book of Daniel, we gather that similar celebrations were common in Babylon; and we know that our own Norman kings were in the habit of giving such entertainments to their great lords and more distinguished subjects. Some of them, indeed, feasted all comers; and an ancient annalist declares that Richard II. kept at all the high festivals of the Church a table for several thousand guests. The Tudor monarchs continued the hospitable practice, and Queen Elizabeth continually took her meals in public, so that they were considered in the light of unceremonious receptions for the more distinguished of her subjects. All the Stuart kings were equally condescending, and the glorious banqueting hall and regal galleries of Whitehall were places of ordinary resort for the courtiers, and not unfrequently were thrown open without restraint to any reputable (or rather well-dressed) visitor. Evelyn describes some of these scenes, which in the days of the merry monarch were frightfully immoral, his unhappy queen and shameless courtesans mingling together in such amusements as gambling and undisguised licentiousness could afford. William III., Queen Anne, and George I. discouraged these vanities; but they were to some extent revived by George II. and Queen Caroline, who rejoiced in a very free and easy Court. George III. was stiff and retiring in his ordinary habits, yet he frequently came among his subjects, walked almost weekly amidst his people on the terrace at Windsor, with Queen Charlotte and her children, each of whom, while in babyhood, was exhibited in a state cradle, at Buckingham House, to all comers, who, in addition to a peep at the royal infant, were indulged with an allowance of cake and caudle. These customs extended far beyond the Court, and nearly all great public institutions had their open holidays, when the humble of the land were invariably welcome guests. Nor can we doubt that such a privilege would be extremely dear to those who, in common, were confined to the lower walks of life.

Christ's Hospital is a very ancient foundation, and the older denizens of famous "London town" took great pleasure in giving the children pleasant relaxations from their educational tasks: hence the Lord Mayor's buns and silver pieces; hence the chief scholars' annual visit to Majesty, in order to display their success in mathematics; and hence the public suppings, which now, in the magnificent modern hall, attract so many kindly visitors. The gentle boy-king, Edward VI.,—does he ever return in spirit to this favourite foundation, and look complacently on this goodly company of royal scholars? The hall where the Blues sup is hardly exceeded, either in size or grandeur, by any in England. Even from its first erection, its massiveness and grandeur, qualities not always found in modern structures, have given it an air of antiquity, which, under the mellowing hand of time, is growing more impressive every year. The exterior forms the principal ornament of the close City neighbourhood in which it stands, while the interior, in length, breadth, and height, is equally commanding and satisfactory. One of its great merits is that the whole extent and area is taken in at a single glance, there being no ornamentation in the shape of columns or pilasters, the architect preferring absolute simplicity of design. The roof is flat, but not naked, being groined with compartments of oak, which pleasingly diversify the vast space. There is an organ gallery at the lower end, while at the upper, over a raised platform of seats, there is a second gallery for spectators. The organ is a large and powerful instrument, and, if an unmusical critic may venture to give an opinion, a very fine one. Over the upper gallery there is a painting of considerable size, representing Edward VI. confirming the privileges of the hospital by a royal charter. On the left-hand wall (looking towards the organ) there is another painting of immense magnitude, but too long in proportion to its width, setting forth Charles II. in his regal robes receiving the Lord Mayor and Corporation. There are also several full-length portraits of City worthies—amongst others, Mr. Treasurer Pigeon; and, in addition, an excellent likeness of the Queen on horseback, and one of her lamented Consort in the act of mounting a favourite horse. The wall, to the height of eight or ten feet, is wainscoted; and on the left side, at intervals of a few feet, adorned with armorial bearings of the various presidents.

When we entered, which we accomplished without much crowding—but having, at the request of the police, to wait and make a lane for the Governors—the hall was already lighted. This was accomplished by ten circular frames, each containing from sixteen to eighteen jets of gas, while two much smaller burners were suspended over the organ gallery; besides which, on the sixteen tables which occupied the body of the hall, were ranged, four to a table, in sixty-four metal uprights, the same number of tallow candles, which required to be snuffed about every fifteen minutes. Is this done in reverence for old custom, or is it purely for economy's sake? In my small establishment, even the kitchen candles (thanks to advancing science) have become snuffless, and I verily believe they are only 7½d. per pound. The candles glimmered but faintly; yet it might have been expected that such an ample supply of gas would have set the whole area ablaze. But, no; after looking round for a few minutes, the spectators felt (for I asked several) that there was a want of light, with the concomitant annoyance of gloom and indistinctness. The sixteen tables were covered with fair white cloths, with twenty plates on each side, and all supplied with bread and a little pat of butter. Each plate was flanked by a basin, containing (we thought) half a pint of milk. This was the supper—a great improvement on the beer, bread, and cheese of the olden time. The tables were each to accommodate forty boys, the younger taking the upper ones, and the senior lads filling those at the lower end.

On the left hand, in a sort of desk, a fine tall young man, but a Blue, stood waiting to read prayers; and, in the organ loft, from forty to sixty were preparing to sing the hymns and anthem.

I secured a seat quite at the top of the raised platform —for those whose cards were not for "reserves" were urged upwards by the officials with "Higher, ladies and gentlemen," at frequent intervals. My business was to watch the in-coming visitors. Two-thirds of the seats are reserved, and it may be proper to accommodate the governors and their allies liberally, but it is an invidious distinction to withhold the anthem papers and cardboard collection of psalms from the rest of the company. The whole additional outlay could not be large, and it would be far more gracious. There was a continuous stream of children, rising from six to fourteen years old. While we waited at the entrance, an official bawled out, "If there's anybody waiting that knows Mr. Young, let them come this way." Well, several of the crowd knew a Mr. Young, but believing it was some peculiar Mr. Young, we held our peace, and presently several pretty little girls answered the inquiry, and were at once admitted by the smiling janitor. Then came a pleasant bevy of graceful young ladies, be-beaued by a company of smart, stalwart young gentlemen. Paters and Maters followed in abundance—some bent and slow, others grey-haired, but firm and upright; many in the sober silk or broadcloth befitting their age; others trying to look young in bright colours or staring jewellery, and failing egregiously. Now came a good sprinkling of clergymen in full clerical costume—the curates passing unregarded, the recognised dignitaries bowed to their seats by the officials. The incessant tramp of feet, the hum and bustle while the company were thus subsiding into their places, raised an agreeable feeling of expectation as to who would come next. It was just seven o'clock. Look! a procession is advancing between the line of tables: first, a most venerable Mr. Bumble, bearing an awfully solid official staff, with the foundation crest at top in solid silver. What an obese, stately, old-world looking creature. When was he created beadle? a long time ago—was it under Edward VI.? Then, in double file, some two score of "potent, grave, and reverend seniors," each, for dignity, carrying a tall wand, extremely like those usually set up in the churchwarden's pew in all well-ordered sanctuaries. These are succeeded by Mr. Treasurer. His satellites divide right and left, ushering him to an easy chair in the centre of the first row of "reserves," at the foot of the platform; and then take their own places, each continuing to grasp his wand with imposing nonchalance. A hush, succeeded by three strokes on a table, oddly suggestive of "Good people, mind how you behave;" then a burst of fine, impressive, and solemn music from the organ. How the holy sounds fill and consecrate the vast space! How wonderfully beautiful is the gradual subsidence of that lofty peal!

The boys, or according to my admission-card, the "children," had already, to the number of nearly seven hundred, entered; and dull or heartless must those spectators have been who saw that advancing current of young life without feelings of kindliness and sympathy. In a few years, some of these hopeful, joyous boys will slumber in the dust; many will be scattered over the whole habitable globe; some, as successful commercialists, will be governors in this very foundation; and others—may they be small in number—unfortunate and heart-broken, will taste in old age all the bitterness of poverty.

What an odd costume they wear—yellow stockings, and a belted, blue cloth petticoat, with a muffin-shaped apology for a hat. Would you have their garments modernized? By no means! They may be rather inconvenient, but they keep them warm—and how picturesque they look. When we meet a Blue, we seem to take a backward look to some mediæval age, or to be waking up from a dream of trousers and frock-coats to the romantic costumes of the sixteenth century. Each boy stands in his place. The Grecian rises in his desk, and in a clear voice says, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, the 100th Psalm." The noble hall echoes to the simple but rousing tones; and then a lesson from St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians is read, every word being audible over the whole building, the acoustic qualities of which cannot be too highly commended. Several collects follow, in good taste for the most part. But why make the reader employ such phrases as these: "We, poor children, were naked, and are clothed; we were empty, and are filled"? and why speak of "The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, the worthy Aldermen and Common Council, and the most worshipful Corporation"? Far simpler phraseology is suitable in prayer. It is quite proper to pay respect to dignitaries, but not desirable to deal in mere fulsome compliments. Next we had the 104th Psalm, really finely rendered—the young, fresh voices of the choristers flowing forth delightfully in the words of Israel's sweet singer. An English grace followed, "beseeching our almighty Father to consecrate the food to our use, and us to His service." We certainly expected a Latin grace, but perhaps the vernacular tongue was better. The preliminaries to the meal occupied exactly twenty-two minutes. How fortunate that the supper was not hot! Bread, milk, and butter were quickly appropriated, and then ensued a most expeditious clearing of the tables—plates, basins, candles, and cloths disappearing with surprising speed; and then at each table end might be seen the august Madam Nurse, sitting bolt upright, as she had been doing for more than half an hour, carefully scrutinizing the doings of her flock.

The winding-up ceremony is a curious one, and might be discarded advantageously, with some of the over-complimentary words spoken of already. During the supper, all or the larger portion of the company promenaded between the tables, and a pleasant interlude of quick life it was. Light young feet just whispered a sound as they playfully pattered on, "Oh, they'll ne'er outwear the everlasting flint." Heavy, shambling, aldermanic soles shuffled along very untuneably—silks and satins rustled—pleased voices of sudden recognition were heard. It was an agreeable though indescribable confusion. Grace after meat has been said, and the tables are cleared. How much darker the lower portion of the Hall seems now that the white table-covers have disappeared! But the 700 Blues and their nurses prepare to make a final bow to the Treasurer. Advancing from the bottom table to the top, up the centre, each marches to within two or three feet of the presidential chair, makes a low obeisance, and retires. Here comes a miniature Blue, with a candle in each hand (most of the sconces were dressed with flowers). On reaching the easy chair, he raises the candles above his head, makes his bow between them, and exit. To many of these small lads this was but a merry game; but this tall youth, trencher on shoulder, does not relish the task. How vexed he looks! Basket and head bend forward in unison. Gone! Then comes a genteel, motherly nurse, who executes something between a bow and curtsey. Gone! Here is a file of boys, who are not carriers—all bow profoundly. Gone! Next a small Blue with a table-cover; a second with a basket; then more candles, and trenchermen. The scene, at first novel and amusing, begins to weary because of its sameness, and we wish the "bowing" were over. In general, the mere children make a play of the ceremony; but the youths, or we greatly mistake, treated it as a degradation, and inclined from their perpendicular as little as possible. And why all this mummery? The highest respect is due, of course, to the truly honourable and benevolent men who direct the affairs of Christ's Hospital, but such exaggerated ceremonials are laughable, rather than impressive.

The exit of the scholars again evoked the spirit of harmony, and the organ peals were renewed, joining with the voices of the choristers in a very beautiful anthem :—

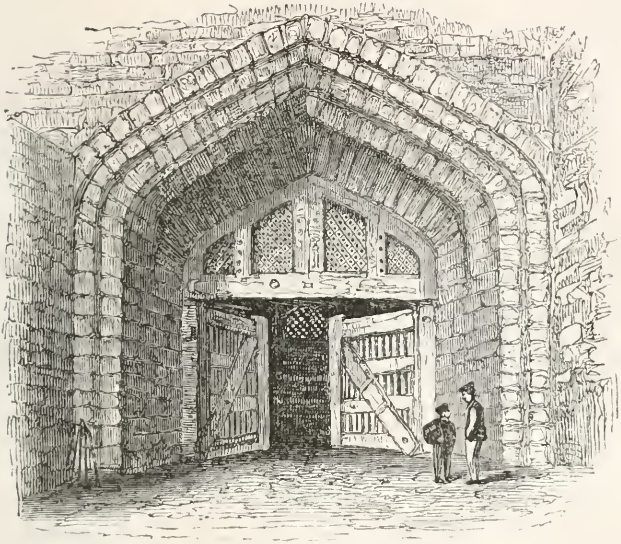
The Lord is good, fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

Therefore will we the righteous ways
Of Providence proclaim;
We'll sing the praise of God most high,
And celebrate His name.

CHORUS.

By angels in heav'n of every degree,
And saints upon earth, all praise be addressed
To God in three Persons, one God ever blessed,
As it has been, now is, and always shall be.

The soft, tender tones of such youthful lips, especially when heard without any positive accompaniment, appealed powerfully to every heart and ear; but a far more enthusiastic feeling arose as the final organ-burst in the concluding chorus, the well-known strains of the National Anthem, were poured forth; and "God save the Queen" was the vocal prayer, not of the Blues alone, but of many of the visitors. This was the worthy *finale* of a delightful evening; and I left the hospital precincts more than ever proud that I was a Londoner.



TRAITOR'S GATE—TOWER.

COLONEL BLOOD.

THE annals of crime record no more strange or daring act than the attempt made, almost successfully, to steal the crown from the Tower, in the reign of Charles II. The following particulars are gathered from "Braley's History of the Tower," "Strype's Edition of Stow," and the "London Gazette." Strype says: "This relation is from the favour of Mr. Edwards himself, the late keeper of the regalia." Sir Gilbert Talbot, master of the jewel-house at the time of the attempt, left a manuscript on the subject, and it agrees with the narrative in every respect.

Blood was the son of an Irish blacksmith. His whole career was remarkable, and he seems to have possessed great talents as well as indomitable courage, which, properly exercised, must have raised him to a high position. When a mere youth, he rescued one of his companions who was under sentence of death, as the officers were leading him to the gallows. He laid a plot for surprising Dublin Castle, seizing the magazine, and usurping the government. The Duke of Ormond discovered this conspiracy when on the point of execution, and some of Blood's colleagues were tried, and suffered as traitors. Blood, with the other survivors, bound themselves by a solemn oath to avenge their death upon the Duke himself. Accordingly, not long after, with the assistance of his desperate associates, he stopped the Duke of Ormond in his carriage, while driving to his country mansion near London, bound and gagged him, and then, compelling the coachman to drive to Tyburn, would have hanged him on a gibbet prepared for the purpose, had not his villanous plan been frustrated by the arrival of aid at the critical moment. An ordinary criminal would have avoided observation from the dread of punishment, but failure seemed only to excite Blood's daring spirit.

In 1660, the regalia were first opened to public inspection, the fees being given to the treasurer of the jewel-house, as amends for a large reduction of his salary. These fees Sir Gilbert Talbot gave to a confidential servant, Talbot Edwards, who had the custody of the regalia when Blood, on the 9th of May, 1673, so nearly succeeded in stealing the crown. His plan was most artfully arranged. A few days previously he came to the Tower in the disguise of a clergyman (canonicals were worn in ordinary by divines at that period), with a woman who passed for his wife. They requested permission to enter the jewel-house, but while there the supposed lady complained "of a qualm upon her stomach," and Mrs. Edwards, the keeper's wife, invited her into the house to rest. Feigning a speedy recovery, they soon departed, with expressions of warm gratitude. In a few days Blood brought some gloves as a present to Mrs. Edwards, and this led to frequent visits. One day Blood said to Mrs. Edwards, "My wife talks of nothing but your kindness, and is anxious to requite it. You have a pretty daughter, and I a young nephew, with two or three hundred a year in land at my disposal. Let us make a match." This pleased old Edwards, who invited the parson to dine. He came, and said grace with much unction, and concluded with a prayer for "King, Queen, and royal family." Going through the rooms, he noticed a handsome case of pistols, and wished to buy them as a present for a young lord, his friend; but in fact that he might disarm the keeper. On leaving, he fixed a time to bring his nephew; and added, "As I wish my two friends, who will leave town early in the morning, to see the regalia, we will come at seven o'clock. Edwards was up early to receive his guests, with his daughter in her best clothes, "when, behold Parson Blood, with three more, came to the jewel-house, all armed with rapier blades in their canes, and each with a dagger and a brace of pocket pistols. Two of his companions entered with him; the third remained at the door, it seems, for a watch." The daughter was ashamed to come down at once, but sent her maid, who thinking the man outside must be the beau, reported her idea of him to her young mistress. Blood told Edwards he would not go into the house until his wife came, but asked to see the crown in the meantime. This was allowed; but no sooner was the door of the jewel chamber shut as usual, than a cloak was thrown over the old man's head, his mouth gagged, and an iron hook fastened to his nose. He was then told that they were resolved to carry off the crown, globe, and sceptre; that if he submitted, they would spare his life; but if he resisted, they would show him no mercy. Very bravely, however, he tried to make all the noise in his power. They then knocked him down with a wooden mallet, telling him to be quiet, or they would despatch him instantly. Their victim still endeavouring to raise an alarm, they struck him repeatedly on the head, and then stabbed him in the abdomen. In this condition, the poor old man, who was nearly eighty years of age, lay for some time senseless, and was thought to be dead. Edwards, hearing this opinion, being a little recovered, thought it wisest to remain quiet. The coveted booty was now to be secured. Parrott (a silk dyer, who in the civil war had served under Harrison) concealed the orb in his breeches; Blood held the crown under his cloak; and the third man was about to file the sceptre in two, to place it in a bag, when a son of Mr. Edwards unexpectedly arrived. On coming to the door, the man who watched asked what he wanted. Young Edwards replied he belonged to the house, and hastened up-stairs. The thieves grew alarmed, and decamped with the crown and orb, leaving the sceptre on the floor. Old Edwards, freeing his mouth from the gag, shouted, "Treason! murder!" upon which his daughter ran out, reiterating the alarm, and adding (why does not appear), "The crown is stolen." The uproar growing general, young Edwards and Captain Bechman pursued the robbers, who were stopped by one of the warders. Blood discharged a pistol at him; he fell, though not seriously injured. The thieves reached Little Ward House Gate, where one Sill, an old soldier of Cromwell's, was sentinel, but as he made no opposition they got over the drawbridge, and passed to the outer gate upon the wharf, where horses were waiting for them, at St. Katherine's Gate (called the Iron Gate). Running in this direction, they raised a cry of "Stop the rogues!" and were unsuspected till overtaken by Captain Bechman. Blood fired his second pistol, but missed, and was presently placed in custody. The crown was still under his cloak, and even though a prisoner he grasped it with a firm hand, and when it was wrested from him, exclaimed, "It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful, for it was for a crown!" Parrott was also arrested, but Hunt, Blood's son-in-law, with two accomplices, reaching the horses, escaped. Hunt was soon after discovered, and committed to prison.

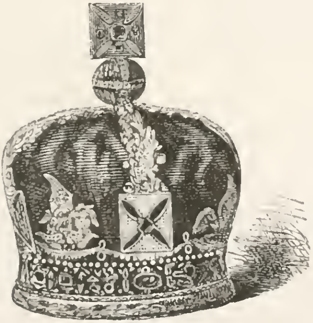
In the struggle, the great pearl, a large diamond, and some smaller gems fell from the crown, but they were ultimately found. The Ballas ruby, wrenched from the sceptre, was discovered in Parrott's pocket, and nothing of consequence was lost. On young Edwards giving a narrative of the affair to Sir Gilbert Talbot, the latter communicated the strange news to the King. The curiosity of Charles was roused—what could be the motives of so wild an attempt? He determined to examine the prisoners himself, and they were accordingly sent to Whitehall. The King asked Blood whether he was a party to the outrage on the Duke of Ormond. He boldly admitted he was, and being interrogated as to his abettors in that crime, he replied that he would never betray a friend's life, nor deny a crime in defence of his own. As to his provocation to that deed, he declared that the Duke had taken away his estate, and executed some of his friends, and he had sworn solemnly to be revenged. He also volunteered another extraordinary confession. He had been engaged in a design to kill His Majesty with a carbine from among the reeds, by the Thames above Battersea, "where he often went to swim." The cause for the intended attempt was "the King's severity over the consciences of the godly, in suppressing the freedom of religious assemblies." He actually took his stand among the reeds for that purpose, but his heart was checked by an awe of majesty, and he not only relented himself, but diverted his associates from the design. "By these confessions," said he, "I am open to the law, and expect its utmost rigour, for which I am prepared; but hundreds of my friends, yet undiscovered, are bound by a dreadful oath to avenge my death, or that of any companion, on those who bring us to justice, which will expose the King and all his ministers to the daily peril of assassination. If the King, on the contrary, will spare the lives of a few, he will win the hearts of many who, as they were daring in mischief, would be as bold, if pardoned and received into favour, to perform worthy service for the Crown."

Whether this appeal most captivated or overawed the King cannot now be known, but, though remanded to prison, Blood and his accomplices were soon pardoned for their audacious attempt, while the villain-in-chief received a pension of £500 per annum, and was also allowed to appear at Court as a favourite, and was frequently a successful solicitor on behalf of others. Strype says, "Many gentlemen sought his acquaintance as the Indians reverence devils—that they may not hurt them." Pennant ends his account of Blood thus: "This miscreant died peacefully in his bed, August 29th, 1680, fearlessly, and without any signs of penitence, totally hardened, and forsaken by heaven."

Blood had become a Quaker during his latter years, and, externally at least, attended to all the duties and decencies of his new calling. We reasonably suspect this was a mere hypocritical trick, played with some sinister intention; but Pennant would have shown better taste had he left his final state doubtful.

The fidelity and courage of Keeper Edwards were tardily rewarded, but not without much intercession, with a yearly grant for £200, and £100 for his son. Even these pensions were so long delayed that they were obliged to sell the orders on the Exchequer at half their real value, for the sake of getting ready money. The elder Edwards died in 1674, aged eighty years and nine months. The moral character of a sovereign who could thus pardon and distinguish so base and impudent a criminal as Blood, actuated either by fear or soothed by flattery, while he suffered a really faithful servant like Edwards to remain so long in absolute want, and ultimately yielded him so inadequate a reward for his bravery and devotion, can hardly be rated too low.

When Blood was pardoned for his attempt on the regalia, his outrage on the Duke of Ormond being known, and even avowed in a defiant confession, Lord Arlington was commissioned to inform that nobleman that it was the King's pleasure that Blood should not be prosecuted, for reasons privately to be rendered. The Duke waived his communication, saying, "His Majesty's command is the only reason that can be given, and therefore let us spare the rest; the King shall see I value my life as little as His Majesty does his crown."



VICTORIA CROWN.

The regalia is now shown in the jewel chamber, behind a screen of strong wirework. Being exhibited by gaslight, they are seen to great advantage; and consist of the following articles:—

The imperial crown (St. Edward's), used at coronations. It was made for Charles II., and is very rich in beautiful gems, with a gold mound at the apex, encircled with a fillet of precious stones—three large oval pearls pendent from the cross. It is formed of four crosses, and as many *fleurs de lis* of gold.

The crown of state, worn at great festivals, and in Parliament; remarkable for an emerald seven inches in circumference, a pearl the most perfect in the world, and a ruby of inestimable value.

The Queen's circlet of gold, a rim of gold, richly adorned with large diamonds, and curiously set with pearls.

The Queen's crown, a circlet of gold, set with very beautiful gems; specially used for the coronation of queens.

The Queen's rich crown, worn after the coronation; enriched with splendid brilliants, and, like the other imperial crowns, composed of crosses and *fleurs de lis.*

The orb, borne in the King's right hand at the coronation; a ball of gold, six inches in diameter, remarkable for an amethyst of extraordinary beauty.

The ampulla, or golden eagle, which contains the holy oil. It is shaped like an eagle, with spread wings, all of pure gold, finely chased. The oil is poured from the beak into the anointing spoon. These are believed to be of great antiquity.

The curtana, or sword of mercy, borne naked before the King at the coronation, is of plain steel, gilded. The handle is covered with gold wire, and the point flat.

The swords of justice, spiritual and temporal; the first blunt, the latter sharp.

St. Edward's staff, a sceptre of beaten gold.

The King's sceptre, with the dove of gold, set with rose diamonds; a cross on the top, with a dove—the wings expanded.

The King's sceptre, with the cross of gold; the pommel set with rubies and small diamonds. The mound, a cross, set with a large table brilliant.

The Queen's sceptre, with the cross; like the King's, but not so rich.

The Queen's ivory rod, a sceptre of white ivory, with a cross and dove of gold on the apex.

Another rich sceptre was discovered in 1814, behind some old wainscoting in the jewel-house.

The armillo, or bracelets, of solid fine gold, enriched with pearls, for the sovereigns' wrists, when crowned.

The royal spurs, of fine gold, carried at coronations by the Lords Grey of Ruthven.

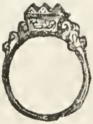
The state saltcellar, a model in gold of the White Tower.

A silver font, used at royal christenings.

A silver fountain, presented to Charles II. by the town of Plymouth.

A magnificent service of communion plate, belonging to the Tower Chapel, of silver, doubly gilt. The chief piece contains a fine representation of the Lord's Supper.

Various alterations were made in the form and ornaments of the imperial crown for George IV.'s coronation, and some adaptation was needed in the case of Queen Victoria, who, when she first addressed her Parliament, had the crown borne before her by Lord Rolle, an aged peer, who, in retiring from her presence, stumbled, and threw the diadem on the floor of the House. The Queen assisted him to rise, and evinced great concern at the accident. It was thought an uncomfortable omen at the time, and no doubt our forefathers would have deemed it an awful augury. Happily the great "Lord of lords and King of kings," in His good providence, has graciously vouchsafed His noblest gifts to our beloved Queen, and her reign has proved one of unexampled glory and prosperity. Excellent in all the relations of life—an amiable wife, a tender mother, a judicious mistress—she adds to the splendour of her high place all the kindly sympathy of our nature; her annals personally have no spot, for all parties concur in acknowledging her claims to honour, both as a woman and a queen.



ANTIQUE RING—ROYAL REGALIA.

LONDON AFTER DARK.

November 5th, 1810.

Striving to throw off the weight of fifty years from the time-dulled casket of memory, let me endeavour to outline a picture of what I saw in the City on a dreary winter night before George IV. was king. A deep haze, thickening into the gloom of total oblivion, seems to rest over these early scenes, but it is easily penetrated and dispersed when the inquisitive eye of retrospective thought pierces its sullen shadows, and evokes forms and feelings long buried in silence. In the present day, we can have no just idea of the fervid party and political heats which troubled men's minds at the commencement of the Regency in 1810. Napoleon I., then thought to be finally crushing all opposition under his iron heel, was usually regarded as an actual incarnation of the evil one. The Pope was thoroughly hated, and the English Roman Catholics were held in utter abhorrence by the greater portion of their Protestant brethren. The effort then making to relieve Romanists from civil disabilities was vehemently opposed, and every opportunity greedily seized to express by overt acts the furious passions of folks who, in the ordinary business of life, were justly esteemed to be quiet, benevolent people.

I read in the *Times* lately that the Prince and Princess of Wales will shortly pay a visit to Napoleon III. at Fontainebleau. What would my Lord Chancellor Eldon have said to it? Now we perpetually hear of "his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman;" his lectures are fashionable, and even the "Thunderer" quotes his pastorals by the column. What with High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, and Bishop Colenso, we have grown marvellously liberal, and the road to Rome is sufficiently direct on all sides. In 1810 such doings would have raised a shout of indignation. During the last five-and-twenty years, burning the arch-traitor, and exploding fireworks in token of orthodoxy, has been a pastime for schoolboys merely; and as squibs and crackers will remain popular as long as lads love fun and mischief, the custom is not likely to be forgotten, though the form of prayer for the 5th of November has ceased to make part of our State services. For many years—indeed from the institution of the fashion—grave grown men countenanced the youngsters at this strange *auto da fè*, and the roar of childish treble pipes, in execration of the Popish monster, was deepened by the harsh bass tones of manhood.

The day now especially referred to began with a sharp frost; the ground was hard, the pavement slippery, while grass and leaves, where any could be found, looked hoary white in contrast with the pea-soup coloured fog. It was a dreary morning, yet scarcely broad day when every street, square, alley, and road echoed to the strange chorus—

Pray remember the 5th of November,
  Gunpowder treason and plot:
I don't know the reason
Why gunpowder treason
  Should ever be forgot.

Shoeless boys and girls paraded bare, broken dolls, as excuses for Guys, from door to door; and when even such miserable substitutes could not be obtained, some half-naked urchin, disguised with charcoaled face, or hideous mask, did duty in their place. When the chorus had been duly shrieked through, a spontaneous "hurrah," crisp and sharp, rose from a score or two of tiny lips; and as neither cane or hand interrupted the juvenile patriots, their zeal waxed louder and louder at every fresh demonstration. The rude splendours to be looked for "after dark" were broadly prefigured; in most public places, a queer mixture of sturdy vagabondage and crazy well-to-doism had succeeded in getting up numerous odd pageants—some embodied by half-drunken mummers, representing Master Guy and his satellites, assisted by his Holiness in full pontificals, and the devil *in propria persona*, wearing a pair of noble bullock's horns, and switching a tail of extraordinary length. Others exhibited, on a raised platform drawn by dray horses, several giant lay figures, as frightful as hands could make them. The dumb show was oddly effective. In one case, the Pope's triple crown was mimicked in a very irreverent way, the base being formed by an inverted *pot de chambre*, decorated by a string of huge black puddings, while the upper portion of the tiara was nothing more than a cone of mortar stuck full of broken glass. The Pontiff's robes had been borrowed from some cheap theatre, and were nearly as fine as those I have seen worn by the Cardinal himself. To right and left of the Pope, two barefooted monks stood in the act of scourging their naked backs, the gashes supposed to be inflicted being represented by streaks of red paint. Satan appeared to be particularly delighted with the spectacle, and "grinned horribly a ghastly smile." A dense crowd surrounded these uncouth representations, and the hats in circulation to collect coppers for the bonfires were well filled. Business was at a standstill in Cheapside, and about the Old Exchange a vast gathering of human beings was engaged in vociferously cheering the coming martyrdom of a wonderful Guy Faux who stood six feet eight without his shoes.

At noon the fog thickened, and the frost softened into a comfortless, drizzling rain. A red-nosed carman, driving with his Guy towards Tower Hill, pretended to commiserate the damp condition of his prisoner, and tied a bottle-green comforter round his throat, amidst roars of laughter. As the short hours of daylight drew to a close, the display of pyrotechnics commenced—here a squib and there a cracker began to sputter. It was near four o'clock, and the darkness grew thicker every moment. Street lamps, supplied with miserable wicks, floating each in its modicum of rancid oil, began to twinkle, while pedestrians, with uncertain steps, picked their way from post to post, now sinking ankle-deep in a puddle, and now sticking fast in a mound of London mud. Shopkeepers in the important thoroughfares ensconced themselves behind shutters and locked doors, and in the subways the few business places that continued open were dismally illuminated with make-believe lights—a tallow dip, flaring and guttering, or a pannikin of fish oil, emitting from a shred of sackcloth jets of fire and smoke, neither pleasant to sight or smell. Pausing in the middle of Fore Street, it was too dark to make out Cripplegate tower, and care was necessary lest one should be overturned by some dilapidated Guy and his drunken bearers. Gin was a favourite beverage then as now, but the shameless alcohol palaces of the present time were yet unknown. The craving flocks of thirsty beggars sought to solace their dry, vitiated palates by seeking some den in lane or alley where drink to inebrity was promised for twopence, and clean straw for nothing. Every outlet to Moorfields was thronged—for a grand Guy show, though not the grandest, was expected there. The space in front of Bethlem Hospital was then used as a carpet-ground; the poles and lines had been removed, and by six o'clock a strange combustible heap, certainly twenty feet in height, composed of tar barrels, the trunks of rotten trees, innumerable sacks of shavings, and a miscellany of doors and window-frames stolen from empty houses, was erected, and awaited ignition. Around it danced and shrieked a score of half-mad men and boys, each carrying a lighted link, which he playfully sought to dart in the face of a comrade. A drum and fife band, with a variation of Jews'-harps and a few cracked fiddles, strove to enliven the orgies. There were several thousands of spectators, and amongst them a fellow with a tray of fireworks, which he appeared to sell briskly at a large profit, while he chanted in a deep harsh voice Swift's grotesque lines—

> To-night's the day—I speak it with great sorrow—
> That we were all to have been blown up to-morrow;
> Therefore, take care of star and candle light:
> The morning's cold and frosty—so good night;

finishing, however, with this exhortation:—

> But first, if you're loyal, I heartily hope
> That you love King George, and hate Master Pope;
> Then you'll buy squib, cracker, or Roman candle,
> And in a jolly bonfire old Guy Faux handle.

The crowd grew uneasy, heaving to and fro most uncomfortably for quiet people, as a procession of Guys, popes, and demons, of all sizes and shapes, approached the funeral pile. The victim more especially destined to the flames might be thus described. The mast of a superannuated fishing-smack, with a kilt of particoloured rags, thickly picked out with fireworks ready for explosion. The upper part of the pole was padded into some distant resemblance to a human body; on the top an empty spirit puncheon was screwed, supplied with eyes, nose, and mouth by a liberal daubing of paint, the whole being finished off by a prodigious black beard, including an entire sheep's skin and tail. The figure had dummy arms and hands stained of a bright yellow, the left hand wielding a dark lantern, and the right a rusty cleaver. This exaggerated Guy being mounted on the tar barrel, was received with a wild, confused roar of voices, savage and almost frenzied in expression—"Down with the Pope!" "Give him some brimstone broth! "Confusion to priests and Jesuits!" "Send them over the herring pool, or duck them in it!" "Why does their master, the devil, quarter them here?" Scarcely was this storm of imprecations lulled, when it rose afresh as the pile of combustibles, kindled by a score of torches, after smouldering for a few minutes, burst into a terrific sheet of flame around the mythical Guy in the centre. Every second the fire was interrupted by the explosion of gunpowder, tortured into all possible pyrotechnic forms. Children screamed for fear—men and women in rude delight, increased by the occasional capture of a drunken watchman, who underwent a sort of semi-roasting at the blazing pile. No attempt was made to control the mob. Constables hid their staves, and if a Bow Street runner made his appearance, he was saluted in this fashion: "We're burning the arch-devil and his eldest son. Go, tell the beaks how clever we are."

As the burning declined, and the puncheon head dropped charred from the pole, a rush commenced, and the dense crowd, breaking into separate streams, rolled towards Bishopsgate or Broad Street, on their way towards Tower Hill, where the chief celebration of Guy's anniversary would take place. Several hand-grenades were already at work, and continual discharges warned the citizens that the martyrdom of their old enemy was imminent. The narrow streets in the neighbourhood of the Tower became wellnigh inaccessible; no wheeled vehicles could pass, but bipeds of every conceivable class, including itinerant merchants, driving barrows or carrying baskets, struggled and jostled for precedence. In addition to a Guy of surprising dimensions, the Pope previously mentioned was to suffer, and Beelzebub himself was to take part. Making a wide circuit, and avoiding the known thoroughfares by plunging into dark lanes and obscure short cuts, I succeeded in reaching Tower Hill, where fully 20,000 persons had assembled around an immense pile of faggots, shavings, and all kinds of combustibles, destined for the immolation of the great Guy of the night. In addition to drums, fifes, horns, and penny whistles, a numerous band of marrowbones and cleavers contributed their discord. London and the suburbs had sent ballad-singers by dozens. Their ditties were of the oddest, generally doleful to a fault, but in a few instances spiced with the humorous, though not always in the best taste. Here is a ballad which seemed a favourite :—

The old Roman harlot,
What's clothed in scarlet,
Sitting on seven hills,
Which town and country fills
  With her brimstone savour,
The villain Guy she sent,
Our precious Parliament,
Princes, Lords, and good King James,
To blow up in hot flames;
And now he's come to die for his bad behaviour.

Guy work'd for old Nick,
And had a handy trick
  Of making brimstone matches.
He gathered his sticks
By the river Styx,
Where bully Charon's dog
Is waiting for prog,
And each heavy boat-load of lost souls watches.

Don't humour vain maggots;
Haste, bring links and faggots,
  To burn old Pope and old Devil,

Burn traitor Guy also—
Aye, burn him top and toe;
And as the flames arise, shout and cry—
Destruction to old Guy,
With all his plotting brothers in evil.

An exultant roar, rising from thousands of eager lips, startled the singer and his hearers. The huge pile of inflammable matter was on fire, and the broad, lurid light kindled the surrounding objects into terrible significance. Especially the ancient warlike keep stood out from the thick darkness that enveloped it the instant before. Each tower seemed to assume a fiery diadem; the prison chambers were revealed from the oblivion of lapsed ages; stern gateway and flying bridge, no longer dumb, appeared to live from buried history; discrowned kings, betrayed queens, headless princes, deserted warriors, and unmitred bishops walked in awful dreams from their heavy sleep. The eye ached over a scene too rudely real to be dwelt on without pain, and yet so toned down by fancy that it was clothed with a wild beauty, and as the tall effigy of Guy Faux gradually sank down on its blazing bed, imagination peopled the jets of flame, as they shot upwards, with a strange creation of disembodied spirits, typical of a past faith, its martyrs and its heroes—the mighty actors on the stage of an old world!

No boy of fifteen loved fun or mischief more than myself, and at that time I should have thought it a misfortune that Guy Faux Day should lose a single iota of its splendour. To diminish it by an ounce of powder, a squib, or a rocket would have seemed criminal. But a gradual dying-out of bigots' saturnalia has noiselessly followed, without any diminution of the national greatness. When the anniversary recurs, few zealous parish priests venture to perform a service which can no longer be found in the Book of Common Prayer. There is still some waste of gunpowder, and a hapless manufacturer of fireworks is sacrificed for his painstaking to please the boys. A few Liliputian Guys still survive, but as there is but one black swan at a time, so one giant Guy is more than enough to satisfy the Protestant community. An *auto da fè* such as I have alluded to would hardly be tolerated now, and if tolerated it would scarcely be possible in or near London. The inhabitants of Finsbury Circus would rise *en masse* against a Guy burning opposite their institution; while the Lieutenant of the Tower would certainly exercise his veto should an army of City roughs presume to immolate the arch-traitor within his precincts. The much-abused counterblast, King Jamie, would have felt his inner man shivering in a cold fit of ague had the lieges burnt Master Guy in Palace Yard; for, devoutly hating sword and pike, his horror at a monster bonfire would have proved equally outspoken. Elizabeth might not have objected to a fry of priests or inquisitors from the Armada. Happily, the indulgence of fierce passions on account of religious differences is now legally forbidden, or, what is far better, soothed away by wiser and holier feelings. Our noble Church still seeks to convert the heathen and win misbelievers from error; but it no longer recognizes fire and sword among its teachers. We circulate the Bible by millions, for it is no longer necessary to chain it to the lectory; but we do not make martyrs of doubting savages, nor should we, if we could, burn Bishop Colenso.

SMITHFIELD.

"What's hallowed ground?" God's acres in Judea! The earth of a few graves at Westminster and in Bunhill Fields! But may Smithfield be so described? What! this strange desolate-looking spot—no longer overflowing with fat oxen, sheep, and pigs, though the empty pens are still suggestive of their old tenants. What! this odd polyform area, hemmed in with unsightly groups of smoke-stained houses, neither new or old, with the queer, angular, tasteless front of Rahere's hospital in the midst; this debateable ground, soon to be shared between a dead-meat market, and, as people are willing to hope, a convalescent garden—this paradise of Cockaigne, rich with memories of Bartlemy Fair, its gilt gingerbread, and its savoury sausages. Can you seriously inquire whether this is hallowed ground? Do you question it? Then reach down from their quiet shelves those dusty, worm-eaten chronicles; consult Stow, Fabian, Holingshed, or pass an hour with Fox, the martyrologist, and you will no longer think the assertion untenable. No equal space in London or the world can boast more illustrious and kindling recollections than Smithfield. Afar off in the hazy light of our early history, Saxon or Norman, these bare acres were the stage for stirring and important events. A grand monastic foundation shed over them a "dim religious light." Piety bowed at the shrine of St. Bartholomew, and charity dedicated a richly endowed spital to succour the sick and helpless in their afflictions. Here, too, came our Plantagenet and Tudor kings, while the spirit of chivalry yet breathed in the land, with steel-clad knights and men-at-arms, to indulge in warlike pastimes—jousts and tournaments; while Beauty, in gorgeous robes, seated as queen, distributed to the victors their envied rewards. Hear ye not that trumpet blast? Lo! where cometh the third Edward, glorious from the strife of Cressy, with his black warrior son, to preside among conquering nobles at a passage of arms. How imperial his peerless Philippa looks—a woman to worship as well as obey!

In another age, when chivalry was more a fashion than feeling,

> Behold bluff Hal, with Catherine his queen,
> And the great Cardinal.

The all-accomplished Sydney is at the king's elbow; how little thinks he of his bloody death from the hand that now caresses him! They come with lords, ladies, mitred abbots, and holy bishops, to join the princely sports of Smithfield. Nor was the great maiden sovereign wanting there. Drake, Raleigh, and Effingham, with Leicester and Burleigh, have mounted the daïs with her, and knelt on its cloth of gold in Elizabeth's august presence. Dreams briefer than morning clouds, soon to be lost in the thick darkness of persecution and bigotry. Yet it was in the Marian fires that Smithfield had been hallowed; when enriched with the blood of martyrs and confessors, an abiding glory had rested upon it.

Not many months since, a public invitation was given to subscribe for the erection of a Martyrs' Memorial in Smithfield, but the proposition excited no serious notice, and appears to be wholly forgotten. Strange, for this is especially an age of testimonials. Brown, Jones, and Robinson compliment each other with teapots and salvers; every retiring curate gets a pair of slippers or a writing-desk; and sometimes parish or national gratitude takes the substantial form of a purse of sovereigns. Then, as to statues, they are becoming so numerous that London may soon rival ancient Rome in that particular; but still there is no Martyrs' Memorial in Smithfield.

We propose on this occasion to reopen the subject by a few details as to the locality, some of which will be found to possess a lively interest. About 1100, Smithfield was little better than a swampy meadow, where certain smiths and armourers had set up their shops and forges, on which account it early became a place of considerable resort; but shortly after Henry I. granted a charter for a Priory of Black Canons, under the guardianship of St. Bartholomew. It became yet further frequented when Henry II. permitted the monks to hold a fair, for three days annually, which ultimately grew into an important commercial gathering, as well as the occasion of general festivity. To the fun and frolic of the fair we may make allusion hereafter, but shall at present confine ourselves to the more serious incidents of the Smithfield chronicle. The open space afforded here to the Londoners was for several centuries used by them, in common with Finsbury Fields, for archery and athletic sports generally. Nearly all the court military holidays were held here. Scarcely a tilt, joust, or tournament came off in any other quarter of the town, for it pleased the citizens to witness such scenes, and their presence made them more impressive. Appeals to the judgment of God were often decided here, and the ordeal by fire or water was of daily occurrence, as well as the duel or camp-fight of the Saxons. We have alluded to the great Edward's presence here after the victory of Cressy; and in 1374, when he had fallen into "second childishness," though only in his sixty-second year, infatuated by the charms of Alice Pierce, he brought her hither in a splendid open car, where he publicly caressed her, and, calling her "the Lady of the Sun," conducted her to the lists, followed by a train of knights, each leading by the bridle a beautiful palfry, mounted by a gaily-dressed damsel. This festival lasted for seven whole days, and, according to the annalists, was marked by the most profligate expense. Here, too, his grandson, Richard II., held an unusually magnificent tournament early in his reign. "There issued out of the Tower of London," says Froissart, "first, threescore coursers, appareled for the jousts, and on every one a squire of honour, riding a soft pace; then issued out threescore ladies of honour, mounted on fair palfrys, and every lady led a knight by a chain of silver, which knights were appareled to joust." Certainly the dissipation of these early times was partly rendered excusable by a spirit of gallantry and unselfishness. The gentry of the land, and even the merchants and workers of London and the great towns, were all deeply imbued by a love of warlike exercises, not unmixed with a chivalrous generosity which made English warriors the admiration of the world. We need only refer, as a proof of this, to the conduct of the Black Prince to his prisoner King John.

There was a yet more stirring scene in the same reign, when Wat Tyler and his country rebels met their youthful monarch in Smithfield, and, insolently demanding his own terms, was rebuked and finally slain by the Lord Mayor. There is a great deal of obscurity in the narratives of this event. If the king had but few soldiers with him—and we are assured he had not—it was highly imprudent of Walworth to risk his slaughter before an infuriated mob. Nothing could have been more cool and judicious than the boy-king's invitation to the rebels to follow him; but how was it that, though they did at first follow him, they presently slunk away, as if in fear of punishment? It makes us think that they were in the presence of a superior force. As to the cause of this rising, we know little or nothing; much evil is imputed to the insurgents by contemporary writers, but they are not entirely trustworthy. If Tyler could have left us his account, we should have been in a better position to judge.

Duels and trials by ordeal fill the pages of the ancient writers. Here is a specimen. An apprentice accused his master, an armourer, of treason against Henry VI. The friends of the defendant had so plied him with liquor that he fell an easy conquest to his accuser. Persons of rank fought with sword and lance; the poorer sort of combatants were only allowed a pole with a heavy sand-bag at the end. We quote Shakspeare's version of the matter ("Henry VI., Part 2). It is as follows:—

Suffolk.—Please it your Majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these, that Richard, Duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English throne,
And that your Majesty was an usurper.

Horner.—Alas, my lord! hang me if I ever spake the words. My accuser is my apprentice, and when I did correct him for his fault, he did vow upon his knees to be even with me. I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your Majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

Gloster.—Let these have a day appointed them for single combat, in convenient place.

King.—Then be it so.

Peter.—Alas, my lord, I cannot fight. For God's sake, pity my case.

Gloster.—Sirrah, you must fight, or else be hanged.

* * * * *

Enter HORNER, *made drunk by his neighbours; he bears a staff and sand-bag, with a drum before him.* PETER *in like manner.*

1*st Neighbour.*—Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to thee in a cup of sack; and fear not you shall do well enough.

2*nd Neighbour.*—And here's a cup of chameco.

3*rd Neighbour.*—And here's a pot of good double beer; drink, and fear not your man.

Horner.—Let it come, i'faith; and I'll pledge you all, and a fig for Peter.

1*st 'Prentice.*—Here, Peter, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2*nd 'Prentice.*—Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master. Fight for the credit of the 'prentices.

Peter.—I thank you all; drink, and pray for me, I pray you, for I think I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, Robin, an' if I die, I give thee my apron; and Will, thou shalt have my hammer; and here, Tom, take all the money that I have. O Lord bless me; I pray God: for I am never able to deal with my master; he hath learnt so much fence already.

Horner.—Masters, I am come hither upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man. Have at thee, Peter, with a downright blow. [*They fight, and* PETER *strikes down his master.*

Horner.—Hold, Peter! I confess, I confess treason.

King.—Go, take hence that traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceive his guilt;
And God, in justice, hath revealed to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murdered wrongfully.
Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

The pious Henry makes but an indifferent figure in this case, yet such a mode of judgment was universally received long before and after his time. Smithfield, as well as Tyburn, was called the Elms, and used for the execution of criminals previous to 1219. In 1530, John Roose, a cook, convicted of poisoning seventeen persons, was by a special law condemned to be boiled to death, which punishment was actually inflicted. In 1541, Margaret Davie, a young woman, suffered in the same manner, for a similar crime; and many executions for treason and murder were rendered more terrible by burning the culprits.

We are now to speak of Smithfield as a place of martyrdom. Many persons accused of heresy suffered by fire during the reigns of our earlier kings—especially a priest was burnt, for denying transubstantiation, in the time of Henry IV. It is a lamentable fact that Latimer preached patience to Friar Forest, under the torture of a slow fire, for denying the king's supremacy. His own martyr's crown loses much of its brightness when we remember this. Archbishop Cranmer, too, compelled his youthful sovereign, Edward VI., to sign the warrant—even forcing his hand to the paper—which consigned Joan Bocher, a weak but pious woman, to the flames. Our admiration at his own heroic death is sadly marred by this insensibility or cruelty. In 1514, the remains of Richard Hunne, he being convicted of heresy ten days after his death, were disinterred and consumed by fire. More than a century previous, Wickliffe's body, after remaining in the grave above forty years, was treated in the same savage way. Such is the stern, unrelenting spirit of bigotry! Queen Mary, equally sincere in her superstition and fierce in her unwomanly cruelty, has earned for all time the frightful epithet of "Bloody;" and she did much to deserve it, especially in Smithfield. In 1555, John Rogers, a prebendary of St. Paul's, a man of blameless life and holy doctrine, was burnt there for refusing to endorse some of the extreme tenets of her Church. Between June, 1555, and November, 1558, Mary caused 250 persons to be put to death by burning, on account of their religious tenets—most of them being remarkable for their piety and innocent character. Latimer, Cranmer, and Ridley were soldiers in this "noble army of martyrs," with many other highly gifted members of our reformed Church; and well might one of the sufferers at Oxford say, "Fear not, brother, for we shall this day light a candle in England which, by God's grace, shall not be easily quenched!"

Soon after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, a remarkable poem, called "The Register," recording all the Marian martyrs, written by Thomas Bryce, was published, and very generally read. I transcribe the portion relating to the burnings in Smithfield, not so much for their intrinsic merit, as because their popularity proves the troublesome character of the age in which they were written.

July, 1555.

When Bradford, beatified with bliss,
  When young John Seast in Smithfield died;
When they like brethren, both did kisse,
  And in the fyre were sorely tried;
When tears were shed for Bradford's death,
We wish't for our Elizabeth.

January, 1556.

When Thomas Whitwell and Bartlett Grene,
  Amos Foster, Jone Sasheforde, and Browne,
Tutson and Wynter, these seven were seen
  In Smithfield beat their enemies downe,
Even flesh and devil, world and death,
Then we wish't for our Elizabeth.

April, 1557.

When Stanley's wife, and Annes Hide,
  Sturtle, Ranncy, and John Lothesby,
Were content torments to abide,
  And toke the same right paciently;
When these in Smithfield were done to death,
We wish't for our Elizabeth.

October, 1557.

When Sparrow, Gibson, and Hollingday,
  In Smithfield did the stake embrace;
When fire converted flesh to clay,
  They being joyful of such grace;
When lawless tyranny put them to death,
We wish't for our Elizabeth.

December.

When John Rough, a minister riche,
  And Margaret Mercury, with courage died,
Because Christ only they did seek,
  With fire of force they must be tried;
When they in Smithfield were put to death,
We wish't for our Elizabeth.

June, 1558.

When Southam, Saunder, and Ruarlice,
  Hollyday, Holland, Honde, and Flood,
With cheerful look and constant crie,
  For Christ's cause did spend their blood,
In Smithfield dying the martyr's death,
We wish't for our Elizabeth.

The end of this doleful register has a more triumphant sound :—

Our wished wealth has brought us peace,
  Our joy is full, our hope obtained;
The blazing brands of fire do cease,
  The slaying sworde, also restrayned;
The simple sheepe preserved from death,
By our good queen, Elizabeth.

As Hope has here obtained her way,
  By God's good will and providence,
So trust doth truely look for stay,
  Through His heavenly influence,
That great Golia shall be put to death
By our great queen, Elizabeth.

That God's true Word shall placed be,
  The hungrie souls for to sustaine;
That perfect love and unitie
  Shall be set in their seat agayne;
That no more good men shall be put to death,
Seeing God has sent Elizabeth.

May we, therefore, pray both night and day,
  For her Highness, as we be bounde.
Oh, Lord, preserve this branch of bay,
  And all her foes with force confounde.
Here long to live, and, after death,
Receive our queen, Elizabeth.—Amen.

Master Bryce might well rejoice, and we can quite understand his tone of jubilation while we reverently tread over the holy dust of the martyrs he commemorates. Smithfield, indeed, ceased to be the common shambles for pious Protestants in the days of Elizabeth, yet the imperious spirit of her father sometimes manifested itself; recreant papists were occasionally burnt, and a few obstinate sectarians were tried by burning, even in the days of "Good Queen Bess." Such is the miserable frailty of poor human nature.

Should we not, though three centuries have elapsed since that sanguinary persecution, still feel our hearts warming with gratitude to the Giver of all Mercies for our country's deliverance? Surely we should do wisely to spend a portion of our gold, which will so soon be taken from us, in raising a national martyrs' memorial (and where so fitly as in Smithfield?), that our children's children, to the latest posterity, when they look upon the long-enduring granite, may learn to value the high privileges they possess, as the inheritors of civil and religious liberty, and resolve in the strength of God's good providence "that no man shall make them afraid!"

As if the virulence of the Marian persecution had not been fully exhausted, early in his reign, James I., who was not naturally cruel, was induced by the fanaticism of John King, Bishop of London, to condemn Bartholomew Leggatt (1611) as a blasphemous heretic. His sole crime was that he was an obstinate Arian—his episcopal murderer not allowing freedom of thought to any but himself. Leggatt was burnt in Smithfield, and he was the last victim who suffered at the stake in England. We heartily hope that no society of Christian men may ever again be horrified by such a spectacle.

THE PHYSICIAN'S DAUGHTERS.

If in seasons of reflection we can find a seemingly fixed point in our fast-fleeting existence for a retrospective glance on the receding shadows of life, in order to a comparison with those of the present, we shall feel abundant cause for astonishment and humiliation. We appear to be surrounded by a universe of quicksands, and can discover no approach to stability. The events of life are well termed dreams; they change even while we grapple with them; and we ourselves are never the same for a single hour. The companions of our early days, how altered they look; many of them

> Sleep the sleep that knows no waking;

the rest answer to the old names, but are completely transformed in everything else. Yonder grey-headed cripple was said to have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth; he was christened in a white satin robe; and last week he received alms at the parish workhouse. On the contrary, that sleek, well-to-do looking man who is turning the corner, was within memory a ragged crossing-sweeper; he, too, once took the pauper's dole, and now he is senior churchwarden. I saw two lads relieved by the guardians in the very district where their father had been curate. The wealth of a Thelluson cannot always protect his posterity from want. The millionaire may be heaping his gold merely to disburse it in legal fees. We quite as often plot ingeniously for our own ruin as advancement; rich men weary themselves to find expedients to waste rapidly; and the wise poor man, who is watching them, frequently gains a competence out of their scatterings. An old song calls upon us to "Behold the man that is unlucky;" and, without having much faith in such fatality, it is certain that some hands no sooner grasp money than it runs through their fingers. Generally, a wise course of industry ends in wealth; but, in many cases, men only reach the highest round of the ladder to topple down more swiftly than they rose. The misery such changes inflict spares none within its range; neither womanhood nor infancy can escape; and sorrow never wears so sad a garb as when associated with absolute poverty. It attacks the frail, delicate creatures, who, till that moment, have been cherished in the lap of luxury. History tells us of kings and queens wandering as exiles, and experiencing all the bitterness of actual want. In our own days Louis Philippe was glad to escape to England as Mr. Smith; and these are terrible reverses; but we are more prepared to sympathise in the trials and privations of our neighbours, for what happens to them may at any moment happen to us, and perhaps you will be quite as sorry for the physician's daughters of whom I am going to speak as for Queen Amelie.

Some thirty-eight years ago, there lived near Golden Square a middle-aged medical man, Mr. Isaac Franklin, who had been for a quarter of a century in rather large practice, but then it was in a comparatively poor district, and the fees he received were in the shape of payment for the medicines he supplied from his own surgery. He contrived to make his income keep in excess of his expenditure, and had been able to lay by something yearly; so that at one period he was master of £2,000 Three per Cent. Stock, as well as other monies invested on mortgage. He had a wife about his own period of life, who brought him a few hundred pounds at their marriage; but she was slightly deformed, and was in no degree comely; yet she was a shrewd, bustling, worldly-wise woman; made an excellent mistress of the house; took care that not a farthing should be wasted; could at a pinch dispense the medicines, bandage a fracture, or strap up a wound; and at Christmas was quite equal to arranging the accounts. She was a careful, but far from a tender mother; nor would her two daughters have been so highly educated could she have ruled: it was the doctor's doing, for he delighted to make them accomplished gentlewomen; and his chief pleasure was to save for their sakes. They took little part in domestic duties; and, as for plain work, it was much if between them they completed a shirt in a twelvemonth. Berlin wool was unheard-of in those days, but they were adepts in embroidery, and were very proud of an easy chair which they had covered for papa, the back and sides being decorated with his armorial bearings. He fancied he was descended from an ancient family; and the Herald's College for a moderate fee confirmed him in his opinion.

Julia, the eldest daughter, was a tall and rather fine-looking woman; she was proficient in music, and especially excelled on the harp; she had been taught by a first-rate master, and was pronounced his best pupil. She suffered much from nervous irritability, even when a child; and before her eighteenth year was finished, began to find her hearing imperfect, particularly if surprised or vexed. Her sister, Georgina, was much the most talented; she was an admirable pianist; could sing very tastefully to her instrument; sketched in Indian-ink, and painted in water-colours with great skill; and was a good French and Italian scholar. Her father, too, had taught her Latin, so that many of the classics were familiar to her. All these acquirements, however, were made solely with a view to her own and her parent's gratification. It would have distressed her extremely could she have imagined that one day she should be reduced to practise her accomplishments for bread.

Mr. Franklin himself was habitually a gentleman: his manners were mild and conciliatory; his temper even and forbearing; his intellect ready and inventive. When he reached his fiftieth year, he had many friends—was likely to make more; and should he live to threescore, might retire upon a respectable fortune. Unfortunately, his prosperous circumstances rendered him ambitious; he had heard of several general practitioners who had taken a step higher; become physicians; got rid of the drudgery of pharmacy; obtained gainful connections, and been recognised among the heads of the profession. Why should he not follow the example? He was healthy, and in the prime of life, with means to bear the expense necessary to make the experiment. He could obtain his doctorate at St. Andrew's, become a licentiate of the college, and then all would follow as a matter of course. So Mr. Franklin imitated the dog in the fable that dropped his mouthful of meat to leap at tho shadow in the water. Selling his practice, he took a handsome house in a fashionable neighbourhood, put on the door-plate "Dr. Franklin," set up a smart carriage, and quickly found himself, not as he had fondly expected, on the road to honours and emoluments, but to ruin. Most of his old patients were unable to fee a physician, and those who were wealthier preferred giving their guineas to established favourites. Why should we pursue the narrative? His savings were soon exhausted; anxiety produced illness; he was thrown on a bed of suffering; and in a few days he died, of a disease much commoner than the registrar's reports imply—a broken heart. While he was on his death-bed there was an execution in his house, and he was scarcely consigned to the grave when Mrs. Franklin and her daughters became homeless, with hardly the means to exist for a single month. It was a terrible shock to the widow; all her useful talents seemed crushed; and she did nothing from day to day but complain of her calamities, worrying by her querulous murmurs her poor girls, who were quietly preparing to wrestle with sorrow, and endeavour to procure food for themselves and their mother.

Julia was then thirty-five, Georgina thirty-two. They were known in numerous respectable families, and readily obtained pupils for music and drawing. On the whole, too, they were kindly received in the houses where they taught. It was sometimes convenient to have at private parties accomplished women who were willing to exert their talents to entertain the guests. Still they were not long in discovering, with a sigh, that they were not considered guests, but rather objects of charity; for when a whispered inquiry was made, "Who are those agreeable ladies?" there was a perfectly audible reply, "Oh, they are Dr. Franklin's daughters. He died insolvent a few months since." They were subjected, too, to various petty slights, which were not the less painful because they appeared insignificant. In their prosperous days they were universal favourites. No ball went off without them; no new music was purchased without their opinion being asked at evening parties. Julia's harp and Georgina's songs were in constant request. At supper they had the best seats, and were helped among the first. Now they were treated as supernumeraries. If they played or sung, they were rather ordered than asked; they seldom found partners at the dance; and at supper the worst seat and the driest sandwich seemed to fall to them as a matter of course. They bore these vulgar slights with imperturbable meekness; yet it was impossible that the "perpetual dropping in the rainy day" of adversity should fail to do its work. It gradually chilled their hearts, until they grew incapable of joy in the present or hope in the future. It was a touching thing to observe the faultless neatness of their dress. The gowns and ornaments of a better time were so carefully worn and skilfully altered, that they were still remarkable for elegance of costume. They retained no jewellery, except that each had a coral necklace, of little value, their father's gift when they were children. They kept and wore them, as the last symbol of happier days. As the dresses wore out, and they were compelled to substitute the most inexpensive fabrics, they continued to appear genteel, or even elegant, in their plain muslin frocks or close-fitting ginghams. You could not mistake them for underbred persons, however mean their apparel; and strangers bowed lower to the Misses Franklin than to the grocer's daughter or the tailor's wife, in spite of their gay-coloured dresses and pretentious ornaments. The moral courage which enabled them to meet intended contumely with a smile, raised them at once, for the time, out of the reach of their persecutors.

But privations and annoyances soon began to prey on Julia's health; her nervous deafness, especially, was so aggravated, that she was frequently quite insensible to all ordinary sounds save her sister's low soft whisper, and the delicate tones of her own harp. It is a curious fact that deaf persons are more inaccessible to loud, harsh sounds than gentle but emphatic whispers. I have raised my voice to the highest pitch when addressing such persons, without the slightest effect; but when it sunk into a gentle though distinct tone, it became fully audible. This poor lady, however, was alike unapproachable by the medium of soft or loud sounds, unless they came from Georgina's lips or the strings of the instrument she loved.

It is difficult to explain such caprices of the auditory nerve; though Mr. Charles Kemble, when exceedingly deaf, was still able to give readings from Shakspeare; for while he could not hear the applause they excited, he was able to distinguish and modulate his own voice. Ultimately, however, his deafness became absolute, and he could no longer make his beloved author vocal.

Miss Franklin, when in company, sat alone, rigid and almost corpse-like; the eye apprehensionless; the countenance an absolute blank; the face blanched to unnatural paleness. She would remain passive for hours, unless led to her harp, or when the unnoticed whisper of her sister sent a faint colour over her cheek. Her outward frame might be almost regarded as the tomb of her mind. Georgina, originally far more lively and in firmer health, battled bravely with misfortune. In addition to teaching, she made copies of famous pictures in the public galleries; and they were so truthful and beautiful, that, could they have been known to persons able to appreciate them, they would have found remunerative purchasers. As it was, works that cost her weeks of labour were often parted with for two or three pounds. I recollect two of these pictures, on account of their extraordinary merit—they were copies of "Murillo's Spanish Boys," and "St. John with the Lamb." They were about the size of "The Trial of Lord William Russell," and, when neatly glazed, she only asked £5 each for them, and was at length compelled to sell the pair for £7. With all her exertions, far the larger portion of her earnings was absorbed by the rent of their lodgings, for unless they could be respectable they might as well have been out of the world. Mrs. Franklin lived with them; she had no other home; she was now nearly seventy years of age, and, though not infirm, was as "touchy and wayward" as a spoiled child; she could not learn the duty of resignation, and increased the bitterness of poverty by useless repining. She was not sensible of her children's kindness, and thought infinitely more of her own wants than theirs. Desiring to have some exclusive means, she sought aid from the Royal Benevolent Society, and for fully three years taxed the compassion of all her acquaintance at every election. At the age of seventy-one she succeeded; and, with her annuity of £20, left her daughters, and was received into the house of an old friend.

Perhaps this desertion of their mother distressed the sisters more than all their former troubles. Julia became still sadder, and seemed abstracted wholly from ordinary subjects of interest. Georgina seldom smiled after this; and when she did, it was such a chilly, winter-like lighting up of the face, that it only made her sorrow more apparent. They were both getting into years, and less likely to be considered desirable visitors. People began to be from home when they called; or, if they gained admittance, they could not but feel the coldness of their welcome. One winter evening, returning on foot through the snow to their now humble lodging, from the house of one who was still glad to receive them, Julia caught cold (her dress was not fitted for the season), and found herself, after a feverish, restless night, suffering from acute rheumatism. This illness made her a prisoner for three months, and her recovery was far from complete; she did not lack medical aid, but she had few or none of the comforts her situation required. By this time their scanty funds were nearly exhausted; Georgina's teaching and painting had been interrupted; many articles of furniture had gradually disappeared; the coral necklaces had been pledged; and how they were to obtain food was becoming a problem. They did not complain; they received assistance gratefully, but did not solicit it, and such silent pensioners are seldom much regarded.

One morning they called on an attached friend, wearing common print gowns, partially covered by half worn-out shawls, and each carrying a small parcel. Lunch was placed before them; they declined to partake of it; but, on being pressed, ate with eagerness, though by snatches, as if they were ashamed. They said they were going from London; a distant relative in North Wales had invited them; they thought change would benefit Julia's health; when they were settled they would send their address. They did not stay long; but, rising hastily, shook my friend's hand with almost painful warmth, and left the house. What became of them we cannot tell; their address was never sent; and Mrs. Franklin, who remained in London, declared she was ignorant of their residence. It is probable, however, that they did retire to some distant part of the country, thinking, perhaps, that they could live more cheaply where they were unknown; indeed, Georgina had once expressed a belief that she could get an existence in some rural district by taking portraits and teaching music. Be that as it may, dark and few must have been the remaining days of the physician's daughters, whose life commenced with the brightest prospects, though it was to terminate, without any fault of theirs, certainly in want, and very possibly in the poor-house of some obscure village.

Such unfortunates as these, avoiding as they do the notice of a "sympathizing public," receive far less help than the mere beggar class, who, never having known a better condition, know none of its special bitterness. Their shameless importunity compels a certain amount of attention, even while the aid they obtain is yielded with contempt; on the contrary, more quiet sufferers pine and too often perish without notice.

LONDON WATCHMEN.

From numerous passages in Saxon authors, it may be gathered that, in large townships, certain of the settled inhabitants were appointed to watch, after nightfall, over the goods and lives of the rest. As any public mode of lighting roads was then unknown, the safeguard provided consisted chiefly in traversing the principal thoroughfares with lighted torches; or, before that invention, with vessels filled with oil or grease, furnished with a rude kind of wick which would burn for two or three hours. Probably this primitive species of police were effective in exact proportion to their necessity: they watched for their own lives as well as those of their neighbours, and, unless they were vigilant, death and ruin might fall upon their own habitations. The system seems to have made the watchers responsible for the safety of their own townsfolk, who, in return, the next night would be called upon to protect them. Thus some slight degree of security was obtained in an age when the rudest outrage and cruelty was the rule rather than the exception. The police arrangements of old London must have been similar. Even after the Conquest, as we shall presently see, the citizens were incessantly exposed to violence and robbery after sunset. No sooner had it grown dark, than "thieves and evildoers" commenced their marauding; and no man laid himself down to sleep without a feeling that the hand of murder might be upon him before the morning. Our ancient chronicles abound with lamentations over the miserable condition of the metropolis and other great towns. The law sometimes made terrible examples of the offenders, but until the inhabitants began systematically to watch for themselves, little good was done.

Various particulars are given by Stow as to the old City watch. William the Conqueror ordered that a bell should be rung nightly at eight o'clock, and that all people should then extinguish their fires and candles, which order was observed until the death of William Rufus:

> But Henry I. restoring to his subjects the use of fire or lights, as afore, it followeth (by reason of warrs within the realm) that many men gave themselves to robbery and murders in the night. "For it was," saith Roger Hovenden, "a common practice in this City that a hundred or more, in a company, young and old, would make nightly invasions upon the houses of the wealthy, to the intent to rob them; and if they found any man stirring that were not of their crew, they would presently murder him, insomuch that no man could adventure to walk in the streets at night. When this had continued a long time, a crew of such citizens assaulted a stone house, and broke through the wall. The good man of that house was prepared in a corner, and when he saw the leader, Andrew Busquent, coming on, with a burning brand in one hand, and a pot of coals in the other, he flew upon him and smote off his right hand, crying, "Thieves! thieves!" The thieves fled, save he who had lost his hand, which (next morning) the good man delivered to Richard de Lucie, the King's Justice. Other thieves were taken, and among them one John Senex, a citizen of much credit, who, being unable to acquit himself by the water-doom, he offered to the King five hundred pounds of silver for his life, but the King commanded him to be hanged on the gallows, which was done, and then the City became more quiet for a long time after.

Such ill-doers were common in the reign of Edward III., and to suppress them letters patent were sent to the mayor and sheriffs, describing their misdemeanors thus: "That they went through the City by day and night, with swords and bucklers, and some they beat and misused, committing other great wickedness and enormities against the king's peace." This disorder continuing, a second royal missive came to the municipal authorities:

> Whereas we hear that many evil-doers do run here and there, beating, wounding, and ofttimes killing divers of the people, spoiling others of their goods, and imprisoning others until they give great fines and redemptions, to the great terror of our subjects: We therefore command that as many as ye find so doing ye cause to be laid in prison without delay.

These sore disturbances of the public peace remaining unchecked, we find that, in 1253, Henry III. commanded "watches in cities and borough towns to be kept, for the better preserving of peace and quietness among his people." He further enacted that should any citizen be damnified by thief or robber, he who kept the city or borough should compensate him for the loss, which was a source of much complaint in those unsettled times. But the Londoners contrived to extract pleasure from their grievances:—

> In the months of June and July, after sun-setting, there were bonfires in the streets, every man bestowing wood for them. The wealthier sorts set tables before their doors, furnished with sweet bread and good drink, and on festival days with meat and drink plentifully, to which they invited neighbours and passengers, praising God for His benefits. At these bonfires (good fires) all enemies were reconciled, and the bitterest foes became good friends. On the vigil of St. John, St. Peter, and St. Paul, each door was shadowed with green birch, long fennel, St. John's wort, aspin, white lillies, and such like, garnished with beautiful flowers, and lamps of glass, with oyl burning in them all night. Some hung out branches of iron, curiously wrought, containing hundreds of lamps, which made a fair show in Fish Street and Thames Street.

There was also a marching watch, which paraded the chief streets, "from the little conduit by Paul's-gate, through West Cheap, by the stocks, through Cornhill, by Leaden-hall, to Aldgate, then back, down Fenchurch Street, by Grasse Church, about Grasse Church conduit, and up into Cornhill." This marching watch extended to 3,200 Taylors' yards of assize. There were appointed for it 700 cressets, 500 being found by the Companies, and 200 by the chamber of London; besides which, every constable (and there were 240) had his cresset. Each cresset cost 2s. 4d., and every cresset had two men—one to hold it, another to carry a bag with a light, and to serve it. The whole number was about 2,000, and the marching watch were quite equal in number.

Curious details exist concerning the grand pageants at these solemn watches, and truly our citizen ancestors embraced every occasion for such displays. The practice of indulging in such pompous festivals at night was gradually laid aside, on account of the various disturbances it occasioned. So late, however, as 1585, attempts were made to revive them (ineffectually) in a tract dedicated to Sir Thomas Pullison, Lord Mayor; which recommended their renewal because "they set artificers at work, old soldiers, and poor men, for which the rich paid." In Stow's day, and no doubt long previous, there was a regular watch kept. All housekeepers, whether freemen or not, were bound to keep watch in their own ward after nightfall, or procure a proxy for the purpose. Every constable was the head of his watch, and he, with a beadle, was bound to be present. Each constable was empowered to act all over the City. The watch was commonly accompanied by a bellman, who went before ringing a bell, and when it ceased he saluted his masters and mistresses with certain suitable rhymes, bidding them look to their lights. This custom commenced in the reign of Queen Mary, January, 1556, and was set up first in Cordwainer Ward. "Then and there, one went all night with a bell, and at each lane's end gave warning of fire and candle, and to help the poor, and pray for the dead." The number of the watch in each ward varied according to its size—from 130 in Farringdon Without to four in Bartholomew the Less. In 1663 it was ordered that the watch, with a constable and beadle, should watch from nine at night till seven in the morning, from Michaelmas to

April 1, and from Lady Day to Michaelmas, from ten in the evening till five in the morning. The inhabitants watched in rotation. Every constable failing in his duty was fined £5. Every person not watching after notice forfeited £1. "The watch," says Stow, "is a good means to keep the City, if it were performed according to law, but there be great neglects. Some of the watchmen leave their stands, and go to alehouses, or light people home, so that many times there are not more than five or six, instead of sixteen; so that if fire or other accident happen in the night, little or no help can be expected. At present, the beadle provides the roll at his own discretion, and there only attend thirty at Bishopsgate, where there should be eighty." Their pay was usually sixpence per night.

As London progressed in wealth and commercial importance, the personal care of property and life grew irksome; people were ready enough to pay others for the laborious duties of night-watching, but declined the work for themselves. Of course, such an imperfect system would only partially succeed. The guardians of public peace and property were but too often either old or ignorant, slumbered on their watch, or leagued with the night-walkers against the security of their employers. Shakspeare is singularly rich and graphic on this subject in his "Much Ado About Nothing":—

Act. III. Scene III.—A Street.—Dogberry and Verges with the Watch.

Dogberry.—Are you good men and true?

Verges.—Yes, or else it were pity that they should suffer salvation, body and soul. Give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogberry.—First, who think you the most disartless man to be constable?

1*st Watch.*—Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal, for they can write and read.

Dogberry.—Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath blessed you with a good name. To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

2*nd Watch.*—Both which, master constable——

Dogberry.—You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favours, sir, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man to be constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge, you shall comprehend all vagrom men. You are to bid any man stand in the Prince's name.

2nd Watch.—How if he will not stand?

Dogberry.—Why, then take note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verges.—If he will not stand, he is none of the Prince's subjects.

Dogberry.—True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's subjects. You shall make no noise in the streets; for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

2nd Watch.—We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogberry.—Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the alehouses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2nd Watch.—How if they will not?

Dogberry.—Why, then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

2nd Watch.—If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogberry.—Surely, by your office you may; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

2nd Watch.—How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogberry.—Why, then, depart in peace; and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baas, will never answer a calf when it bleats. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the Prince's own person; if you meet the Prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verges.—Nay, by our Lady, that, I think, he cannot.

Dogberry.—Five shillings to one on't; with any man who knows the statutes, he may stay him. Marry, not without the Prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man, and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Nocturnal disorder and insecurity was general under the Stewarts, and certainly not less so at the accession of the

House of Brunswick. The public roads, although kept by a mounted patrol, were so dangerous, that no experienced traveller undertook a night journey without firearms. Even the mail coaches were frequently stopped and robbed, while a pedestrian or single horseman went in constant fear both of life and property. The City watchmen were commonly old men past work, who, ill-clothed and worse paid, armed with a lantern and a rattle, perambulated the streets from dark to sunrise, having no positive duty but to cry the hour from house to house, as if it was their chief business to give the burglar notice of their approach. The poverty of these miserable guardians of the metropolis often induced them to take bribes, and grow conveniently deaf and blind when their services were required. They were a remarkably sleepy tribe, and, if ever on the alert, it was for a short time after the clock struck, when, having duly bawled the hour, they crept into their boxes, and dosed with quiet consciences till the same signal roused them to a like temporary activity. I remember an old street song, which shows what was thought of their services :—

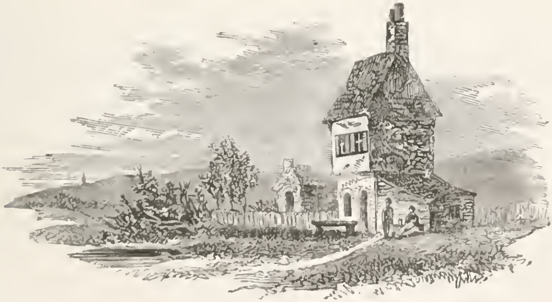
A watchman I am, and I knows all the rounds—
  The housekeepers, the strays, and the lodgers;
I knows when young cits are a-breaking the bounds,
  To join with night-walkers and codgers.
    Down alleys I drives,
    Where men and their wives
    Are drinking and cursing—
    While thieves are cut-pursing;
    While loudly I bawls,
    At the stroke of St. Paul's,
  Past one o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

As I pass through the Row, a rope ladder I spies,
  And Miss Forward expecting her lover;
If they tips me a crown, I shuts fast my eyes,
  And lets them elope all in clover.
    If the burglar breaks in,
    To take gold is no sin;

And Bill Pickpurse may pass,
If he gives us a glass—
As I drinks and I bawls,
At the stroke of St. Paul's,
Past two o'clock, and a cloudy morning.

As a child, I regarded with alarm the queer-looking, infirm old man in a blanket coat, with lantern, rattle, and staff, and the inevitable "Past eight o'clock," who used to topple through "our street" in winter; but, as I grew older, the watch-box in the corner, decorated with "a lantern, dimly burning," and the nasal organ-pipes, so busily engaged within, as the guardian of the night took his first hour's sleep, excited a feeling of mirth. Passing through Goldsmith Street, Cheapside, one evening, about ten o'clock, I found a crowd (an unusual thing there); some mischievous youngster had toppled over the Charley's sleeping berth, and the inmate, scarcely awake, bawled from the gutter, "Past eleven o'clock." Many such scenes might be met with in London streets; people laughed or grumbled at the inefficiency of the watch, yet still the evil was tolerated, and nothing better seemed possible. During the working hours of the day, petty thieves pursued their calling unmolested; and as night approached, designs of an alarming character might be carried on, without much impediment from, and often assisted by, the ancient watch. The men who took this duty received from eight to twelve shillings per week, with the loan of a rough overcoat in severe weather, and often, on relinquishing what was called their "beat," they had no asylum but the parish workhouse. Strange that such a system should remain unaltered and unimproved for so many years! When, at length, the reformer appeared, and a day and night police was proposed, to consist of young, active men, the public were extremely slow to admit the advantage of the plan. So wedded were many grave citizens to their venerable old watch, that long after the Bill enacting a "New Police" had become law, they were content to keep up the force, sarcastically so called, at their own expense. "Peel's raw lobsters" was a phrase of contempt in Mr. Bull's mouth for several years, and only when a fresh generation, unacquainted with the Charlies, but from some almost worn-out specimen, began to understand the value of the new plan, was it cordially supported. Even now, a few lingering sexagenarians murmur against the era of able-bodied constables, and sigh for the watchman's lantern as "the light of other days."

The last of the old watchmen, as I well remember, used to snore in a box opposite the "original White Conduit." After the establishment of "the New Police," being allowed to retain his great-coat by the parish, and receiving divers eleemosynary sixpences weekly, he continued his nightly warnings for several years.



OLD WHITE CONDUIT TEA-HOUSE.

TOKENHOUSE YARD.

Every nook of the metropolis is memorable. At first the names of many places are baffling, but on closer inquiry we are sure to find an historical significance about them. The modern Lothbury—why was it so called? Even at present the subject is doubtful; but we may trace it from Lotisbury, Lathbury, Loadbury, Lothbery, to Lothbury, it having borne all these titles in succession. Lode, in old English, means "to load;" so it might have been Loadbury, as the site of the first mansion as one came from Moorgate. In Stow's time, the neighbourhood was inhabited by makers of candlesticks, chafing-dishes, spice-mortars, and other domestic utensils, fabricated from metal; porcelain, and even clay pans and jugs, were but little known or used; wooden or leaden trenchers were then employed, and no doubt the trade in such articles, rude and unornamented as they were, was very considerable.

If we turn into Tokenhouse Yard, we are startled at its name, and not favourably impressed by the place itself. Since the completion of the monster banking-house at the corner, it has assumed an increase of importance; but its confined area and shabby brick tenements, which seem hardly to be painted or repaired once in a century, do not invite our stay a single moment beyond the necessities of business. I knew it thirty years ago, as I know it now, as a harbour for stockbrokers, and other well-to-do priests of mammon, who seldom or ever disturb their dingy account-book racks for cleanliness' sake. My particular factotum in this region occupies a house which acts as a kind of huge brick cork, shutting up the narrow carriage-way, and opposing a positive negative to all further progress. The dwelling (but why call it so, for you need seek none of the amenities of life there?) is parcelled off into chambers, and you rent a floor, or a portion of one, according to your wants. A moderate-sized room, converted into an office, is worth in rent as much as a comely villa of ten rooms at Islington. The whole yard is a queer slip of buildings, with just space enough for four wheels to pass down—though, if they ever do, it must be to back out—between two marvellously-straitened flagged footpaths; and if you are curious, and look upwards, there, over the closely-abutting roofs, creeps a leaden-coloured, or might I not say a dirt-coloured mass of clouds or smoke, seldom or ever sun-lit, and then only for a few hasty moments.

My first acquaintance in the yard was a well-fed, burly old gentleman on the shady side of seventy, who might be found constantly on his desk stool from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. He evidently thought it an article of faith, never to be forgotten, that business was pleasure, and pleasure business. Almost mechanically, he stretched out his broad, fat hand to all comers; but the shake was heartiest on the days when your purchases or sales were largest. As the executor of a dear friend, it was my duty to sell out several thousand pounds of stock, and I had a tedious job at waiting while the official forms were completing. The loftiest stool in the office was mine; I sat paramount over three men and a boy, and wearied of the visitors, who talked of nothing but consols. So, making a survey of the premises, and noticing the grimy ceiling, the dilapidated desk, with a panel broken through to admit warmth to the clerk's legs from the handful of fire, and the floor, guiltless of soap, with the accumulations of half a century trodden into it, I ventured to ask whether the whole concern would not be improved by a little cleansing. "Repaired, indeed! why we would not suffer brush, mop, or pail to intrude here for a whole twelvemonth's income. Such a breaking-up of the old place would be quite fatal to our interests." And perhaps the old gentleman was right; for a far more important establishment "over the way opposite" (the Bank) seems under a similar difficulty.

Well, our admirable money-monger—for elsewhere he was really a capital sort of man, and not a mere composite of stock lists and dividends—has passed away. His son, now too growing grey, reigns in his stead; and I have observed lately certain younglings, from fourteen to seventeen, peering over the desks, and looking profoundly wise, who are, doubtless, worthy chips of the old block, and will in due time thrive in their generation.

But why was this mid-London alley called *Token*house Yard? I will endeavour to inform you on the best authority. It was so entitled from an ancient building, once an office for the delivery of tradesmen's farthing pocket-pieces or tokens. Here let us have a short chat on copper coins generally. Copper money was common in Greece, was known for two centuries previous to a silver coinage in Rome, and yet, singularly enough, was not employed in modern Europe till upwards of a thousand years afterwards. The Saxons adopted the form of their penny from the Roman *denarius*. It was divided by a cross, and being ordinarily divided into four quarters, was used as the fourth-thing, or farthing, the epithet now applied to our smallest coin. Might not an eighth be useful?—unless, indeed, we advocate a decimal coinage, which would afford numerous facilities. Copper coins were unauthorized, with but few exceptions, until 1672. It was objected to such a coinage that it would favour a spurious circulation of counterfeits, called black money—which, though of copper, were washed with about a fifth of silver. Two kinds of this money existed—one forged to pass as silver, and that tolerated called billon money, originally coined in France, while under English rule, for the French population; and the name was given to distinguish it from the white or pure silver coinage. Queen Elizabeth and her subjects were very reluctant to admit this base coin into circulation. Edward V. was the last king who coined silver farthings, the value of metals having increased so much that it became impossible to cast so small a species of money. It is certain that such an issue was made by this prince, but none of them are preserved. The small size of a silver halfpenny (four grains or under) though tolerated down to the time of the Commonwealth, was very inconvenient. Many cities issued *tokens* in the reign of Elizabeth, but they were only permitted to be circulated where first issued; and were ultimately called in by the Government. In London, the necessities of trade made the issue of *tokens* exceedingly great. No less than three thousand dealers coined *tokens*, which, when returned to the issuer, were exchanged for ancient coin or value. This circulation going on to an enormous extent, the Government in 1594 were forced to legalize a copper coinage. A small coin was struck, about the bulk of a silver twopence, with the Queen's monogram on one side, and a rose on the other, with a running legend for each of "The pledge of a halfpenny." It was soon called in, however, for the Queen refused to confirm the issue.

In 1609, Sir Robert Cotton wrote a tract named "How Kings of England have Supported and Repaired their Estates," in which he says,—

> Benefit to the king will fall out if he restrain retailers from using their own tokens, for in London were about 3,000 that cast one with another five pounds a-piece yearly of leaden tokens, whereof a tenth remaineth not to them at the year's end, and when they renew their store, which amounteth to £15,000. And the whole realm is not inferior to the City, in proportion. In London, which is not a 24th part of the people, was lately found 800,000, which so giveth 2d. to each person, which may be no burden at the first issue, but of benefit to the meaner sort. Buyers would not be tied to one seller and his bad commodities, if the tokens were made current by authority among all; and to the poor it would be much relief, since men are like to give a farthing alms that will not part with a greater sum.

Thus, threepenny and fourpenny silver pieces are in great request at charity sermons, though it is a disputed point whether the collections are larger or smaller in consequence.

The issue of King James's royal farthings commenced on May 19, 1613, by proclamation. They had two sceptres in saltier, surmounted by a crown on one side, and the harp on the reverse—perhaps to indicate that, if refused in England, they would be ordered to pass in Ireland. They were not made a legal tender, but merely tokens, for which Government would give other coin on demand. This copper money was distrustfully received, and had but a small circulation. In 1635, Charles I. coined some with a rose instead of a harp. The following year he granted to Henry, Lord Maltravers, and Sir Francis Crane a patent to coin farthings, but they were not made a lawful tender. During the civil war, private persons issued tokens to a vast extent. Charles II. coined halfpence and farthings at the Tower, in 1670, but two years elapsed before they were issued by proclamation. They were composed of pure Swedish copper, and circulated freely until 1684, when they were called in, owing to a dispute as to the value of copper; after which came a coinage of tin farthings, with a copper centre, and the inscription, "*Humorum famulus*, 1685–1686." Halfpence of the same kind were used in the next year, and the use of copper was not resumed till

1696, when all the tin money was called in. Was it from this wretched coin that the cant phrase of "tin," instead of "money," came into vogue? Pinkerton winds up his account of tokens by informing us that "all the farthings of Anne's reign were trial pieces; they were struck in 1712, and are of exquisite workmanship, exceeding most copper coins, both ancient and modern." Croker, the artist, derived lasting honour from them. On the finest is Peace in a car, inscribed, "*Pax missa per orbem.*" Another has Britannia under a portal. All readers of Swift's works must remember his "Drapers' Letters," occasioned by the issue of a debased copper coinage in Ireland. It would probably have circulated without complaint but for the Dean's energetic invectives, which quickly raised the anger of the Emerald Islanders to fever heat, and, after a short but violent struggle, the obnoxious coppers were withdrawn. Anne's precious farthings are in great request with collectors, and are said to fetch their weight in gold. The shilling of the same reign is also a very fine coin. In the previous reign, the whole coinage of the country was miserably debased, and when Newton became Master of the Mint, in 1699, it was his grand object to restore its efficiency. In 1705, when he was knighted by Queen Anne, he had to a great extent accomplished this laudable object; at all events, the coin, as restored by his labours, remained in circulation with little or no change after the death of his royal mistress up to the close of the reign of George II.

The heavy, coarse copper money, which now included pence as well as halfpence and farthings, was composed of a very debased species of copper, and often resembled cast-iron more than anything else. The pence, halfpence, and farthings of George II. were especially clumsy: five shillings worth of them was quite a load, and though indispensable as small change—for there were no silver pieces of a lower denomination than sixpence—it was quite an object to escape such a burden in receiving or paying money. The iron money of ancient Sparta seemed re-produced, recalling to mind the Italian painter who died from fatigue owing to the weight of a money payment. Late in the reign of George III., when my boyish recollections of copper money commences, the pennies and halfpence continued to be uncomfortably heavy, and the king's ungainly effigy looked uneasy on the clumsy disc. The farthings probably were about the size of our present halfpence, but tradespeople readily received them in payment, because the silver coin was so scandalously deteriorated that it was often difficult to make out whether you possessed shillings and sixpences, or merely pieces of hammered tin.

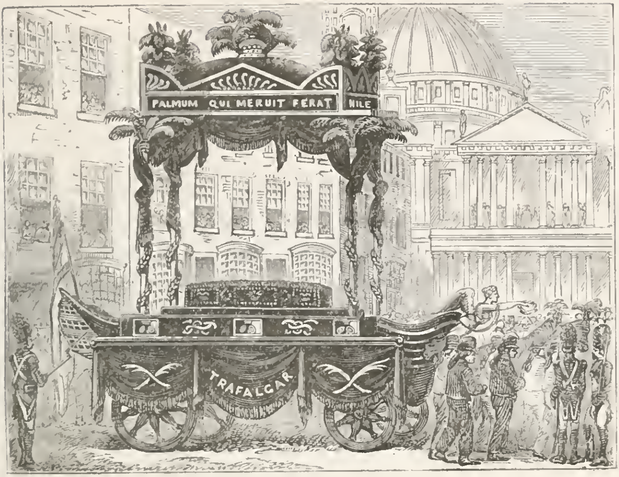
One expedient to ameliorate the coinage was to stamp some Spanish dollars, captured in a naval engagement, with a miniature die of the sovereign, and with that addenda they were circulated as tokens, first at 4s. 9d. each, and ultimately at 5s. A second plan was to issue silver tokens at a value of 1s. 6d. and 3s., but no attempt was made to substitute anything more satisfactory for the worn-out or spurious shillings and sixpences, which had become a positive nuisance. To add to the annoyance, during the long war, nearly all the great towns, and many of the chief manufacturing firms, coined copper money for themselves. This, it was alleged, was only a medium for the payment of workmen, and the restricted wants of the township. But how restrain it within such narrow limits? The whole country was quickly deluged with this unauthorized coin, while Ireland, eagerly seizing the example, set up her copper mint; and few things were more troublesome than to distinguish between genuine and spurious copper money. During the Regency, and in the reign of George IV., the debased coin gradually disappeared, and some of the new coins, especially a five-shilling piece (never much circulated), were very beautiful. The pence, halfpence, and farthings grew perceptibly lighter, but in other respects were not improved. William IV. did not alter the coinage to any great extent, and the pieces we now occasionally handle—sovereigns and half-sovereigns being the most common—certainly have no pretensions to elegance. Her present Majesty has nearly engrossed the whole coinage to herself. For one gold coin with the bust of George or William, at least ten or twelve bear that of Queen Victoria; and inspecting a handful of silver just now, there was only a single piece with the ghost-like shadow of George III., and a second with the nearly impalpable head of William IV., while all the others, over twenty, rejoiced in the effigy of Victoria. As for the copper circulation, its tendency from the early years of our gracious lady has been to lightness, and the latest change has culminated in what is facetiously called a "bronze coinage." It is wonderfully light, and so far eminently convenient, but one's digital feelings have grown sadly at fault. Till recently, a penny was a penny, and a peripatetic philosopher was not likely to disburse twopence in almsgiving where he only reckoned upon one; now, on the contrary, pence, confounded with halfpence, are seldom definitely known, while a bright farthing has more than once passed muster for a half-sovereign.

There still seems an obvious want of some more manageable coin. Could gold be rendered available, and miniature angels do duty as small coin? Our silver pieces of threepence and fourpence are so much alike that there is no distinguishing them without trying the edge. Gold will bear to be beaten extremely thin, and might be unmistakably marked with the real value. It would be easy to have 5s. and 2s. 6d. tokens of value in the same metal, the superior hardness of which would be another advantage.

It is remarkable that England possesses an unbroken series of pennies from Egbert to Victoria, if we except the reigns of Richard I. and John, whose coins were French and Irish. The earliest pennies weigh 22½ grains Troy. Edward III.'s weigh 18 grains; they then fell to 15, and in the reign of Edward IV. were but 12. Edward VI. reduced his pennies to 8 grains, and Elizabeth to little more than 7. We also meet with halfpennies and farthings of silver. Such coins were struck by Edward I., and were in use up to Charles I. There was also the groat piece, introduced by Edward III., and the festoon, or shilling, by Henry VII. Crown pieces of silver were originally issued by Henry VIII., and Queen Bess coined three-halfpenny and three-farthing pieces, which were not continued by succeeding monarchs.

Thus, after a long ramble among the small money bags, we find ourselves again standing at the corner of Tokenhouse Yard, and wondering whether the reader will suppose we have been dallying among Mr. Forster's media—Mr. Forster, a favourite conjuror of this novelty-loving age, who, while Mr. Tyrrwhitt sends card magicians to prison, coolly pockets guineas innumerable for securing to the fashionable world a *seance* with their departed relatives.

Mr. Home, the grand conjurer for the edification of the nobility and gentry, has gradually gone into the shade, and his popularity as a seer of visions has ended in a mania for pantomime ghosts, now to be met with at all public places of amusement, from Rosherville to the Crystal Palace. Strange that we Britishers, who pride ourselves so much on common sense, should yet keep a nook in our hearts for the oddest of superstitious fancies—witness the degrading yet tragical fury of a whole village (Sible Hedingham) towards the dumb Frenchman, whose Book of Charms was a psalter in his native tongue.



THE FUNERAL OF LORD NELSON.

NELSON'S BURIAL.

When the great Admiral was dead, people remembered his last words when he quitted England on his final expedition, "Victory or Westminster Abbey." Yet the wish implied in those words was not to be gratified, and no sooner was his heroic death at Trafalgar known, than a general desire was expressed, especially by the citizens of London, that the remains of their famous sea-captain should find a sepulchre in St. Paul's Cathedral. Not long before, he had appeared in the Guildhall to be thanked by the Lord Mayor and Corporation, and to be made free of London, his diploma being presented in a gold box; and now he was to rest in Wren's glorious sanctuary, "alone in his glory," until, after half a century, Britain's most illustrious soldier should be brought to share his chamber of repose.

Is there any superstition in breathing a prayer with the laureate over their ashes, as we repeat his words?—

And in the vast cathedral leave them:
Christ accept them! God receive them!

No hero of modern times was ever more loved by the people than Nelson. They had watched his career from boyhood. As a middy, when he sailed with Captain Phipps, in 1773, to the North Pole, there was a romance about his chase of a bear on the ice which excited the fancy and touched the heart; as a bold sailor in his West Indian voyage, 1780; as a skilful leader when Corsica was reduced, and where he lost his right eye, in 1794; as the daring companion of Jervis at Cape St. Vincent, 1797. His heroism in the capture of the mighty Spanish galliot won him the rank of admiral—how deservedly! His desperate valour at Santa Cruz, where his right arm was blown off by a cannon-shot, followed in the next year, 1798, by the battle of the Nile; and his honours as a baron, with that glorious title; and his advancement to a dukedom as Duke of Bronte, by the King of Naples; then the splendid success of Copenhagen, when Campbell wrote his noble lyric:—

Of Nelson and the north
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone.

Then, as he approached the close of his marvellous career, the untiring pursuit of the combined fleets to the West Indies and back again to Europe, in 1805; a painfully short visit to his native land in August of that year, when the thanks of his King and of the Legislature greeted him; and as he passed through Cheapside, the horses were taken from his carriage, and he was drawn in triumph by the citizens to the Mansion House, amidst the rapturous cheers of grateful thousands; then the voyage to Cadiz, and the wonderful triumph and victory at Trafalgar. These were indeed things to touch a nation's heart; but much that was purely personal endeared the ocean warrior to his countrymen. Nelson rejoiced to be the man of the people—there was not a jot of the "stuck-up hero" in his composition. Hence his sailors idolized him, and the poorest street wanderer, as he vociferated his praises, fancied he was applauding one of his own "kith and kin." The extinguished eye, the lost arm, better than all his medals and badges of nobility, gave him a claim to the gratitude of England, and warmly and affectionately was it rendered.

The news of his last victory and death produced a strange mixture of feelings throughout the land: Albion indeed had "triumphed gloriously," but Nelson was slain. Should men mourn or rejoice? The realm was delivered from its most inveterate foes, but the heaven-sent Admiral was lost for ever. When the tidings of Trafalgar came, I was a boy of scarcely ten years, and I listened in astonished silence to the stirring narrative, and shed a few tears, very unlike any ever devoted to my childish sorrows. We lived near Soho Square, where an elder sister went to school (it was not thought *infra dig.* to send girls to day-schools in those days), and in the afternoon it was my duty or play to fetch her home. I was bursting with the news, and when we met imparted my whole budget thus: "Oh, Fanny dear! there's such wonderful news; the foreigner's fleets are destroyed at Trafalgar, and brave Lord Nelson is killed; and they've put him in a cask of rum, and are bringing him home to be buried." There was an odd story connected with this butt of rum. A jack tar, who doubtless loved the hero in his life, was found drunk near the hogshead, and owned that "he had tapped the Admiral."

Though this memorable sea-fight took place October 21, 1805, it was the end of the year before the body arrived in England, and the funeral did not take place till January, 1806. Nelson's remains were disembarked at Greenwich, and the public lying-in-state was held in the Painted Chamber of the hospital, a most appropriate spot for the ceremony. Hardly knowing what it meant, I was wild to be a spectator, and a kind, but perhaps indiscreet relative allowed me to accompany him. The crowd round the lofty flight of stone steps leading to the funeral hall was alarmingly dense; a few companies of soldiers and a body of the pensioners strove to keep order, but the wave of excited human beings was too strong for them. Even now, while recalling the scene of tumult, I am amazed at my own temerity. Being unaware of the danger, all my anxiety was to get in. Men struggled, children and women screamed. It was impossible to keep on one's feet. I was borne slowly from step to step on the shoulders of the multitude, and but for a stalwart sailor, who held me up, must have fallen, and been trampled under foot. At length the strong oaken barriers were passed, and we were allowed to enter by twelves, with a peremptory warning to "Move on." A long, wide corridor, hung with black cloth—floor, walls, and roof—very dimly lighted by wax tapers, and thickly lined alternately with sailors and foot-guards, each standing motionless—the soldiers leaning on their firelocks, and the sailors with clasped hands—led to the state chamber, a noble apartment of vast dimensions. In the centre stood a lofty catafalque, covered with black velvet, the whole lighted by a vast number of immensely thick wax candles, burning in massive silver candelabra. The coffin, only partly hidden by a gorgeous pall, on which were placed the sword, hat, and orders of the deceased, attracted and riveted every eye. A great gathering of noblemen and official personages surrounded the bier, while the blaze of light at this point was rendered awfully imposing by the gloom and indistinctness of the rest of the apartment. I have since seen various public spectacles, and some of them of the same character, but whether because it was the first, or on account of its own actual grandeur, this seemed the most sublime. The crowd were only permitted to traverse this stately room in pairs, and were forbidden to stand still even for a moment. I was a little fellow then, and should have seen scarcely anything, had not one of the attendants, observing my trouble, allowed me to creep inside the railing, so that I had a capital view, and felt fully rewarded for all previous difficulties. Many years afterwards I witnessed the lying-in-state of the Duke of York, at St. James's Palace, which was as public as this of the great Admiral.

The Iron Duke had similar honours at Chelsea Hospital, but this "pomp in death" will probably soon become an extinct fashion. It seems to have originated in a barbarous age, the bodies of kings being exhibited, clad in royal robes, to the gaze of their subjects, that they might not suspect that they had died by violence. Thus Richard the Second, who was foully murdered at Pontefract, was masqueraded in Westminster Hall; and similar mockeries have been perpetrated in Guildhall. Death by poison or strangulation was the doom of illustrious persons who had grown obnoxious to the "powers that were," and in this manner the commonalty were deceived, and their vengeance appeased.

January 9, 1806, was the day appointed for Nelson's funeral. On the previous afternoon the body was conveyed by water from Greenwich to Whitehall Stairs, and thence to the Admiralty, where the final procession was to commence. The transit along the water was intended to be a grand ceremonial, and innumerable barges, with flags and bands of music, came in its wake. When the centre barge, containing the hero's coffin, which was placed on deck, under a velvet canopy, surmounted with funeral feathers, arrived near London Bridge, the oars were slowly drawn out of the water, a beat of muffled drums broke the solemn silence, minute-guns at all the principal wharfs began firing, the flags of the vessels in the Pool were lowered half-mast high, and the bands wailed forth the "Dead March in Saul," while the countless thousands on the bridge quay sides seemed painfully to hold in their breath lest even a sigh should destroy the dumb sadness of the world's great mart. There is nothing new under the sun. Thus, on the same river, though on an older bridge, mourned London and her busy inhabitants when

> The Queen was brought from Greenwich to Whitehall,

and England wept over the relics of her departed Elizabeth. But winter is not favourable for a water procession. The shades of night closed early on the Thames and its melancholy burden; and the many thousands who waited at the landing-place could scarcely distinguish the coffin as it was borne from the state barge.

With early morning—long, indeed, before the day broke —every available seat and window, including the roofs of houses, public buildings, each elevated spot, walls however narrow, and chimneys however dangerous, were crowded and covered with occupants. Not a single standing-place was vacant from Charing Cross to St. Paul's. The Golden Cross Hotel was teeming at its many windows with restless heads; the mews beyond, as far as the slightest view could be obtained from it, was hidden with frail wooden booths, where an unsteady footing was offered to spectators at high prices. The lion over the chief entrance to Northumberland House was taken possession of by several sturdy workmen; even the tail gave support to a rash urchin, who had risked his neck to gratify his eyes; while at a dizzy height, clinging to St. Martin's steeple, were perched several sailors, who appeared likely to topple down every instant. Charing Cross and the vicinity presented a strange contrast in 1805 to their modern aspect. As a background to the equestrian statue of Charles I. (on this occasion giving seats to many more riders than the king) stood the Golden Cross, a queer-looking middle-age building, attached to which, on the right, was a line of sheds, accommodating several saddlers' shops and a smith's forge; and contiguous was a dismal line of dead wall, enclosing what was called the King's Mews—a large open space leading to a range of stabling. The houses and streets immediately adjoining were of the humblest description. St. Martin's Lane was both narrow and dirty, while the Strand itself could not have exceeded thirty-five or forty feet in width. It is easy to understand that a crowd in such straitened thoroughfares would occasion terrible confusion. The whole line of road from this point to Temple Bar was equally inconvenient, and the only carriage-way round the church of St. Clement's Danes was dangerous. The foot pavement, while the procession passed, was lined with files of military—standing, in many instances, three deep; among their ranks not a few civilians, who were included by virtue of silver tickets; and behind the soldiers stood a closely-packed back-wall of spectators—every shop window being closed.

The day was damp and misty, often almost dark, and with scarcely a glimpse of sunlight. The spectators had to wait from dawn to one o'clock p.m. before the procession began to move from the Admiralty. It was miserably ill-arranged, like most out-door spectacles in London. Many of the equipages of the nobility, including the King's state carriage, were in attendance; and it was asserted that the

Prince of Wales (George IV.) was one of the chief mourners, but he was never recognized by the people. The funeral car was an ill-contrived, lumbering vehicle, in shape resembling a four-post bedstead, but hung, of course, with black, and the canopy adorned with a broad board of ostrich feathers. Originally it was intended that it should be drawn by eight of the King's famous black horses; ultimately it was settled that the crew of Nelson's flag-ship, the "Victory," should be permitted to draw the remains of their noble captain to their last home. The dull, booming sound of the minute-guns on the river, and in St. James's Park, announced that the procession was moving. First came a band of mounted marshal's men to clear the way (the roads had been gravelled the whole length to the Cathedral). Then followed a long train of Yeomen of the Guard, and several trumpeters, all in their state dresses, but with crape scarves. After this, drum and fife bands, the drums muffled. A picked body of soldiers, chiefly from Scotch regiments, and said to have served with Abercrombie at Alexandria, all with their muskets reversed, and crape dressings on their arms. Next the crews of several line-of-battle ships which had been engaged at Trafalgar. Then a band of wind instruments (thought, at that period, surpassingly fine), with silver kettle-drums, thickly muffled, and playing the "Dead March." A deep, impressive pause—the vast crowd hushed to a death-like silence—and presently the broad, clumsy wheels of the car were heard as they slowly rotated on the gravel, striking a chill through every bosom. See, it comes! the coffin raised to a considerable height, the foot hidden by a splendid pall, and the remainder of the lid exposed, bearing the sword and cocked hat of the Admiral, with his stars and orders, the gifts of nearly all the sovereigns of Europe. Around are the armorial bearings of the dead, and the flag of the "Victory" floats in heavy folds over the hero's dust, as if in sorrow. Twenty sailors from his own crew propel the car, and they appear in profound grief. Nothing can be more solemn—nay, terrible—than the reverend silence of a mighty multitude. A more sublime example of the kind was never witnessed than on this occasion. Then came a second band of wind instruments; another large detachment of foot soldiers, marching with steady, regular tramp; a splendidly mounted troop of heavy dragoons; Earl Nelson, as chief mourner; royal carriages; the ministers and principal nobility; a number of private vehicles, seemingly without object but to lengthen the procession, which was upwards of two hours in passing.

With no small difficulty we managed to escape down St. Martin's Lane into Long Acre, and from thence, by Holborn and the Old Bailey, succeeded in reaching the corner of Ludgate Hill, where we invested certain pieces of silver in wooden chairs, and thus obtained standing-places where we could see over the heads of the crowd. The crush at Temple Bar was frightful, for no sooner were the gates thrown back, at the summons of the King-at-arms, then the people attempted to break through with the procession, impeding its progress, and perilling their own lives. As we stood on the rise of the hill, the wail of the trumpets and the funereal beat of the drums filled our ears and saddened our hearts. Constables were wildly busy in clearing the narrow roadway: we could just see the tops of the plumes above the car. At intervals, as the crowd grew immovable and noiseless, we could just hear the click of muskets as the troops presented arms. Every church in the City spoke with its bells in melancholy music; we fancied the great bell of St. Paul's raised its voice amidst the din—Was it so? Minute-guns were discharged with untiring regularity. The car, with its precious freight, was at hand. Looking towards Fleet Street, one could observe little but a sea of human heads, impelled in every direction by the approaching sounds. And the multitude was singularly picturesque, for though the majority wore black, the red coats of the soldiers were freely intermixed, and the gleam of the gun barrels and bayonets caught the eye at every point. When you turned towards the Cathedral, you found its mighty porch and majestic towers alive at every nook and retreating point with human figures, who from that dizzy height contemplated the busy area beneath. Even the giddy gallery under the ball was occupied, and we were told that anxious spectators watched the procession from apertures in the ball and cross. Listen! for now truly the great bell speaks. It is three o'clock. The church doors are thrown open: heralds and churchmen, bishops and archbishops, stand in waiting for the new inhabitant of the silent crypt.

> Ne'er to that mansion where the mighty rest,
> Since its foundation came a nobler guest.

Slowly, slowly, the heavy car is dragged up the steep incline by hard sailor hands. The last wail of the "Dead March" rolls forth—the coffin with its princely pall-bearers passes into the central nave; and we are fain to fancy we can hear the sublime welcome it receives, "I am the resurrection and the life!"

We could not enter those hallowed precincts, but we looked through the closing doors, and caught glimpses of the mourning assembly and the distant lights, and heard the organ's swell, and the voices of those that made melody as they sung the anthem, "His body is buried in peace; his soul liveth evermore." Londoners, you have much to be proud of; but of nothing more than that your noble cathedral has become the resting-place of such illustrious heroes as Nelson and Wellington!

TWELFTH DAY.

A fly, with Mrs. Stubbs *and her five olive-branches, on the way from Clapham to Cornhill.*

Mrs. Stubbs.—Now, my dears, you've been so good this half, that kind papa says I'm to buy the finest cake I can get,—indeed, it's to be Purssell's best.

Master Charles.—Won't that be fine, ma? but then it must be very large, for my schoolfellows do eat such a load of cake; but Fanny West wants more than any of them. Who's to be king—I or Jonathan?

Miss Amelia.—You, of course. Jonathan's a year younger. And I'm to be queen: and mind you do as I bid you.

Master Jonathan.—But they'll draw for king and queen; and how can you tell who'll get it?

Miss Penelope.—Tell! why, mamma knows, and can make the characters come as she pleases. Don't she pay for it all?

Miss Lizzy.—Mrs. Jones, at No. 10, will have a Christmas tree as well as a cake. I do so wish we might have one.

Mrs. Stubbs.—Yes, and your father's a Common Councilman; and why should the Jones's have a gayer party? You shall have a Christmas tree, my loves—only behave yourselves prettily, and don't eat more than one Bath bun apiece.

[Fly stops at Purssell's; Mrs. Stubbs and her family enter the shop, which is full of wonderful cakes and marvellous Christmas trees; children go on tiptoe for a view; and mamma tries in vain to compare the advantages of the various temptations in the shape of currants and frosted sugar; Charles votes for a cake with the British lion a-top; Amelia for ditto, with Harlequin and Columbine: Jonathan and Penelope are loudly in favour of the Three Graces; while Lizzy is fascinated by a Venus airing herself in a perambulator drawn by doves. At last the purchase is determined by weight, and the heaviest cake is selected. What about the Christmas tree?—all are so charming. Ask Mr. Purssell which will look best when lighted up. Mr. Purssell and his *factotum* are men of taste, and of course will choose the most expensive.]

Mrs. Stubbs (speaking to Mrs. Joyce, who is on the same errand).—Well, it is worth all the money to see these children. What bright eyes your Jemima has; how much my Charles admires her; and your Robert seems quite struck with my Penelope; what nice couples they would make!

A pastrycook's shop becomes a palace of pleasure on these occasions; and it often proves far more agreeable to buy than to distribute the luscious compound called a twelfth cake. In the evening, when the little parties assemble, as gay and graceful as hands can make them, there will be some heartburnings as to who chooses the royal characters, and who gathers the choicest fruit from the tall illuminated furze bush. Many a precious tiny maiden will sigh to herself, "Shall I be queen of the cake?" Many a romping young master will pine for the mimic kingship, and, when he gains it, finds his cares as numerous as those that cling to the reality. Look in the corner—that fair girl in blue, how vexed she appears; are those tears trickling down her smooth cheeks? Yes—her doll is worse dressed than Mary Payne's! Bob Bickerstaff is red with anger—they've given him a copy of "Bunyan's Pilgrim," and he wanted "The Arabian Nights." We talk about "the tear forgot as soon as shed," and sadly underrate childish sorrows; but if they are short, they are certainly bitter. Little maids, according to the story book, are compounded of

> Sugar and spice,
> And all that's nice;

while many boyish imps are made of "puppy-dogs' tails." But for both, the Liliputian world of childhood is as full of petty ambitions, and jealousies and vexations, as the great Babylon they must soon enter. Yet the festival of the Three Kings yields us another white-bean day. It affords a sort of oasis in the dry hard-working road of life, and the addition of a thousand young parties to society's visiting list. Softening away the wrinkles of aldermanic gravity, and making the quietest civic dignitary lively, is no common boon.

> In London (says Hone) it is "high 'change" on Twelfth Day with every pastrycook. From the taking down of the shutters in the morning, the window-dressing begins. By dusk the windows are complete. Then the gas is turned on, with supernumerary argand lamps and manifold wax lights, to illuminate countless cakes of all prices and dimensions. The richest and dearest are placed on massy salvers. One monster cake is the chief object of curiosity; but all are decorated with innumerable images of stars, castles, kings, cottages, dragons, trees, fish, palaces, cats, dogs, churches, lions, milkmaids, knights, serpents—all in snow-white confectionery, painted in variegated colours, and glittering with a blaze of reflected light from mirrors festooned with artificial "wonders of Flora." This paradise of dainty devices is crowded within and without, all desiring the rich delicacies, or laughing at the gaudy show.

It used to be considered a capital joke to nail the garments of outsiders to the window-frame. Urchin boys ventured to nail the coat-tails of such as came near enough to the shop-front, or pin several garments together. Eight or ten persons have been closely attached in this manner. Driving the nail was so dextrously managed that one stroke was sufficient. Of course, the party thus secured would leave a portion of his dress behind him, or, at best, escape with a rent. This nailing and pinning was an abundant source of laughter. A youth, giggling at the misfortune of a companion, suddenly found himself nailed also.

The humblest bun or cake shop in London comes out brilliantly on Twelfth Day; even the gingerbread shops indulge in trays of frosted buns, intended to resemble miniature cakes; or they will occasionally go the length of exhibiting a few curranted roundabouts, rich with Dutch metal and gaily coloured images. In Rachel Revel's "Winter Evening Pastimes," we are thus admonished:—

> First, buy your cake. Before visitors come have your characters ready, each with a pleasant verse. Then count your ladies and gentlemen. Fold characters for your lady guests, taking care to number the king No. 1, and the queen No. 2. Serve tea and coffee as the visitors come. Put the lady characters in a reticule, the gentlemen ditto in a hat. Let each lady draw a ticket, and keep it unopened. Let the gentlemen draw from the hat. Then place all according to the numbers—king No. 1, queen No. 2. The king must recite the verses on his card, then the queen, and so on. Then let the cake and wine go round, and hey for fun and merriment.

"They come! they come! each blue-ey'd sport,
The Twelfth Night king and all his court.
'Tis mirth, fresh crown'd with mistletoe;
Music with her many fiddles,
Joy "on light fantastic toe,"
Wit with all his jests and riddles,
Singing and dancing as they go;
And love—young love, among the rest,
A welcome, nor unbidden guest."

According to Twelfth Night law, the character chosen by each should be sustained until midnight. This, however, is seldom or ever done. "I visited a friend," says a magazine correspondent, 1774, "and did not return till I had been present at drawing king and queen, and eaten a slice of rich cake. The distribution was made after tea. Our host filled up the tickets, and the whole company, save the sovereigns, were to be ministers of state, maids of honour, and ladies of the bedchamber."

Such is probably the received method of conducting the celebration; but in Cumberland we learn the visitors meet in a large room, begin dancing at seven, and finish at twelve o'clock, when they regale themselves on lobscouse and ponsondie, the first being made of beef, potatoes, and onions fried together, and ponsondie constitutes the wassail, or waes-hael of ale, boiled with sugar and nutmeg, into which are put roasted apples—the anciently-admired lambswool. The feast is by subscription. Two women go round with wooden bowls to collect from the women; all contribute something—none more than a shilling. There are male collectors for the men. In a strange book of predictions, "Vox Graculi," 1623, we read that on Twelfth Night, from five to eleven or twelve—

> There is such a massacre of spiced bread, that ere the next day, a twopenny brown loaf will set twenty poor folks' teeth on edge, the hungry humour being so violent that a number of good fellows will not refuse to give a statute marchant of all the lands and goods they possess for half-a-crown's worth of twopenny pasties. On this night there will be much masking in the Strand, Cheapside, Holbourne, and Fleet Street.

Old Tusser would restrict the jollity of the season to six days (twelve being the ordinary number), yet he is no enemy to innocent recreation, for he commences January thus:—

When Christmas is ended,
  Bid feasting adue,
Goe play the good husband,
  Thy stock to renue;

Be mindful of rearing,
  In hope of a gaine,
Dame Profit shall give thee
  Reward for thy fame.

In a curious old poem called "The Popish Kingdom," we find the following passage:—

Then also every householder
  To his abilitie,
Doth mak a mighty cake,
  That may suffice his companie;
Herein a penny doth he put
  Before it come to fire;
This he divides according as
  His household doth require.
And every piece distributeth
  As round about they stand,
Which, in their names, unto the poore
  Is given out of hand.
But whoso chanceth on the piece
  Wherein the money lies,
Is counted king among them all,
  And is with shouts and cries
Exalted to the heavens up.

Fosbrooke was aware of the custom, for he tells us,—

> The cake was full of plums, with a bean in it for the king, and a pea for the queen; and sometimes a penny was put in, and the person who found it, becoming king, bless'd all the beams and rafters of the house against devils. Then a chafing dish, with burning frankincense, was brought, and the odour sniffed up by the whole family, to keep off disease for the year. After this, the master and mistress went round the house with a pan, a taper, and a loaf, against witchcraft.

In Nichol's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth," we read of an entertainment given to her at Sudley, wherein "Melibœus," the King of the Bean, and "Nisa," the Queen of the Pea, have this dialogue:—

> *Mel.*—Cut the cake—who hath the beane shall be king; and where the pease is, she shall be queen.
>
> *Nisa.*—I have the pease, and must be queen.
>
> *Mel.*—I have the beane, and king I must command.

Pemberton refers to a letter dated Edinburgh, January 15, 1563, and mentions that Lady Flemming was "Queen of the Beane."

Herrick's "Twelfth Night" is to the same purpose:—

Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums,
Where Beane's the king of the sport here;
Beside we must know
The Pea also
Must revell as queen of the court here.
Begin, then, to chuse
This night, as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here,
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfe Day queen for the night here;
Which known, let us make
Joy sops with the cake,
And let not a man, then, be seen here,
Who unurged will not drinke,
To the base from the brinke,
A health to the king and the queen here.
Next crowne the bowl full
With gentle lambe's-wool,
And sugar, nutmeg, and ginger;
With store of ale, too,
And thus ye must doe
To make the wassaile a swinger.
Give them to the king
And queen wassailing;
And though with ale ye be whet here,
Yet part ye from hence
As free from offence
As when ye, innocent, met here.

Brand, from a very ancient book, gives us the composition of an ancient twelfth-cake—flour, honey, ginger, and pepper. The maker thrust in at random a small coin, as she kneaded it. When baked, it was divided into as many parts as there were guests, and each had a share. Portions were also assigned to Christ, the Virgin, and the three Magi—the whole being ultimately given to the poor.

The custom of Twelfth Night keeping is very general. The students of the various academies in Germany do so with great ceremony and feasting. In France it is a season of infinite mirth. The Normans place a child under the guest-table, his eyes being covered. When the cake is cut, one takes up a slice, and cries out, "Fabe Domini pour qui?" The child answers, "Pour le bon Dieu." If the bean is found in that piece, the king is chosen by long or short straws. During the revolution in 1792, Twelfth Day was ordered to be called "La Fête de sans Culottes," instead of "La Fête de Rois." At this ancient festival the king and his nobles waited on the Twelfth Night monarch. The Bourbons did not revive the custom at their restoration, but instead washed the feet of some poor people, and gave them alms.

Our European observance of the feast of the kings is certainly derived from a desire to honour the wise men of the east, but there was a similar custom among the Greeks and Romans, who at the festival of Saturn, about the same season, drew lots for kingdoms, and allowed the winners to exercise authority like real sovereigns. Beans were also used by the ancients in drawing lots.

It is noticed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1731, that the king and prince, at the Chapel Royal, made offerings at the altar of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and that at night their majesties played at hazard for the benefit of the Groom Porter. Alfred the Great ordered that twelve days after the Nativity should be kept as festivals. The first usage of the ceremony in England belongs to Druidical times, and that it savours not a little of heathenism will be seen from some verses of Barnaby George:—

> Twise six nights then from Christmasse,
> They do count with dilegence,
> Wherein each master in his house
> Doth burn frankincense;

And on the table sets a loaf,
  When night approacheth nere,
Before the coals and frankincense
  To be perfumed there.

First bowing down his head he stands,
  And nose, and ears, and eyes
He smokes, and with his mouth receives
  The fume that doth arise;

Whom followeth streight his wife, and doth
  The same full solemnly,
And of their children every one,
  And all their family.

Which doth preserve, they say, their teeth,
  And nose, and eyes, and ears,
From every kind of maladie,
  And sickness all the yeare.

The dress for Henry VII., according to Le Neve, on Twelfth Day, was as follows:—

> He must go crowned, in robes royal, with a long train, and his cutlas before him, wearing armills of gold, set full of precious-stones, no temporal man to touch it. He must carry his sceptre in his right hand, and the ball with the cross in his left. He must offer, that day, gold, myrrh, and sense (frankincense). A messenger must take the offering to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and then must his Grace give the next benefice that falleth to the messenger.
>
> For the "void" at night, the queen ought to have it in the hall. The steward shall come for the wassail; the royal servants must have fair towels about their necks, and dishes in hand, such as their majesties shall eat of; none shall serve but such as are sworn for three months; ushers of the chamber must bring the royal cups; the singers may stand on one side, and when the steward crieth "wassail" thrice, they must answer it with a good song.

1622. The gentlemen of Gray's Inn, to make an end of Christmas, on Twelfth Night shot off all the chambers (small cannon) which they had borrowed from the Tower (they filled four carts); and James I., starting from his bed, cried "Treason! treason!" the whole Court being raised, and the City in an uproar.

January 6, 1662. Evelyn writes in his journal,—

> This evening, his Majesty (Charles II.) opened the revels by throwing the dice in the Privy Chamber, where was a table set, and lost his £100; the year before he won £1,500. The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about £1,000, and left them still at passage (a gambling game).

At Rome, on Twelfth Day, there is a grand carnival. James Nott, editor of the "Cooks' Dictionary," speaks of the old divertisements used for Twelfth Day. A favourite device was a cardboard castle, all done over with paste, and brought to table in a charger, salt and eggshells filled with rose-water being stuck round it. The castle was furnished with cannons in paste, covered with Dutch gold-leaf, and charged with gunpowder, so that they might be fired off. Then there was a stag in the middle of the board, filled with claret. Then there was a ship, sailing over a sea of salt. Then were two great pies—live birds in one, and live frogs in the other. All being ready, an arrow was drawn from the stag's side, and wine flowed out. The guns were discharged against the ship. Then the pie crust being raised, the birds flew out, and the frogs scampered away, putting out the lights, and causing the ladies to cry out in terror. Truly our ancestors were not particularly tasteful in their amusements. In Sydney's "Arcadia" we read of sports before the Maiden Queen, in which birds, miserably mutilated, were allowed to be set flying for the joke's sake; and Geoffry Hudson, the dwarf, was on one occasion enclosed in a pie for the recreation of Charles II.

I have exhausted my Twelfth Day budget. The season in modern times has lost much of its quaintness and undisguised mirth. Many of us are too genteel to venture on unsophisticated enjoyment. The grown folks at such a festival are wonderfully precise and demure, while the juveniles, literally running over with a passion for rollicking merriment, are afraid to indulge the natural instinct, and often continue to look as icy as the frosted cake.

Fortunately, this cannot last the whole evening: the moral atmosphere begins to thaw at supper; "Quips and cranks, and wreathed smiles," mixed with burst of irrepressible laughter, light up and make pleasant echoes in the warm, cosy room;

And old and young all mix in play
On the Three Kings' holiday.

CITY GREENERY

INDEX.

A Dream about Queen Elizabeth, 150.
Aldersgate, 169.
—— Mansions of the Nobility in, 172.
Ancient Conduits, 56.
Auction Mart, A Bargain at the, 1.

Baynard's Castle, 188.
—— and Richard III., 193.
—— as Palace of Henry VIII., 193.
—— Queen Elizabeth at, 193.
Billingsgate Market, 197.
—— Derivation of the name of, 198.
—— Fishwomen in the olden time, 198.
—— in 1817, 201.
Boar's Head, Eastcheap, 241.

Charlies, The, 355.
Cheapside Cross, 80.
—— Doleful lamentation of, 85.
—— Destruction of, 86.
Colonel Blood, 311.

Exhibition at Ironmongers' Hall, 227.

Great London Surgeon, The, 141.

Invasion and Volunteering, 13.

Lackington, James, 178.
Lambe, William, Chapel and Almshouses of, 102.
—— Epitaph on, 107.
London in a November Fog, 276.
—— Lions at Feeding Time, 285.
—— after Dark (5th November, 1810), 321.
—— Watchmen, 349.
—— Established by Henry III., 351.
—— Marching Watch, 351.

Mail-coach Days, 7.
—— Processions, 8,
Milton a Londoner, 110.
—— Marriage of, 114.
—— Residence in Aldersgate, 113.
—— Residence in Bartholomew Close, 117.
—— Residence in Holborn and Westminster, 116.
—— "Paradise Lost," 117.
—— Death of, 118.
—— Will of, 119.
Monument, The, 83.
—— Figures on, 93.
—— Inscription on, 93.
—— Removal of obnoxious Inscription on, 98.
—— Suicides from, 92.

Nelson's Burial, 367.

Patience Flint, the Old Woman of Hanway Yard, 38.
Physician's Daughters, 341.

Princess Charlotte, The, 44.
—— Marriage of, 51.
—— Death of, 53.
Public School Disputations, 254.
Public Supping at Christ's Hospital, A, 302.

Rahere, the Minstrel, and his Good Works, 250.
—— Dream of, 251.
—— Monument of, 253.

Sion College, 265.
—— Dr. White, Founder of, 268.
—— Entries in Register of, 270.
Small Trades of London, 217.
Smithfield, 330.
—— Athletic Sports in, 332.
—— Wat Tyler slain in, 333.
—— Martyrology of, 335.
South Sea Bubble, 128.
Special Services at St. Paul's, Easter Day, 240.
St. Paul's, Old, 64.
—— Pictorial Views of, 72.
St. Paul's, Old, Bishop King's Sermon at, before James I., 78.
St. Paul's, Cross, 74.
Stanleys, The, 120.
Street Architecture—New Cannon Street, 293.

Three London Apprentices, 256.
Tokenhouse Yard, 358.
Tradesmen's Tokens, 361.
Twelfth Day, 377.

Volunteer Reviews by George III., 18.

Walter Raleigh, Sir, Prison Life of, 205.
Warwick Lane, 21.
—— College of Surgeons, 25.
Wilkes, John, Patriot and Lord Mayor, 158.
—— and the "North Briton," 160.
"Wilkes and Liberty" Riots, 162.

Young Roscius, The, 30.

LONDON:
W. H. COLLINGRIDGE, PRINTER,
ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

DA
683
H37

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

DATE DUE

REC'D LD-URL

MAY 13 1997
JUL 29 1997
SRLF
2 WEEK LOAN

3 1205 01383 9202

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

AA 000 238 354 5

Un